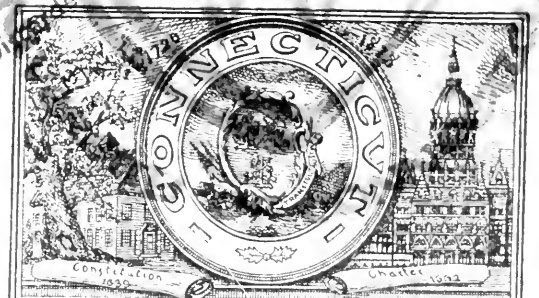
Speeches of The Flying Squadron



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Speeches of The Flying Squadron

Edited by
J. FRANK HANLY
OLIVER WAYNE STEWART

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Published by
J. FRANK HANLY
OLIVER WAYNE STEWART
DANIEL A. POLING
IRA LANDRITH

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J. FRANK HANLY
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PUBLISHERS

THE ART PRESS, INDIANAPOLIS

DEDICATED

TO THE

THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN WHOSE LIBERALITY
AND CONSECRATION MADE THE SQUADRON
CAMPAIGN POSSIBLE

72.

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We stand for the abolition of the liquor traffic.
On this issue we fight.

WHENEVER A POLITICIAN OR AN EXECUTIVE OFFICER, OR A POLITICAL PARTY PREFERS THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC ABOVE THE PUBLIC MORALS, SUCH MEN MUST BE SET ASIDE AND SUCH PARTIES ABANDONED. TO THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THIS HIGH PURPOSE WE DEDICATE OURSELVES.

INTRODUCTION

THE speeches contained in this volume were delivered in the white heat of the great campaign of the Flying Squadron of America—a campaign which touched two hundred and fifty-five cities, embracing every capital city, every large city, and every educational center.

They came from the lips of men and women who had resolved in their hearts that the American people should hear their messages, without regard to the cost to the speakers in time, effort or money.

The campaign began on Wednesday, September 30, 1914, at Peoria, Illinois, and closed at Atlantic City, N. J., on Sunday, June 6, 1915, two hundred and thirty-five days of actual speaking and traveling, without a date or place being missed.

The Squadron consisted of three groups of speakers, singers and musicians, who visited each city on successive days; thus on any day three cities heard the messages at the same time.

Two meetings were held each day,—afternoon and evening. Occasionally two cities were visited by each group in a day, which made it possible for speakers to reach two hundred and fifty-five cities in two hundred and thirty-five days.

These addresses were heard by a million people.

Since time began, there has been no campaign like it. The Nation was turned into a great university as this movable faculty went from place to place instructing the people as to the facts and principles by which the problem of the liquor traffic is to be solved.

The reader will note that these addresses do not smell of midnight oil. They do not carry the musty odor of the cloister. There is no effort to achieve theatrical effect. They hit straight from the shoulder. They were delivered by men and women who were going somewhere and knew why and how they were going.

He, who reads, should remember that they who spoke, spent weary nights on trains or were called at unpleasantly early hours in order to get to the "next" place, for towns and cities came thick and fast.

Speakers do not remain long at such task, unless they come to it with the spirit of love and devotion. In such spirit came those whose thoughts take permanent form in the pages of this book.

Those who heard the addresses delivered will read them with renewed interest. Those who had not that pleasure will, as they read, understand why in many cities ministers and others pronounced the visit of the Squadron the equal to a religious revival in moral force and power.

Some of the speakers were able to continue but a few weeks; some went the full journey from the first place to the last. Each brought to the public a message which was distinct, unique and forceful, for each put himself into his message. There was not a speaker on the Squadron who was not aflame with a consuming passion for the destruction of the saloon.

The campaign they made is history. The record cannot be changed. There it stands.

Here are the addresses it gave to the American people on behalf of this great cause. Those who delivered them placed on the altar that which money could not buy—health, long separation from home and loved ones, nerve force and power, time and zeal.

Only in the distant future, "where beyond these voices there is peace," will the world be able to make a correct estimate of their contribution to the present struggle to rid the Nation of the saloon.

The liquor traffic is weaker and all righteous forces are stronger since these addresses were delivered.

WHERE MADE

OCTOBER, 1914

Wednesday 30, September	Thursday 1,	Friday 2,	Peoria, Ill.
Thursday 1,	Friday 2,	Saturday 3,	Galesburg, Ill.
Friday 2,	Saturday 3,	Sunday 4,	Kansas City, Mo.
Saturday 3,	Sunday 4,	Monday 5,	Wichita, Kans.
Sunday 4,	Monday 5,	Tuesday 6,	Oklahoma City, Okla.
Monday 5,	Tuesday 6,	Wednesday 7,	Forth Worth, Tex.
Tuesday 6,	Wednesday 7,	Thursday 8,	(afternoon only) Abilene, Tex.
Wednesday 7,	Thursday 8,	Friday 9,	El Paso, Tex.
Thursday 8,	Friday 9,	Saturday 10,	Phoenix, Ariz.
Saturday 10,			Tempe, Ariz.
Friday 9,	Saturday 10,	Sunday 11,	Tucson, Ariz.
Saturday 10,	Sunday 11,	Monday 12,	San Bernardino, Cal.
Sunday 11,	Monday 12,	Tuesday 13,	Los Angeles, Cal.
Monday 12,	Tuesday 13,	Wednesday 14,	San Diego, Cal.
Tuesday 13,	Wednesday 14,	Thursday 15,	Pasadena, Cal.
Wednesday 14,	Thursday 15,	Friday 16,	San Jose, Cal.
Thursday 15,	Friday 16,	Saturday 17,	Oakland, Cal.
Friday 16,	Saturday 17,	Sunday 18,	San Francisco, Cal.
Sunday 18,			Berkeley, Cal.
Saturday 17,	Sunday 18,	Monday 19,	Stockton, Cal.
Sunday 18,	Monday 19,	Tuesday 20,	Sacramento, Cal.
Monday 19,	Tuesday 20,	Wednesday 21,	Carson City, Nev.
Tuesday 20,	Wednesday 21,	Thursday 22,	Reno, Nev.
Wednesday 21,	Thursday 22,	Friday 23,	(evening only) Red Bluff, Cal.
Thursday 22,	Friday 23,	Saturday 24,	Roseburg, Ore.
Friday 23,	Saturday 24,	Sunday 25,	Portland, Ore.
Saturday 24,	Sunday 25,	Monday 26,	Salem, Ore.
Sunday 25,	Monday 26,	Tuesday 27,	Seattle, Wash.
Monday 26,	Tuesday 27,	Wednesday 28,	Everett, Wash.
Tuesday 27,	Wednesday 28,	Thursday 29,	Olympia, Wash.
Wednesday 28,	Thursday 29,	Friday 30,	Tacoma, Wash.
Thursday 29,	Friday 30,	Saturday 31,	North Yakima, Wash.
Friday 30,	Saturday 31,	Sunday 1, November	Spokane, Wash.
Saturday 31,	Sunday 1, November	Monday 2, November	Helena, Mont.

NOVEMBER, 1914

Sunday 1,	Monday 2,	Tuesday 3,	Butte, Mont.
Monday 2,	Tuesday 3,	Wednesday 4,	Bozeman, Mont.
Tuesday 3,	Wednesday 4,	Thursday 5,	Billings, Mont.
Wednesday 4,	Thursday 5,	Friday 6,	(evening only) Bismarck, N. D.
Thursday 5,	Friday 6,	Saturday 7,	(evening only) Fargo, N. D.
Thursday 5,	Friday 6,	Saturday 7,	(evening only) Moorehead, S. D.
Friday 6,	Saturday 7,	Sunday 8,	Minneapolis, Minn.
Saturday 7,	Sunday 8,	Monday 9,	Duluth, Minn.
Saturday 7,	Sunday 8,	Monday 9,	Superior, Wis.
Sunday 8,	Monday 9,	Tuesday 10,	St. Paul, Minn.
Monday 9,	Tuesday 10,	Wednesday 11,	Aberdeen, S. D.
Tuesday 10,	Wednesday 11,	Thursday 12,	Pierre, S. D.
Tuesday 10,			Ft. Pierre, S. D.
Wednesday 11,	Thursday 12,	Friday 13,	Sioux Falls, S. D.
Thursday 12,	Friday 13,	Saturday 14,	Sioux City, Iowa.
Saturday 14,			Ida Grove, Iowa.
Friday 13,	Saturday 14,	Sunday 15,	Omaha, Neb.
Saturday 14,	Sunday 15,	Monday 16,	Lincoln, Neb.
Sunday 15,	Monday 16,	Tuesday 17,	Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Monday 16,	Tuesday 17,	Wednesday 18,	Iowa City, Iowa.
Tuesday 17,	Wednesday 18,	Thursday 19,	Joliet, Ill.
Wednesday 18,	Thursday 19,	Friday 20,	Aurora, Ill.
Thursday 19,	Friday 20,	Saturday 21,	Elgin, Ill.
Friday 20,	Saturday 21,	Sunday 22,	Milwaukee, Wis.
Saturday 21,	Sunday 22,	Monday 23,	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Sunday 22,	Monday 23,	Tuesday 24,	Detroit, Mich.
Monday 23,	Tuesday 24,	Wednesday 25,	Toledo, Ohio.
Tuesday 24,	Wednesday 25,	Thursday 26,	Erie, Pa.
Wednesday 25,	Thursday 26,	Friday 27,	Rochester, N. Y.
Thursday 26,	Friday 27,	Saturday 28,	Troy, N. Y.
Friday 27,	Saturday 28,	Sunday 29,	Boston, Mass.
Saturday 28,	Sunday 29,	Monday 30,	Worcester, Mass.
Sunday 29,	Monday 30,	Tuesday 1, December	Lowell, Mass.
Monday 30,	Tuesday 1, December	Wednesday 2, December	Manchester, N. H.

DECEMBER, 1914

Tuesday 1,	Wednesday 2,	Thursday 3,	Haverhill, Mass.
Wednesday 2,	Thursday 3,	Friday 4,	Providence, R. I.
Thursday 3,	Friday 4,	Saturday 5,	New Haven, Conn.
Friday 4,	Saturday 5,	Sunday 6,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Saturday 5,	Sunday 6,	Monday 7,	Paterson, N. J.
Sunday 6,	Monday 7,	Tuesday 8,	Newark, N. J.
Monday 7,	Tuesday 8,	Wednesday 9,	Yonkers, N. Y.
Tuesday 8,	Wednesday 9,	Thursday 10,	Waterbury, Conn.
Wednesday 9,	Thursday 10,	Friday 11,	Bridgeport, Conn.
Thursday 10,	Friday 11,	Saturday 12,	Chester, Pa.
Friday 11,	Saturday 12,	Sunday 13,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Saturday 12,	Sunday 13,	Monday 14,	Washington, D. C.
Sunday 13,	Monday 14,	Tuesday 15,	Baltimore, Md.
Monday 14,	Tuesday 15,	Wednesday 16,	Annapolis, Md.
Tuesday 15,	Wednesday 16,	Thursday 17,	Johnstown, Pa.
Wednesday 16,	Thursday 17,	Friday 18,	Altoona, Pa.
Thursday 17,	Friday 18,	Saturday 19,	Wheeling, W. Va.
Friday 18,	Saturday 19,	Sunday 20,	Cincinnati, O.

JANUARY, 1915

Friday 1,	Saturday 2,	Sunday 3,	Evansville, Ind.
Saturday 2,	Sunday 3,	Monday 4,	Terre Haute, Ind.
Sunday 3,	Monday 4,	Tuesday 5,	Danville, Ill.
Monday 4,	Tuesday 5,	Wednesday 6,	Champaigne, Ill.
Tuesday 5,	Wednesday 6,	Thursday 7,	Lincoln, Ill.
Wednesday 6,	Thursday 7,	Friday 8,	Decatur, Ill.
Thursday 7,	Friday 8,	Saturday 9,	Racine, Wis.
Friday 8,	Saturday 9,	Sunday 10,	Chicago, Ill.
Saturday 9,	Sunday 10,	Monday 11,	Winona, Minn.
Sunday 10,	Monday 11,	Tuesday 12,	Dubuque, Iowa.
Monday 11,	Tuesday 12,	Wednesday 13,	Rockford, Ill.
Tuesday 12,	Wednesday 13,	Thursday 14,	South Bend, Ind.
Wednesday 13,	Thursday 14,	Friday 15,	Elkhart, Ind.
Wednesday 13,	Thursday 14,	Friday 15,	Goshen, Ind.
Thursday 14,	Friday 15,	Saturday 16,	Kalamazoo, Mich.
Friday 15,	Saturday 16,	Sunday 17,	Battle Creek, Mich.
Saturday 16,	Sunday 17,	Monday 18,	Lansing, Mich.

Sunday 17,	Monday 18,	Tuesday 19,	Saginaw, Mich.
Monday 18,	Tuesday 19,	Wednesday 20,	Bay City, Mich.
Tuesday 19,	Wednesday 20,	Thursday 21,	Flint, Mich.
Wednesday 20,	Thursday 21,	Friday 22,	Jackson, Mich.
Thursday 21,	Friday 22,	Saturday 23,	Ann Arbor, Mich.
Friday 22,	Saturday 23,	Sunday 24,	Buffalo, N. Y.
Saturday 23,	Sunday 24,	Monday 25,	Rome, N. Y.
Sunday 24,	Monday 25,	Tuesday 26,	Syracuse, N. Y.
Monday 25,	Tuesday 26,	Wednesday 27,	Elmira, N. Y.
Tuesday 26,	Wednesday 27,	Thursday 28,	Williamsport, Pa.
Wednesday 27,	Thursday 28,	Friday 29,	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Thursday 28,	Friday 29,	Saturday 30,	Binghamton, N. Y.
Friday 29,	Saturday 30,	Sunday 31,	Scranton, Pa.
Saturday 30,	Sunday 31,	Monday 1, February	Allentown, Pa.
Sunday 31,	Monday 1, February	Tuesday 2, February	Reading, Pa.

FEBRUARY, 1915

Monday 1,	Tuesday 2,	Wednesday 3,	Lancaster, Pa.
Tuesday 2,	Wednesday 3,	Thursday 4,	York, Pa.
Wednesday 3,	Thursday 4,	Friday 5,	Easton, Pa.
Wednesday 3,	Thursday 4,	Friday 5,	Phillipsburg, N. J.
Thursday 4,	Friday 5,	Saturday 6,	New Brunswick, N. J.
Friday 5,	Saturday 6,	Sunday 7,	Albany, N. Y.
Saturday 6,	Sunday 7,	Monday 8,	Rutland, Vt.
Sunday 7,	Monday 8,	Tuesday 9,	Burlington, Vt.
Monday 8,	Tuesday 9,	Wednesday 10,	Montpelier, Vt.
		Wednesday 10,	Barre, Vt.
Wednesday 10,	Thursday 11,	Friday 12,	Portland, Me.
Thursday 11,	Friday 12,	Saturday 13,	Augusta, Me.
Thursday 11,			Bangor, Me.
Friday 12,	Saturday 13,	Sunday 14,	Hartford, Conn.
Saturday 13,	Sunday 14,	Monday 15,	Springfield, Mass.
Sunday 14,	Monday 15,	Tuesday 16,	Trenton, N. J.
Monday 15,	Tuesday 16,	Wednesday 17,	Dover, Del.
Tuesday 16,	Wednesday 17,	Thursday 18,	Norfolk, Va.
	Wednesday 17,		Petersburg, Va.

Wednesday 17,	Thursday 18,	Friday 19,	Richmond, Va.
Thursday 18,	Friday 19,	Saturday 20,	Raleigh, N. C.
Friday 19,	Saturday 20,	Sunday 21,	Wilmington, N. C.
Saturday 20,	Sunday 21,	Monday 22,	Columbia, S. C.
Sunday 21,	Monday22,	Tuesday 23,	Charleston, S. C.
Sunday 21,	Monday 22,	Tuesday 23,	Orangeburg, S. C.
Monday 22,	Tuesday 23,	Wednesday 24,	Augusta, Ga.
Tuesday 23,	Wednesday 24,	Thursday 25,	Macon, Ga.
Wednesday 24,	Thursday 25,	Friday 26,	Savannah, Ga.
Thursday 25,	Friday 26,	Saturday 27,	St. Augustine, Fla.
Friday 26,	Saturday 27,	Sunday 28,	Palm Beach, Fla.
Saturday 27,	Sunday 28,	Monday 1, March	Miami, Fla.
Sunday 28,	Monday 1, March	Tuesday 2, March	Daytona, Fla.

MARCH, 1915

Monday 1,	Tuesday 2,	Wednesday 3,	Orlando, Fla.
Tuesday 2,	Wednesday 3,	Thursday 4,	Tampa, Fla.
Wednesday 3,	Thursday 4,	Friday 5,	St. Petersburg, Fla.
Thursday 4,	Friday 5,	Saturday 6,	Jacksonville, Fla.
Friday 5,	Saturday 6,	Sunday 7,	Tallahassee, Fla.
Saturday 6,	Sunday 7,	Monday 8,	Pensacola, Fla.
Sunday 7,	Monday 8,	Tuesday 9,	Mobile, Ala.
Monday 8,	Tuesday 9,	Wednesday 10,	Montgomery, Ala.
Tuesday 9,	Wednesday 10,	Thursday 11,	Birmingham, Ala.
Wednesday 10,	Thursday 11,	Friday 12,	Atlanta, Ga.
Thursday 11,	Friday 12,	Saturday 13,	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Friday 12,	Saturday 13,	Sunday 14,	Nashville, Tenn.
Saturday 13,	Sunday 14,	Monday 15,	Memphis, Tenn.
Sunday 14,	Monday 15,	Tuesday 16,	Little Rock, Ark.
Monday 15,	Tuesday 16,	Wednesday 17,	(evening only) Jackson, Miss.
Tuesday 16,	Wednesday 17,	Thursday 18,	Meridian, Miss.
Wednesday 17,	Thursday 18,	Friday 19,	Vicksburg, Miss.
Thursday 18,	Friday 19,	Saturday 20,	Baton Rouge, La.
Friday 19,	Saturday 20,	Sunday 21,	New Orleans, La.
Saturday 20,	Sunday 21,	Monday 22,	Beaumont, Tex.
	Sunday 21,	Monday 22,	Port Arthur, Tex.

Sunday 21,	Monday 22,	Tuesday 23,	Galveston, Tex.
Monday 22,	Tuesday 23,	Wednesday 24,	Houston, Tex.
Tuesday 23,	Wednesday 24,	Thursday 25,	San Antonio, Tex.
Wednesday 24,	Thursday 25,	Friday 26,	Austin, Tex.
Thursday 25,	Friday 26,	Saturday 27,	Waco, Tex.
Friday 26,	Saturday 27,	Sunday 28,	Dallas, Tex.
Saturday 27,	Sunday 28,	Monday 29,	Muskogee, Okla.
Sunday 28,	Monday 29,	Tuesday 30,	Topeka, Kans.
Monday 29,	Tuesday 30,	Wednesday 31,	Rocky Ford, Colo.
Tuesday 30,	Wednesday 31,	Thursday 1, April	Albuquerque, N. M.
Wednesday 31,	Thursday 1, April	Friday 2, April	Santa Fe, N. M.

APRIL, 1915

Thursday 1,	Friday 2,	Saturday 3,	Pueblo, Colo.
Friday 2,	Saturday 3,	Sunday 4,	Cheyenne, Wyo.
Saturday 3,	Sunday 4,	Monday 5,	Colorado Springs, Colo.
Sunday 4,	Monday 5,	Tuesday 6,	Leadville, Colo.
Monday 5,	Tuesday 6,	Wednesday 7,	Grand Junction, Colo.
Tuesday 6,	Wednesday 7,	Thursday 8,	Ogden, Utah.
Wednesday 7,	Thursday 8,	Friday 9,	(evening only) Boise, Idaho.
Thursday 8,	Friday 9,	Saturday 10,	Pocatello, Idaho.
Friday 9,	Saturday 10,	Sunday 11,	Salt Lake City, Utah.
Sunday 11,	Monday 12,	Tuesday 13,	Denver, Colo.
Monday 12,	Tuesday 13,	Wednesday 14,	Kearney, Neb.
Tuesday 13,	Wednesday 14,	Thursday 15,	St. Joseph, Mo.
Wednesday 14,	Thursday 15,	Friday 16,	Atchison, Kans.
Thursday 15,	Friday 16,	Saturday 17,	Creston, Iowa.
Friday 16,	Saturday 17,	Sunday 18,	Des Moines, Iowa.
Saturday 17,	Sunday 18,	Monday 19,	Davenport, Iowa.
Saturday 17,	Sunday 18,	Monday 19,	Rock Island, Ill.
Sunday 18,	Monday 19,	Tuesday 20,	Kansas City, Kans.
Monday 19,	Tuesday 20,	Wednesday 21,	Joplin, Mo.
Tuesday 20,	Wednesday 21,	Thursday 22,	Springfield, Mo.
Wednesday 21,	Thursday 22,	Friday 23,	Jefferson City, Mo.
Thursday 22,	Friday 23,	Saturday 24,	East St. Louis, Ill.
Friday 23,	Saturday 24,	Sunday 25,	St. Louis, Mo.

Saturday 24,	Sunday 25,	Monday 26,	Springfield, Ill.
Sunday 25,	Monday 26,	Tuesday 27,	Hannibal, Mo.
Sunday 25,	Monday 26,	Tuesday 27,	Quincy, Ill.
Monday 26,	Tuesday 27,	Wednesday 28,	Ottumwa, Iowa.
Tuesday 27,	Wednesday 28,	Thursday 29,	Burlington, Iowa.
Wednesday 28,	Thursday 29,	Friday 30,	Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Thursday 29,	Friday 30,	Saturday 1, May	Madison, Wis.
Friday 30,	Saturday 1, May	Sunday 2, May	Ft. Wayne, Ind.

MAY, 1915

Saturday 1,	Sunday 2,	Monday 3,	Lima, O.
Sunday 2,	Monday 3,	Tuesday 4,	Dayton, O.
Monday 3,	Tuesday 4,	Wednesday 5,	Muncie, Ind.
Tuesday 4,	Wednesday 5,	Thursday 6,	Marion, Ind.
Wednesday 5,	Thursday 6,	Friday 7,	Anderson, Ind.
Thursday 6,	Friday 7,	Saturday 8,	LaFayette, Ind.
Friday 7,	Saturday 8,	Sunday 9,	Indianapolis, Ind.
Saturday 8,	Sunday 9,	Monday 10,	Bloomington, Ind.
Sunday 9,	Monday 10,	Tuesday 11,	Louisville, Ky.
Monday 10,	Tuesday 11,	Wednesday 12,	Frankfort, Ky.
Monday 10,	Tuesday 11,	Wednesday 12,	Lexington, Ky.
Tuesday 11,	Wednesday 12,	Thursday 13,	Covington, Ky.
Tuesday 11,	Wednesday 12,	Thursday 13,	Newport, Ky.
Wednesday 12,	Thursday 13,	Friday 14,	Springfield, O.
Thursday 13,	Friday 14,	Saturday 15,	Zanesville, O.
Friday 14,	Saturday 15,	Sunday 16,	Columbus, O.
Saturday 15,	Sunday 16,	Monday 17,	Parkersburg, W. Va.
Sunday 16,	Monday 17,	Tuesday 18,	Charleston, W. Va.
Monday 17,	Tuesday 18,	Wednesday 19,	Huntington, W. Va.
	Tuesday 18,	Wednesday 19,	Catlettsburg, Ky.
Tuesday 18,	Wednesday 19,	Thursday 20,	Steubenville, O.
Wednesday 19,	Thursday 20,	Friday 21,	East Liverpool, O.
Thursday 20,	Friday 21,	Saturday 22,	Canton, O.
Friday 21,	Saturday 22,	Sunday 23,	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Saturday 22,	Sunday 23,	Monday 24,	Akron, O.
Sunday 23,	Monday 24,	Tuesday 25,	Cleveland, O.

Monday 24,	Tuesday 25,	Wednesday 26,	Youngstown, O.
Monday 24,	Tuesday 25,	Wednesday 26,	New Castle, Pa.
Tuesday 25,	Wednesday 26,	Thursday 27,	Cumberland, Md.
Wednesday 26,	Thursday 27,	Friday 28,	Greensburg, Pa.
Thursday 27,	Friday 28,	Saturday 29,	Harrisburg, Pa.
Thursday 27,	Friday 28,	Saturday 29,	Lebanon, Pa.
Friday 28,	Saturday 29,	Sunday 30,	New York City.
Saturday 29,	Sunday 30,	Monday 31,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Saturday 29,	Sunday 30,	Monday 31,	Newhurgh, N. Y.
Sunday 30,	Monday 31,	Tuesday 1, June	Utica, N. Y.
Monday 31,	Tuesday 1, June	Wednesday 2, June	Hoboken, N. J.

JUNE, 1915

Tuesday 1,	Wednesday 2,	Thursday 3,	Wilmington, Del.
Wednesday 2,	Thursday 3,	Friday 4,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Thursday 3,	Friday 4,	Saturday 5,	Camden, N. J.
Friday 4,	Saturday 5,	Sunday 6.	Atlantic City, N. J.

J. FRANK HANLY

J. FRANK HANLY was born in a log cabin in Champaign County, Illinois, April 4, 1863. He received most of his earlier education at his mother's knee, under her tutorship. He was able to attend school but little, scarcely a year all told. At thirteen years of age he started out to make his way in the world as a hired hand on a farm. While thus engaged he acquired sufficient knowledge of the common branches to obtain a license as a teacher of the public schools of Warren County in 1881, having come to the State of Indiana two years before. Later he attended a course of six weeks in the Eastern Illinois Normal School, at Danville, Illinois.

He continued to teach in the public schools of Indiana and Illinois until 1889, when he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of the law at Williamsport, Indiana. In 1890 he was nominated and elected State Senator, and in 1894 to the Congress of the United States. In 1898 he was narrowly defeated in the Republican legislative caucus for United States Senator by a coalition of all the opposition after a memorable contest. In 1904 he was elected Governor of Indiana over Hon. John W. Kern by a plurality of nearly eighty-five thousand, a plurality at that time without precedent in Indiana, and the four years of his administration mark an epoch in the history not only of his State, but in the Nation. History was made in those years, history that will live, for forces for civic betterment were set in motion that will never stop until evil is dead.

In 1908, while serving as Governor, he was elected to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which convened in Baltimore in May of that year. He was made Chairman of the General Committee on Temperance and prepared the Church's utterance on that subject. In 1912 he was re-elected a delegate to the General Conference which convened in Minneapolis, and again served as Chairman

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of the General Temperance Committee, and again prepared the utterance of the Church on this subject.

In 1900 he was Chairman of the Republican State Convention, and in 1912 was a delegate to the Republican National Convention, which convened in Chicago.

For years he has held high place on the lecture platform. As Governor he delivered the dedicatory address at the unveiling of the monument to Oliver P. Morton, on the State House grounds in Indianapolis; at the unveiling of the monument in commemoration of the Battle of Tippecanoe, on the ground where the Battle of Tippecanoe was fought; at the unveiling of the monument in honor of Indiana's soldiers at Vicksburg, Mississippi, and at the unveiling of the monument erected to Indiana's dead at Andersonville, Georgia. In these addresses he rose to the high levels of commemorative oratory.

Governor of his State at forty-one, he laid further political ambition on the altar of the great cause that has since enlisted his highest efforts, and has become one of its foremost advocates, bringing to its defense a zeal that never flags, a consecration that ennobles and an eloquence that inspires, persuades and convinces. He has been heard in every State in the Union and in every great city in America.

Honest in his public service, pure in a life full of rewards and honors, a life which has been without the slightest stain of cowardice or double-dealing, he brings to bear on every question he presents the force and power of a compelling and mighty personality. Of his work on the platform it has been said: "It is the art of public speech at its best; it is oratory at its highest."

In connection with Hon. Oliver W. Stewart and Mr. William M. Conrad, formerly of the staff of the Washington Star, he is now devoting all his time and energies to the founding and establishing of the "National Enquirer", a great national weekly, to be published in Indianapolis,

to the organization and establishment of the "Flying Squadron Foundation," and to the advocacy on the platform of State and Nation-wide Prohibition.

"I HATE IT"

"I bear no malice toward those engaged in the liquor business, but I hate the traffic.

"I hate its every phase.

"I hate it for its intolerance.

"I hate it for its arrogance.

"I hate it for its hypocrisy; for its cant and craft and false pretense.

"I hate it for its commercialism; for its greed and avarice; for its sordid love of gain at any price.

"I hate it for its domination of politics; for its corrupting influence in civic affairs; for its incessant effort to debauch the suffrage of the country; for the cowards it makes of public men.

"I hate it for its utter disregard of law; for its ruthless trampling of the solemn compacts of State constitutions.

"I hate it for the load it straps to labor's back; for the palsied hands it gives to toil; for its wounds to genius; for the tragedies of its might-have-beens.

"I hate it for the human wrecks it has caused.

"I hate it for the almshouses it peoples; for the prisons it fills; for the insanity it begets; for its countless graves in potters' fields.

"I hate it for the mental ruin it imposes upon its victims; for its spiritual blight; for its moral degradation.

"I hate it for the crimes it commits; for the homes it destroys; for the hearts it breaks.

"I hate it for the malice it plants in the hearts of men; for its poison, for its bitterness, for the dead sea fruit with which it starves their souls.

"I hate it for the grief it causes womanhood—the scalding tears, the hopes deferred, the strangled aspirations, its burden of want and care.

"I hate it for its heartless cruelty to the aged, the infirm

and the helpless; for the shadow it throws upon the lives of children; for its monstrous injustice to blameless little ones.

"I hate it as virtue hates vice, as truth hates error, as righteousness hates sin, as justice hates wrong, as liberty hates tyranny, as freedom hates oppression.

"I hate it as Abraham Lincoln hated slavery, and as he sometimes saw in prophetic vision the end of slavery, and the coming of the time when the sun should shine and the rain should fall upon no slave in all the Republic, so I sometimes seem to see the end of this unholy traffic, the coming of the time when, if it does not wholly cease to be, it shall find no safe habitation anywhere beneath Old Glory's stainless stars."

THE TRIAL OF JOHN BARLEYCORN

I DO NOT SPEAK tonight in behalf of any party, of any sect, of any creed. I am here on the business of the King. My client is mankind. I hold a brief for the human race; for the living, the unborn, the unbegotten; for all who are, in any land, in any clime; for all who are to be. You are my jury, and I shall arraign and put upon trial before you the capital criminal of the race—John Barleycorn.

I shall charge him with high crimes and misdemeanors, and shall claim at your hands a verdict of guilty; a judgment of condemnation!

You may refuse me!—yes, I know you may!—as men and women have refused me before; but even though you do, the time will yet come in this Nation when the American people will give me judgment.

I have within me the flower of a great faith tonight. Let me unfold its bloom to you, that you too may catch its beauty and hold to your doubting hearts the consolation of its perfume: God is, and reigns! No just cause ever dies! You may kill its defenders, as you sometimes have. You may silence its advocates, as you still sometimes do. You may drive from place and power all who for the hour administer government in its name, and they may pass away, and cease forever to have to do with public affairs; but in the fullness of God's own time He raises up new advocates and commissions new defenders.

There is something about a great cause, so august and so sublime; it so grips the hearts of men and women, and links it to their souls, that for every one who falls in its defense an hundred spring to its rescue, and bear it in strong and loving endeavor so near the gates of the Eternal City that the good God smiles upon it in recognition and crowns it with victory.

No just cause ever dies! And no evil cause ever lives in perpetuity. The sepulcher of the centuries is filled with the whitening bones of dead evils, slain by man in his climb toward God. You may build—build in your pride and power as deep as the Continent; build as high as the Himalayas—but if you build upon human wrong or upon human injustice, the hour will come when the heart-throb of a woman—the pulse of a baby—somewhere, will beat down the mighty edifice you rear, toppling it in ruins about your nerveless, helpless hands. Right may ascend the scaffold; Wrong may mount the throne—

"But * * * behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

In the long fight stretching through the centuries His arm will be the strongest.

On the 19th of last November, a year ago, a proud, high privilege came to me—the privilege of standing among the graves at Gettysburg, on the spot where Lincoln stood fifty years before to a day, to pronounce that immortal oration delivered in dedication of the National Cemetery there—the privilege of standing there and of speaking to a mighty concourse of my fellow-countrymen. About me, spreading like the waves of the sea, were the grass-covered graves of more than ten thousand men who fell in that red tide. As I rose to speak it seemed to me I stood on holy ground, on soil forever consecrated—consecrated by the spilled and mingled blood of two heroic peoples; and when I had finished and turned to walk away, I read, ever and anon, on the upturned oval of the little white tombstones there, the only tribute posterity has paid to many of them, the single word "Unknown." Think a minute—"Unknown!" There they had lain for fifty years. There they will lie, through the morning's flush, the sunset's glow; in solitude,

beneath the silent, circling stars. They gave not only their lives, they gave their identity itself, forever and forever.

Then I walked out of the cemetery, out from among the graves, down the shell-plowed slope immortalized by Pickett's wondrous charge, into the valley below, and counted in my mind's thought the human toll of those three fateful days. There in the little valley, spread out before me, were more than forty thousand men—dead, wounded and dying—a human cataclysm, a racial catastrophe, a whirlwind from hell! Language cannot paint the thing I saw. Words cannot describe it. Imagination cannot conceive the horror or the tragedy of it. As I looked upon it I cried out in the anguish of my soul, "Oh, the pity of it all! How some one must have blundered!"

And yet, colossal as was the human cataclysm there at Gettysburg, there is a greater one being wrought this hour in the life of this people. In this glad morning of this tremendous century, in this day of peace, for us, with all the world, John Barleycorn, the defendant at this high bar tonight, kills every year, here in this Republic, five times as many men as fell at Gettysburg; and kills with our sanction, under legislative enactment, constitutional provision and judicial decree—kills, holding our warrant for his crime, under the authority of a commission bearing the seal of the government under which we live—the government of Washington and of Lincoln!

There is this difference between his dead and the dead at Gettysburg:

For the dead at Gettysburg there was compensation. They did not die in vain. Out of their spilled blood the Nation arose, purified and glorified. Out of the fire and flame of the three red days at Gettysburg our country came, every star in its flag in its wonted place; its divided sections reunited; its war-worn people reconciled, and at their feet the broken shackles of thrice a million slaves.

But for the dead killed by John Barleycorn there is no compensation. Their's is utter, colossal, irretrievable loss. For them there is in all the world no balance sheet—no balance sheet.

The dead killed at Gettysburg left to their children a heritage of glory and renown. Oh, sir, the splendor of it! Where breathes a man tonight in whose veins runs a drop of blood of one who died in that red tide, on either side, whether he fell wrapped in gray or clad in blue, who does not walk with higher head and firmer tread at the memory of it?

But the dead killed by John Barleycorn leave to their children no heritage of glory or renown; their's is a legacy of shame and of dishonor, interfibered with regret and grief.

The dead killed at Gettysburg left to their posterity sound bodies, clean souls, strong hands, clear intellects, imperial wills, unbreakable moral stamina! What a heritage! What a heritage!

But the dead killed by John Barleycorn leave to their posterity broken bodies, distraught souls, palsied hands, enfeebled intellects, impaired wills, and utter lack of moral stamina. For hear me: John Barleycorn not only kills the sire, he wounds to its death the offspring as well; puts into its veins a thirst that will not be satisfied, interfibers with its being appetites that cannot be controlled. He dethrones the soul, enthrones the flesh, and makes the passions master of the man.

And so, in this goodly presence, at this holy bar and in this sacred place, tonight, I charge him with murder—wholesale, atrocious, million-fingered murder—murder of men (I have looked upon their broken bodies), murder of women, murder of little children, murder of babes unborn! And you—you are the jury, with power of verdict, power of judgment, power of execution. Come, you men! Come

with me, and we'll weave the death-robe, hew the death-block, and lead him to his execution in State and in Nation.

I charge him, too, with twenty-five per cent. of all the insanity in the Nation. Think a minute! Do you really know what that means? Let me illustrate what it means by the facts in my own State. In Indiana the population of the State has increased twenty-two per cent. in twenty years, but insanity has increased sixty-nine per cent. in fifteen years! Men and women! Do you know the end of that road? Do you? The end of that road is national decay, moral degeneracy, man-failure, woman-failure! And in this Republic man-failure and woman-failure mean institutional failure—failure of institutions for which men have died at the battle's front, sad only that they had but one life to give.

I charge him with thirty-five per cent. of all the vagrancy in the Nation—the poverty, pauperism and dependency.

And I charge him with seventy-five per cent. of all the crime committed in the land, and I do not guess; I know! I know! For four years I administered the government of a great American Commonwealth. For four years it was my business to know. For four years I walked the corridors and tarried in the wards of hospital, reformatory and prison, and became familiar with the tragic story their records tell. For four years I counted the cost and toll of it all and weighed the evidence as it passed through the Governor's office. In four years I read, page by page, the court record in more than six hundred criminal cases coming before me on appeal for executive clemency, and in seventy-five per cent. of them all John Barleycorn was the responsible, producing agency of the crime committed.

I charge him, too, with the spoliation of the childhood of the Nation. And again I do not guess; I know! Yes, I know! Sometimes I wish I did not know. Let me illustrate something of what I know: In my State, tonight, there are

more than a thousand children in the custodial, correctional care of the Commonwealth, under sixteen years of age—some of them only six. They ought to be in mother arms this hour. Instead they are in the correctional care of the State, clothed and housed and fed at public expense; deprived of a mother's love, denied a father's care.

I visited them many times as Governor, looked into their faces and read in lack-luster eye, in degenerate countenance, in deformed, misshapen bodies, in crooked, twisted limbs the irrefragable proof of the pitiful fact that they, these thousand children, are atoning for some one's else sin—paying the price of another's wrong. Paying the price? Aye, paying every day and every hour, and will continue to pay while God lets them live!

They never had a fair chance! They never knew a square deal! For the records show that more than six hundred and fifty of them have, or had, drunken fathers or drunken mothers, or, God in heaven pity them, both drunken fathers and drunken mothers! Wronged in the moment of their conception! Wounded in their mothers' wombs! Disinherited at their birth! Their destiny fixed from the beginning—a State institution, hospital, reformatory, prison; the electric chair, or the gallows! What an indictment of twentieth century civilization it all is! I never left the presence of these children that the soul of me did not cry out, that a great, free, powerful people ought not to license and legalize a thing that so wrongs the childhood they beget.

Somewhere I've read—somewhere in this old Book—that God, the Father of us all, marks the sparrow's fall. And if He does mark the fall of the sparrow—the fall of a bird—think you He does not mark the fall of these little ones? Fifty thousand of them every year! And if He does mark their fall, think you He does not fix responsibility for their fall? And if He does fix responsibility for their fall, what answer can you make, standing at His eternal judgment

bar?—you who hold the power! You who, under God, are sovereign here! You, who could end it all, in this Republic! Could end it all, but do not! Do not!

What judgment think you ought to be rendered against you? Ought to be rendered against you? Aye, already is rendered! Rendered two thousand years ago as it fell from the lips of the great Nazarene, among the hills of Palestine, when He called unto Him a little child, set him in the midst of the multitude, and then said unto them: "Woe unto him who offendeth one of these little ones. It were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he cast into the sea." Men and women! Men and women! Hear me! The judgments of the Lord are altogether true and righteous! This one, righteous when uttered, in the dim dawn of the Christian era, cannot be less righteous in the noontide glow of the Christian era. This judgment, righteous two thousand years ago in the land of Palestine, must needs be righteous now, in the land of Washington, of Lincoln and of Lee!

It cannot be that, with the process of the suns and the evolution of the race, we shall much longer continue to wrong the children we beget. It cannot be that the cry of these defective little ones shall go much longer unheard by the manhood and womanhood of this Nation. No, it must needs be that soon, in some luminous moment, the fatherhood and the motherhood of the land shall find itself, and drive, in their power and indignation, from the confines of the Republic, this thing that so grievously wounds the childhood of the Republic! If I did not believe that, my heart would break with grief, disappointment and shame!

Let me show you further the enormity of this defendant's crimes—the magnitude and awfulness of their results as exemplified in a single American commonwealth—the State in which I live.

As I speak to you there are in the custodial care of my

State more than twelve thousand men and women—more than five thousand of them insane! In the custodial care of State, county and city there are more than four thousand dependent children! In the custodial care of the State alone, more than twelve hundred feeble-minded children! There are more than three thousand other men and women in county asylums. And in 1913 we jailed in a single year a vast army of men and women—more than forty thousand, eighteen thousand of them for being found drunk in a public place—and gave in the same year outside poor relief to another army of more than fifty-one thousand men and women! What a mighty army they constitute, this army of the dependent, the defective, the degenerate and the criminal—more than one hundred and ten thousand—one person out of every twenty-five in all the population of the Commonwealth!

Here they come! Here they come! The parade of the unfortunate, the disinherited! More than five thousand insane men and women—men and women bereft of reason—followed by four thousand dependent children; these by twelve hundred feeble-minded children, and they by a thousand incorrigibles. Yonder, in the next division, are the criminals, twenty-four hundred, from prison and reformatory; then three thousand men and women from city infirmaries and county asylums; and then a tousled, disease-infected, rum-marked host—forty thousand—the inmates from the county jails of the State for a single year; eighteen hundred of them reeling under intoxication; after them, fifty-one thousand dependents, feeding from the hand of public charity. What a commentary upon our civilization they all are! If you ask "What of it? What is all that to me?" you have my answer in another question, "Who feeds this army of the dependent, the defective, the degenerate, the criminal? Who clothes it? Who houses it? Who pays for its care?"

Four million dollars a year! In my State my people pay, my people pay!

And this defendant, the defendant here at this bar tonight, is responsible for more than fifty per cent. of it all. It is with these high crimes I charge him, and there is for him no defense.

I understand a gentleman speaking from this platform the other night declared this traffic was moral and right. If it is, then it is moral to despoil the helpless, to wrong the innocent; if it is, then murder is moral; if it is, then it is moral to disinherit babyhood, to wrong childhood in its conception, to wound it in its mother's womb! Men and women, hear me! If this thing be moral, then there is no crime beneath the stars! And here stands the defendant—he stands before you to be judged. There is no defense for him. There is not an alienist in all the land who will testify for him; not a sociologist anywhere who will speak in his behalf; no laboratory that will yield him evidence. No, he stands at the bar to be judged, with the blood upon his knotted hands. The whole world knows his guilt. And he, too, knows his guilt. Knows it better than all others. Knows it so well that he makes no defense. Instead of a plea in denial of his guilt, he makes a plea for mercy; begs you, now that you have him at bay and his guilt is known, begs you for mercy. John Barleycorn, the capital criminal of the race, at bay, begging for mercy at the hands of free men and women! Mercy? Mercy for him? For a thousand years he has refused it to human kind! For a thousand years he has debauched mankind and denied it mercy! For a thousand years he has entangled his knotted fingers in the heartstrings of the motherhood of the race and has denied it mercy! For a thousand years he has bruised the mute lips of babyhood and denied it mercy! And now shall we, who have him at bay, who have the power, shall we yield to him that which he has denied

the race for a thousand years? Or shall we render a verdict—a verdict just as heaven; a judgment unerring as God's will? Instead of mercy, let us weave the death-robe, hew the death-block, and lead him to his execution—lead him to his execution in State and in Nation!

He pleads that you ought not to execute him, that you instead ought to restrict him, and restrain him, and regulate him, and control him; that you ought to do nothing that cripples him, take no step calculated to drive him to the wall or to narrow his environment; that you ought to provide by law the time and place where, by your authority, he can continue to ravage the human race!

Regulate, restrain, restrict, control him? We have tried that in America for two hundred years, and for two hundred years we have failed. When we have put upon him a restriction as to place, he has overstepped that restriction; when we have put upon him a limitation as to days or as to hours, he has broken that limitation; when we have laid upon him a regulation as to condition, he has trampled upon that regulation. For two hundred years he has been as much the enemy of the institutions of this country as though he had trained shotted guns on her forts and arsenals, and the hour has come, when, by legislative enactment, constitutional provision and judicial decree he ought to be branded that which he is in fact, an outlaw and a brigand!

Restrict, restrain, regulate and control him! When I think of our attitude and our long-continued and fruitless efforts in that behalf, I am reminded of a test for insanity I have seen put to applicants for admission to hospitals for the insane. The patient is brought into a room bare of furniture, save only a bathtub, filled to the brim with water. The faucet is opened, pouring a stream of water into the tub. The tub, however, is so arranged that it stands brimful but does not run over. The patient is brought to the bathtub, is shown the tub of water, is given

a dipper and is told to dip the tub dry. If he is insane he takes the dipper, and dips, and dips, and dips, until you tell him to quit. But if he is sane he does not dip long until he discovers he has not lowered the water in the tub. Then he investigates, finds the open faucet, turns the water off, and dips the bathtub dry. I am wondering, my friends, how soon, if ever, *you* will be able to meet that test.

For two hundred years you have been dipping, dipping, dipping, insanely dipping! Let's turn the faucet off—turn it off in State and in Nation—and dip the bathtub dry!

He files another special plea, not of defense, but of avoidance, a plea of financial investment and right of property. He insists that he has two thousand million dollars invested in the business, and in property's name, and in the name of vested rights, he demands that we spare him. But this plea is as fallacious as the other. Don't you know that a people cannot found industrial efficiency, or commercial prosperity upon a human vice? Don't you know that a man cannot drink himself into sobriety, or into financial competence, or into health, or into respectable standing in a community? Don't you? It's utterly impossible that a man may found strength, courage or efficiency upon the drink habit.

To his plea of vested rights in property owned, I answer: For more than thirty years all men who cared to know have known that no man, under the constitution and the laws of this Republic, or of any State in this Union, can have a vested right in any phase of the liquor business, or an inherent right to conduct it for a day or an hour. The courts of last resort, State and Federal, have held without exception, whenever the question has been presented to them, the liquor traffic to be so inimical to the public welfare, so destructive to the social compact and so injurious to the body politic that no man may have in it any right which the people in the exercise of their sov-

ereignty may not take from him at any moment. Knowing this, the men who have invested money in the traffic have done so at their peril, precisely as the highwayman acts at his peril.

Further, as to the economic plea: We live in a dynamic hour,—an hour, every moment of which is throbbing with rivalry and big with competition. We have bridged the seas, laid our scepter on the stars, and made the Antipodes our neighbors. There is no market in any country that is not contended for by the peoples of all countries. There is no commercial port of importance anywhere upon the face of the earth for which the peoples of all the earth are not rivals. We, here in America, are isolated from the great Nations of the earth by broad, far-reaching seas, but, in spite of that, we are eating today fresh meat killed in Argentina and in Australia; butter made in New Zealand, on the other side of the world; eggs laid in China. There are no more worlds to conquer, no undiscovered lands. The race is destined to walk forever the little world that is. Before this century closes the contest for supremacy will be sharp and tense as life itself. For us one of two things is as inevitable as time: The American people will sink to the economic and social level of their rivals beyond the sea, or they will rise superior to them in efficiency—physical, moral and industrial. There is no choice. There are only these two alternatives. A drunken people cannot attain the mastery in such a duel. To win, we will need human machinery of Bessemer steel. Burned-out sheetiron will not do!

He files another plea, and claims, because of it, the right to live: The plea of personal liberty. His contention is that you cannot execute him without injuring yourself; that if you take his life you will impair your own liberty and destroy your own freedom. In confidential moments he will sit down beside you and say to you that he

is so concerned about your freedom, and such a devotee of human liberty, that he cannot bear to have you take his life, for your sake, for the sake of your liberty and your freedom. But when he tells you that, he speaks with a forked tongue, his lips are white and blistered with perjury! He, a devotee of human liberty! He has welded more chains upon the wills of men than slavery ever put upon the arms and limbs of men! He has been the enemy of liberty from the hour this Nation was founded! He organized and conducted the first rebellion ever raised against the flag of this Republic, as early as the Washington administration!

The supremest liberty God confers upon men is liberty of the soul to command the body, liberty of the spirit to command the flesh, liberty of the will to master the passions and the appetites, heired or acquired. I put it to you: Did you ever hear of John Barleycorn conferring that kind of liberty upon any man? Did you?

I saw in Chicago recently one Sunday afternoon a sample of the only kind of liberty he ever confers upon a human soul. I saw a stalwart man, of gigantic physical strength, so highly endowed with the kind of liberty John Barleycorn confers, that he could not keep his wandering feet on a twelve-foot sidewalk; so charged with the John Barleycorn brand of liberty that his tangled legs would not support his drunken, swaying body—another man had to lead him; so ladened with it that his tongue was maudlin, his will could not control his speech. He went down the street like a jibbering idot, making the air blue with profanity and obscenity. That may be liberty! It is liberty—the only kind this defendant ever confers—but in God's name I want none of it for my children, or for myself, not even for my enemy.

He contends under the plea of personal liberty, that every man has an inherent right to drink what he pleases.

I have heard him say it—heard him say it many times—and I have answered back, as I now answer back, that whether a man has an inherent right to drink what he pleases, depends upon what he pleases to drink. And I am prepared to demonstrate the correctness of the answer. I will take you, my friend, as an illustration:

You have a daughter—splendid, beautiful and fragrant as a morning in June, with all its music and sunshine—a daughter fit to be mated to an Apollo, a King! I come to you and say to you: "I am a man of lawful age, I am sound of body and clean of soul. I love your daughter. I want her for my wife, and I ask you to give her to me, to give her to me, body and soul." I am putting to you a supreme question—one that makes you thoughtful—and if you yield assent at all it is only upon the condition that I will go with you and with her, into God's holy temple, and before His high altar, and in the presence of His minister and under the ordinances of the church and the laws of the Commonwealth in which we live, and pledge myself in solemn compact and covenant—pledge myself to her, and to you, that if you give her to me I will love, cherish and defend her with my life. That is the condition. I assent to it. I go with you, and with her, into God's holy temple, and in the presence of His minister, under the solemnity of the ordinances of the church and the laws of the State, I solemnly enter into that compact and sign and seal it with my honor.

Then I take her away. You have given to me the dearest treasure of your life,—given her to me—and I have accepted her under the sanction of the highest and holiest of covenants. But the next day I come back to you and say to you, that, notwithstanding this covenant, and the solemnity in which I entered upon it, in the name of personal liberty I have a right to drink a thing that will make it impossible for me to perform my part of the covenant—

come to you and say I have a right to drink a thing that will send me home to her, your daughter, whom I have so taken, a frenzied fiend; send me home to her to beat her flesh and scar her soul—that in the name of personal liberty I have a right to drink a thing after I have taken her to myself and through her begotten children—that in the name of personal liberty—I have a right to drink a thing that will put the fire of degeneracy into her children's blood, the frenzy of insanity into their brain, and the rack of palsy into their hands. Men and women, hear me! That thing is not liberty! It's crime! Crime before God! Crime before man!

I might continue this address for hours, but time precludes. I beg only a closing word.

There are many reasons that impel me to participation in this great Nation-wide campaign, so many that I could not name them to you, though I held you here until to-morrow's dawn, but among them there is one primal reason, masterful and compelling; one which, if there were none other, alone would send me forth a flaming brand among you in this behalf. It is found in the inexpressible, infinite wrong the liquor traffic daily does the childhood of my country. I lay no claim to high moral courage. On the contrary, there have been times in my life when I did not have an ounce of moral courage to spare. Indeed, in all humility I confess to you that there are moments in my life when I do not have enough of it! But coward though I may have been and am, I am not coward enough to go my way in silence, and live my life in snug content, and not cry out against this thing that daily wounds the babyhood of the land that gave me birth. I could not go to my grave in peace, knowing what I know, if I did not cry out against it; if I did not try to stir the hearts of men and women, to make dumb tongues speak and dead feet start; if I did not endeavor to crystallize public opinion

and to give an edge of steel to the will and purpose of my countrymen! It is for this, above all other reasons, that I am placing this defendant upon trial in the forum of American opinion, and demanding a verdict of guilty at the Nation's hands!

WHY THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC STILL EXISTS.

WHY does the liquor traffic still exist in the American republic? The reasons are many and varied. Complete answer can not be made in the time allotted me. But here are five,—two primal, each of the others important, and all, taken together, controlling: First,—The Use of Intoxicating Liquors is a Racial Evil deeply rooted,—old as David, old as Lot, old as Noah,—woven into the texture of our mortal being by sixty centuries of indulgence and carousal. Creeping through our arteries ebbs the poisoned blood of six thousand years of excess and of passion,—a curse-ladened, sin-impoverished, disease-infecting stream, transmitted from sire to son for two thousand generations; a thirst-begetting, will-impairing current, drained from the veins of drunken queens, inebriate kings, imbecile nobilities, and rum-besotted peoples,—depleting the physical and mental vitality, wrecking the nervous system, blunting the moral sensibilities, weakening the moral stamina of each generation, putting the conscience to sleep, awakening appetites beyond control, and setting passion on fire.

The traffic and the causes that feed it, and in turn are fed by it, are a part of our heritage from the past,—encumbrances upon our ancestral estate. We are still paying the price of our fathers' sins. The debt is not yet canceled. Payment is heavy and slow. Being a racial evil, its eradication is an evolutionary movement, a growth into which the "process of the suns" must go. It is not to be put off in an instant and at the word of command. It must be outgrown. It can not be sloughed like a worn-out skin. It is too deeply embedded in the structure of our being for that.

In keeping the traffic, we are piling up for our posterity the same old heritage of woe our ancestors piled up for

us. As an evidence of the inheritance the present generation is preparing for those that are to follow it, I submit:—

The fact that the death-rate in France has come to exceed the birth-rate, and that the consequent depopulation of France is due more than to any other single factor to the excesses of her people in the use of intoxicating liquors;

The fact that in Manchester, England, during the Boer war, out of twelve thousand recruits, eight thousand were rejected as virtually invalids, and only twelve hundred—one in ten—were regarded as entirely fit. Fully sixty per cent. of all offering their services were rejected, and the physical impairment of London's population is even worse. The demands of the present war are daily accentuating these conditions.

The fact that in Russia drunkenness had become such a widespread social evil, eating away the lives of whole generations, ruining the organism not only of women and children but of men, that the government has been compelled as a sheer military necessity to inhibit the traffic.

And the final fact that conditions abroad are being duplicated in every great city here.

I have presented briefly and imperfectly the primal reason why the liquor traffic still exists in America, and why it will continue to exist here and elsewhere for years to come. I now crowd it into a single sentence: Sixty centuries of indulgence and dissipation! Science, medicine, and sociology affirm it. Every laboratory of research proclaims it.

The second reason, more subsidiary than primal, but still important, lies in the enormous foreign population that has recently been incorporated into our citizenship and the social life of our people (ten million immigrants in twelve years!—one out of every nine in our entire population); and in addition, the prolific progeny of these ten millions which has been born since their arrival here,—

a turbulent, engulfing, continuing stream. These newcomers are alien to our traditions, unsteadied by training or qualifying associations, and many of them the most ignorant, discordant, and recalcitrant of the Old World's corrupted and overflowing masses. The world is not their friend, nor the world's law. Their hands are against all authority. This country is to them nothing more than a place to get their daily bread. They are ignorant of its history, strangers to its institutions. Its flag is but a meaningless rag. They bring with them Old World ideals and Old World habits. Unacquainted with liberty there, they abuse it here, mistaking their new-found freedom for license. Habits, the gratification of which was held in restraint there for lack of means, find opportunity here for almost unrestrained gratification. Congregated in the congested districts of the great cities and impaired by the past's untoward heritage, they constitute a ready-handed means through which and by which the liquor traffic has been able to fasten itself like a vampire upon the social and political life of the nation. If the question of the traffic's annihilation were left to the Anglo-Saxon and native-born citizenship of America, its end would be quick and decisive. The accuracy of this conclusion is demonstrated by the fact that the traffic is already barred from the rural districts and smaller towns and cities of the entire country by the affirmative action of the people residing there. Rural America is dry in sentiment and in fact. Only urban America is wet. This is conclusively demonstrated by the recent State-wide elections in the States of Colorado, Virginia, West Virginia, Arizona, Oregon and Washington. The rural population of the country is American, three to one. The urban population is foreign-born, in many cities two to one, and in some three to one.

The Federal excise tax is another potent reason why the liquor traffic still continues. The exigencies and neces-

sities of war coerced the reluctant consent of President Lincoln to the levying of a heavy excise tax on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. With him it was a war tax, levied in a necessitous hour. But the traffic was prompt to comprehend the value of the bribe offered the American conscience through the apparent relief from the burden of general taxation an excise tax afforded, and quick to recognize the worth of the badge of legitimacy governmental sanction and certificate would give it.

Immediately preceding the civil war its existence had been seriously imperiled. A number of States had hedged it about with limitation and restriction, and a number of others had inhibited it altogether. Civil war alone had stayed the movement for its extinction. It knew that with the return of peace and the dissolution of the perils of war its right to exist would again be challenged.

In the guise of a burden-bearer it sought the shield of governmental sanction and protection, believing its existence would be thus assured, and if so, willing to pay for the boon, to confess itself an evil and to submit to regulation,—regulation which it knew would not regulate, regulation which has broken down and failed whenever and wherever tried, from then till now.

The necessitous hour, because of which alone Mr. Lincoln consented to the principle, passed away, but the tax remained. The bribe succeeded. And the principle of governmental sanction for cash-in-hand-paid became the settled policy of all government, federal, state, and municipal.

For fifty years the children of the Nation have been largely educated through the price paid by the traffic in municipal and state revenues for the privilege of ravishing their bodies, breaking their wills, impairing their intellects, and corrupting their morals. Enormous revenues have long been paid by the traffic into public treasuries, and in exchange therefor it has received governmental protection,

until it is now more strongly entrenched as an institution among our people, and is a more monstrous peril to the physical, industrial, and moral efficiency of the Nation, than slavery ever was:—

Until a commerce has been established, "which," in the forceful language of ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, "strikes at the very heart of all we hold dear; which debauches men, undermines the very foundations upon which the home rests, and imperils our social order, and threatens the moral fiber of the community itself;"—

Until, risen superior to all authority and to the law itself, it regulates and controls the governments of great cities, dictates executive messages, usurps the preparation and the writing of legislative enactments, and disputes the sovereignty of the State itself.

The amount of the annual bribe the traffic now pays to the American conscience is more than two hundred million dollars in federal revenue alone. If to this be added the annual bribe in state, county, and municipal revenues, the sum would be greatly augmented. The effect has been to deaden the civic conscience of the Nation, to embed the traffic in the financial affairs of all government, and to give it the sanctifying seal of legality. With this gigantic revenue ever before them, men are wont to believe that they are thereby relieved to that extent from the burden of taxation. They do not see beyond the traffic's bribe of up-heaped gold. They do not pause to count the cost and ruin, or to calculate the loss in physical, mental, industrial, and moral efficiency the traffic occasions, its enervating blight, its moral degradation. For the sake of two hundred million dollars of revenue they are content to pay an annual drink bill aggregating a thousand seven hundred and fifty million dollars! Our most worthy government has not yet attained to that nobility that impelled the emperor of a heathen nation nearly three quarters of

a century ago to say to those who were urging him to license the opium traffic, "No, I will not take a revenue from what represents the vices and misfortunes of my people."

For the sake of one dollar in revenue the Federal Government is content to see its citizens squander eight dollars and seventy-five cents in the consumption of an article that injures every high quality of citizenship they possess, and adds an incalculable burden of crime, dependency, and taxation. *It condones the sin because the sinner contributes to its coffers.* The moral effect has been and is disastrous. Our conscience has been deadened until we are willing to dethrone manhood for revenue, and to discrown womanhood to escape taxation. This brings us to the fourth point, or to the second primal reason,—Our Absorbing, All-Consuming Love of Money. We tolerate the traffic because of its high return on the labor employed and the capital invested, and defend and protect it because there is money in it for those directly engaged in it. We are so eager for wealth that we do not hesitate to destroy manhood in the making of it; it is more sacred than motherhood, more beloved than childhood. To obtain it we despoil the heritage of the one, and trample upon the heart of the other. We are more censurable than were our fathers. Apprised of the evil, we accept it, silencing our conscience with the profit it brings, and hesitating not, though every coin we receive is salt with tears, every bank-note odorous with blood.

Knowing the true and living God, we stoop to worship the idols of the market-place. Possessing freedom, we value only that which figures in the price current.

With knowledge that there is no nobility but character and service, we are satisfied to write our history in a cash-book, and to weigh all questions of right and wrong in balances of trade. We recognize no higher law than interest and cupidity. Possessed by a consuming love of the

sensual, we prefer property to principle, and money profit to moral sentiment. Taking advantage of our weakness, this predatory and destructive traffic has entrenched itself in the sordidness of our natures until it is financially impregnable. Because of this it still exists.

The Colossal Power of the Traffic—its ability to injure men and parties—is a fifth reason why it still exists. It possesses gigantic wealth, owns vast resources of property and capital,—more than two thousand millions of dollars,—and touches the financial interests of many men in every section of the country. Grown rich and endowed with colossal and irresponsible power, it holds an impudent and arrogant lordship, demands the reins of government, and does as it wills with the authority of great cities. Its every instinct is predatory and destructive. It intimidates and corrupts officials elected by the people to enforce the laws of municipalities and of commonwealths, and overrides the law when it wills. An abbot of unreason, a lord of misrule, it takes its ease, and riots at pleasure. There is no law made for its regulation or control that it respects; no ordinance it does not infract; no constitutional provision, however solemn or sacred, that it does not trample upon; no day so holy that it does not desecrate it. It has no religion but the greed of gain; no patriotism, no love, that the lust of gold does not corrupt; no pity that avarice does not strangle. It knows richer streams of profit than obedience to the law can bring it. The king of anarchy, it keeps its forces organized and compact, round as a cannon-ball. All act together—every brewer, every distiller, every saloon keeper, and the manager of every associate evil. Politicians in and out of office fear it,—those who make platforms, and those who are ambitious. Bold and unscrupulous, it coaxes, wheedles, and cajoles; it coerces, bullies, and intimidates, by parade of its members and its power, and if necessary, corrupts and bribes, until licensing

boards and city officials yield to its demands. Then, once in the saddle, every restriction laid upon it becomes meaningless and impotent. The most sacred holidays are openly desecrated. Forbidden hours are unobserved. Windows are darkened with screens. Liquors are sold to minors. Wine-rooms are operated, and gambling is permitted. Punishment rarely if ever follows. Licenses are not revoked. Existing licenses are renewed, and the monopoly is continued. All that has been provided for in advance. When arrests are made and convictions found, the guilty perjure themselves when necessary in their applications for renewal of licenses. Licensing boards make no investigation, and the renewal is granted.

Because of its power to injure them, men in business, in professions, and in politics, men who hate it at heart, bow before it, worship at its unholy shrine, and weakly do its bidding. For this reason it continues to exist.

But it will not always be so. I have an imperturbable faith that its domination in this land is to end; that its death is as certain as the evolution of the race, as inevitable as the purposes of the Almighty. Nobody is stronger than everybody. No combination of brewers, distillers, saloon keepers, and politicians can prevail over the people, once the people are welded by the indignation of insult. An institution founded upon human wrong can not abide. It may stand for a while, but in the end it will go by the board. Arrogant and powerful as it is, its days are numbered. We ourselves shall be privileged to see the dawn of the dynamic hour when its power shall be broken. A force is gathering that will find a way to overthrow it, or will make one,—make one though party ties be rent and party affiliations be sundered.

Increasing numbers of men are coming to believe the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be wrong,—wrong not only in its abuses, but wrong in its very nature, wrong

per se; as morally wrong as slavery was wrong, or as the sale of diseased meats or of milk impregnated with the germs of tuberculosis. To them personal ambition has become a little thing. They have come to a stand. They will trifle no further. No longer mad for party, place, or power, they are resolved that party and governmental complicity in the traffic shall cease. They are weary of denunciation in the abstract and acceptance in the concrete. They are done with the evasions and the hucksterings of politicians. They have come to realize that without moral genius there can be no real statesmanship. They mean to make the coward lips speak out. They are prepared to emphasize their belief with ballots. And they can not be silenced with revenue or place, or coerced by the crack and lash of the party whip. The opponents of slavery were never more deeply stirred by conviction, and were never more resolute or militant than these men are. Sincere, earnest, and purposeful, they will be heard, and they must be reckoned with.

There are others—multitudes of them—who, not yet conceding that the traffic is wrong *per se,* but concerned at its economic waste and alarmed by its social dangers, its domination of political parties, its control of executives and of legislators, its utter disregard of law, and its flagrant and continuous defiance of all restraint and authority, are convinced that, as now conducted and represented by the American brewery and the American saloon, the traffic is an imminent menace to the economic and social welfare of the State and the Nation, and are prepared to join in the movement for its annihilation. The revolt is wide-spread. It embraces the Nation, and includes men of all sections and of all parties.

I am privileged these days to see much of the country, and to meet thousands of the people, traveling and speaking, within the year in every state in the Union, and I find

this feeling everywhere and among all people. The enmity against the traffic is deep, profound, and abiding. It is not an enmity against a *man,* or *men,*—an enmity that passes with the personal difference that begets it. It is an enmity against a *thing*—against the *traffic,* against the *system,* against a closely organized and a sordid and wicked special interest, and above all, against its *further domination of party councils and governmental action.*

TELL THE TRUTH.

Let us go this road though we go aknee.

Let us lift our hands and loose our tongues and tell the truth about this foe of human kind.

Let us tell the truth about it, aye, tell the truth!

Tell it:

Until its wickedness shall be laid bare;

Until the poverty it creates shall cease to be;

Until the pauperism it produces shall disappear;

Until its wrongs to womanhood and its injustice to childhood shall be exposed;

Until almshouses and hospitals shall be no longer needed to house the defectives it creates;

Until jails and prisons shall be emptied of its victims;

Until the insanity it begets shall cloud the intellects of men no more;

Until the crime it impels shall no longer be laid upon the souls of men;

Until murder shall stop its riot and arson its carnival;

Until men shall see it with the blood upon its naked, knotted hands;

Until fathers shall cease to neglect their offspring;

Until mothers need fear no more for the children they bear;

Until childhood, robbed no longer of its birthright, shall receive a fair chance and a square deal from every man and woman beneath the flag;

Until this corrupter of boys, this ravisher of girls, this despoiler of homes, shall stand condemned, with sentence of death pronounced against it, arrayed for execution;

Until the Nation shall hear, and hearing, be convinced;

Until the public conscience shall cry out;

Until dumb tongues speak and dead feet start;

Until men shall feel anew the Cromwell fire, the Lincoln consecration;

Until the race shall stand forever freed of its curse;

Until this Republic shall become a saloonless land, this flag a stainless flag.

FALLACIES EXPOSED.

WE are engaged in a great Nation-wide movement for the abolition of the liquor traffic in State and Nation, by constitutional inhibition—a campaign continental in its scope, including every State in the Union, every State capital, the National capital at Washington, every great educational center—two hundred fifty great cities. In this campaign we sound no partisan call. Our appeal is broader than that. It is to the manhood and womanhood of all parties. We seek to raise a new banner throughout the land, to which the wise and the good of every party, sect and creed may repair.

We are living in a dynamic, triumphant hour. The rum traffic is on the defensive everywhere the world around—on the defensive in the church, in the school and in the home; on the defensive in the mine and in factory, in store and in counting-room; on the defensive on every railway system in the land and in every profession and occupation where integrity and efficiency are required; on the defensive in Russia, in France, in Great Britain, and in war-encircled Germany; on the defensive on battle-ship, dreadnaught and submarine, and in the trenches; on the defensive everywhere where men are at grips with fate!

No thoughtful man of character now defends it upon either moral or economic ground. We have driven it absolutely from the first of these fields and are now driving it step by step from the domain of the second.

In the great debate at Washington in December on the Hobson Resolution providing for an amendment to the Federal Constitution ending the liquor traffic in this country, no man arose to defend the traffic upon either moral or economic ground, or upon any merit whatever of its own. Indeed, all seemed ready to confess that it had no merit. It had defenders and defense, but its defenders did

not dare defend it upon either of these grounds. The reasons given why the Resolution should not be submitted to the people were, in every instance, based upon subsidiary grounds. It was said the Resolution ought not to pass for the reason that if it did, and should be adopted by the people, it would change the form and revolutionize the character of the Federal Government; that the Federal Government in its form and character was a legacy bequeathed to us by the fathers and should be preserved by us and transmitted unimpaired to our posterity.

This argument was reiterated a few weeks later by a former President of the United States, in a speech delivered in Boston before the assembled bar of the State of Massachusetts. I refer to the late lamented William Howard Taft. I do not, however, mean to speak in disrespect of him. I know him to be a great man. I know him to be a man of clean life. He has been President of my country. I voted for him—voted for him twice. But I know of no man who ever held that exalted position who so persistently and so continuously throughout his term misunderstood and misinterpreted the thought and purpose of his countrymen. And I know of no man who ever held it who ever received such chastisement at the hands of his countrymen. It must be said, however, and said to his credit, that no man in the history of the Nation, having received at the hands of his countrymen such discipline as he received, ever accepted it with such grace and fortitude. Nor do I speak of him in any partisan sense. I ask you to disabuse your minds of all that. Nor have I any personal quarrel with him. My difference is with his utterances, with the fallacies he proclaims.

Mr. Taft is a great lawyer. He is a profound student of the science of government. He is familiar with every great elemental principle found in the Federal Constitution. Any statement he might make to the American people

concerning a matter as grave as that in issue here, ought to receive the candid, serious and thoughtful consideration of his countrymen. The issue as interpreted by him involves a profound matter. A change in the form, or the revolution of the character of, the government of my country, would concern me profoundly. It ought to concern you profoundly. I believe in the Federal Government, in the great compact of government the fathers framed. They were children of a mighty time. In what they did they served the race transcendently. I revere them every one and hold high allegiance to every fundamental principle that can be found in the pact of government they framed, and if I believed this amendment to the Constitution would change the form and revolutionize the character of that government, I would go back to my home tonight and never raise my voice again in behalf of Federal intervention against this traffic, much as I desire that blessed consummation.

I have said to you that the former President is a great lawyer, that he is a profound student of the science of government, that he is familiar with every elemental principle contained in the Federal Constitution. But I, too, in a modest way, am a lawyer. I, too, in an humble way, am a student of the science of government. I, too, claim, with all humility, some familiarity with the great fundamentals of the Federal Constitution. And as a lawyer, as a student of the science of government and as one having some knowledge of the fundamental principles of this government, I find myself utterly unable to agree with the conclusion of the former President in this matter. The gravity of the issue as interpreted by him led me, as it ought to lead you, to an analysis of his contention. No matter what the position a man may occupy, or what his prestige may be, you ought not to follow his dictum in so grave a matter until you have learned by investigation and

analysis that his statements are based upon fact and reason, and if, upon examination you find that his statements do not have their basis in both fact and reason, then you ought not to accept his statements or follow him in his conclusion.

You could not change the form of the Federal Government or revolutionize its character without changing the form and revolutionizing the character of one or more of the great fundamental principles that go to make it up. This leads at once and directly to the inquiry, "What are the fundamentals of the Federal Constitution and which one of them will be changed in its form or revolutionized in its character by an amendment to the Federal Constitution ending the liquor traffic in this Nation?"

I shall attempt to answer that inquiry here tonight. And I hope there are lawyers present. While I am speaking to the laymen of the Nation, and making my appeal to them, I hope there are lawyers here, for I am conscious that what I say, in the end will have to square itself with their learning and their reasoning, or I will lose this debate. If there are lawyers here I say to them, and I say to you, that there are in the Federal Constitution but four great fundamental principles—only four—no more. Every other provision is but ancillary, every other requirement but a means to the consummation of these four—a fringe as it were, to the great garment.

What are these principles?

First: The representative, democratic, republican form of government the Constitution creates. Our fathers knew the peril of despotism, they knew, too, the peril of unrestrained democracy, and they proposed to rear here a fabric of government equally removed from the peril of the one and the peril of the other; so they framed and fashioned a representative form of government, providing for the delegation of power by the people to representatives,

so that the people through representatives chosen by themselves could administer the government. I believe in this principle of the Federal Government. I believe in it so profoundly that if it were necessary I would give my life to preserve it. But I pause to ask the former President, how, in what way and in what degree would an amendment to the Federal Constitution ending the liquor traffic in America, change the form or revolutionize the character of this principle of the Federal Constitution? And it does not require the prestige of a term in the Presidency, or the learning of a lawyer to find the answer. For he who runs may read the answer. There is not a man, there is not a woman, in this audience who does not know upon reflection that such an amendment would not alter in the slightest degree this principle of the Federal Constitution. (Applause.) After the adoption of such an amendment the representative character of this government would remain precisely what it now is. We would still continue to enact federal legislation through a congress chosen by the people and delegated with authority to enact legislation. We would continue to execute and enforce the law through a President elected by the people and delegated with power from them to administer the government. So, upon analysis we find that such an amendment would not change or alter by the weight of a hair this first great primary principle of the Federal Constitution. Therefore, it could not have been this principle to which the former President adverted, for if he meant this one there is neither fact nor reason as a basis for his Boston dictum.

What is the second great fundamental principle of the Federal Constitution? That is found in the dual character of the government it creates. Our fathers were building for the centuries. They foresaw that the three millions of people for whom they were then forming a government would soon be an hundred millions; they knew that the

narrow strip of territory stretching along the Atlantic, thin as a ribbon, then inhabited by their countrymen, would soon extend until its shores would be washed by the waters of the seven seas; and they knew that such a people, inhabiting such a land, would develop interests as diversified and multitudinous as the sands of the sea, and they knew that all power placed in the hands of a great central government would be destructive of the liberties of such a people. So they devised an anomaly in government, a thing the world had never known. They created a number of state governments. They charged these governments with all authority, with all power, in domestic affairs; in that respect they made them supreme and sovereign. Then they erected over them a great Federal Government and clothed it with exclusive power in all things affecting the Nation as a whole, all things national in scope, or character, and in its field made it supreme and sovereign. So they gave us this "Many In One," this triumphant achievement, forty-eight independent, sovereign States, under a great, sovereign, central government. I believe in that. I believe in it profoundly. But I pause to ask the former President how, in what manner, and in what degree, would an amendment to the Federal Constitution ending the liquor traffic in America, affect this second great principle of the Constitution of the United States? And is there a man in this audience who does not know, that after such an amendment there would continue forty-eight sovereign state governments within one great national government, precisely as now, each clothed with all the sovereignty and power it now holds? It would not change that principle of this government by the weight of a hair. Does any man believe such an amendment would change the form or revolutionize the character of the government of the Commonwealth of Indiana? The truth is, that after such an amendment the state government of Indiana would re-

main precisely what it is today. So it could not be this second great fundamental principle of the government to which the former President adverted, for if he meant this one there is neither fact nor reason as a basis for his contention.

The third great principle of the Federal Constitution is found in its separation of the government into departments, thus separating and distributing the powers of the government into distinct and separate hands. Our fathers —the men who formed this great charter of liberty—were profound students of the science of government, some of them unmatched in the history of the world. They had ransacked the libraries of the earth for fact and precedent. The known history of the race was before them. There was no government the world had known with which they were not familiar. There were twenty men in that convention, either one of whom could have told every fundamental principle of every government that had ever been, and they knew that all power lodged in a single department of government would be fatal to human liberty. To illustrate: They knew it was fatal to human liberty to put the purse and the sword in one and the same hand, so they said, "We will create here three great departments of government; we will make them co-ordinate and independent. The first department we will call the legislative department. That department shall be composed of a Congress of the United States, and we will put into its hands the purse, but we will be careful that it shall not receive the sword, and a purse without a sword is harmless. We will clothe it with legislative power, make it independent and co-ordinate with the other departments; we will make it a check, a balance upon the others." Then they said, "We will create another department which we will call the executive department. We will put into its hands all power to administer the government, and to enforce the law, and that it may have power

to enforce the law we will give it the sword, but we will be careful not to give it the purse, and a sword without a purse is harmless. Then, that neither of these departments may encroach upon the other, that a true balance may be held between the two, we will create another department, a judicial department." So they gave to the American people this triangular pyramid of liberty and of power. I believe in it, believe in it profoundly. I would not change it if I could. But I pause to ask the great ex-President how, in what way and in what degree would an amendment to the Federal Constitution ending the liquor traffic in America change by so much as the weight of a hair this third great principle of the Federal Constitution. And there is not a schoolboy in the City of Indianapolis that does not know that after the adoption of such an amendment all of these departments would remain precisely what they now are, each holding all the power and jurisdiction and authority it now holds. So it could not have been this third great fundamental principle of the Federal Government to which the ex-President adverted, for if he meant this one, there is neither fact nor reason for his Boston dictum.

That leaves but the fourth, and last, of the great fundamentals of the Federal Constitution for our consideration. This is found in that provision of the Constitution which creates a judicial department and clothes it with authority to interpret the Constitution and to construe statutes, state and national. I believe in the Federal judiciary. The crowning glory of the great pact of government our fathers gave us lies in the independent, unreachable judiciary which they provided, a judiciary placed beyond the reach of might, or hate, or greed, or craft. We have recently received here a high demonstration of the wisdom that gave us a Federal judiciary and put it out of the reach of greed or malice or hate—and we have found it here

what we have always found it, a safe arbiter of the rights of the people. I believe in that principle, I would not change it if I could. But I pause to ask the great ex-President how, in what way, and in what degree would an amendment to the Federal Constitution ending the liquor traffic in America affect or change this last great principle of the Federal Constitution. And is there a man or a woman here who believes, upon thoughtful consideration, that such an amendment would affect the power, authority or jurisdiction now vested in the hands of the Federal judiciary? You know all this would remain precisely as it now is. So it could not be this last great fundamental of the Federal Constitution to which the former President adverted, for if he meant this one we now know there is neither fact nor reason as a basis for his contention.

And so, on analysis, I found what you have found, that there is neither fact nor reason to support the dictum of Mr. Taft, and having found that to be true, I refuse to follow him. I will not follow any man where my sense of justice and reason forbids that I should go. (Applause.) The man that expects me to follow him must lead me by reason's lamp, he must walk by the light of truth and of fact.

"But," said the great ex-President in his Boston speech, "the regulation or prohibition of the liquor traffic is not a national issue; it is a question for the States themselves, a domestic problem which belongs to the sovereignty of the States. It is a thing with which the sovereignty of the several States ought alone to deal." But no man in America is so delicately situated as to that matter as William Howard Taft. Hear me, men; men and women, hear me! There is not a court of last resort in America—and again I challenge my lawyer friends—there is not a court of last resort in America that has passed upon the question in thirty years, that has not declared, in decision

duly handed down, the liquor traffic to be a thing so inimical to the public welfare; so destructive of the social compact, so injurious to the body politic,—so injurious, so destructive, so inimical—that no man can have an inherent or constitutional right to engage in it. And when the courts of America began to say that to us, then we began to say to the liquor traffic, "If you are as bad as that, we will regulate you, we will restrain you, we will restrict you, we will control you, we will name time and place and circumstance under which you may be conducted," and we did that in every State in this Union. But what answer did the liquor traffic make? Its answer was the infraction of every statute made for its regulation; the breaking of every law enacted for its control; the violation of every ordinance made for its restraint. It rose above the statutes; rose above the law, and claimed for itself a thing not claimed by any other interest or individual beneath the flag,—the right to violate the law at its will, the privilege of challenging the right of the American people to govern themselves. Then we said to it, "If you are as bad as that, if you will not be restrained, if you will not be regulated, if you will not be controlled, if there is no law that you will respect, we will clothe the electors of cities and of townships with power through the ballot to exclude you entirely from such communities," and we did give such power to the electors of cities and townships, and the people in thousands of townships and in hundreds of cities in the several States of the Union, acting under such laws, inhibited the traffic in such communities.

But what answer did the liquor traffic make? It had no more regard for the expressed sovereignty of the electors of a township, no more respect for the expressed sovereignty and will of the electors of a city, than it had had for regulative and restrictive statutes and ordinances. It rose above the expressed sovereignty of the people of these

townships and cities, as it had risen above all statutes and ordinances made for its regulation, and from places outside of them it shipped its accursed product into dry cities and dry townships, breaking down the law and trampling upon the sovereignty of the people; and when it had wrought its will, when it was triumphant over the prostrate sovereignty of the people of these communities, it laughed at their humiliation and discomfiture and said, "You see *you* cannot prohibit ME, I am above your sovereignty, I am greater than you are." And then we said to it, "If you are as bad as that, if you will not respect the expressed sovereignty of the people of township or city, we will increase the area of the unit of decision and we will give the people of whole counties the right to vote upon your exclusion," and we did. We did it here in Indiana. We gave the people that right, and in seventy out of the ninety-two counties in the State, by an aggregate majority of more than seventy-five thousand, the people prohibited the traffic! (Applause.)

But what answer did it make to that? We had put behind the people and their decision the governmental machinery of the country—but what answer did it make? The same old answer. It had no more respect for the expressed sovereignty of the people of a county than it had had for that of the people of a township or city, and from the twenty-two counties outside the seventy dry counties in this State, it shipped its accursed product into the seventy dry counties, breaking down the will and defying the expressed sovereignty of the people of such counties. Then in sixteen States of the Union the people said to it, "If you are as bad as that, if you will not obey any statute, if you will not give heed to the expressed sovereignty of the people of a township, or city, or county, then by State enactment, by amendment of State Constitutions, by the exercise of the highest sovereignty of which we are capable,

we will exclude you from our State," and in sixteen States such enactments were passed, or such amendments adopted, and the traffic in such States made unlawful.

But what answer did it then make? The precise answer it made before. It had no more respect for the expressed sovereignty of these sixteen great Commonwealths than it had for the expressed sovereignty of a township or city ward. It went just beyond the borders of the State prohibiting it, just across the line, and there, hiding under a clause in the Federal Constitution—the Interstate Commerce clause—it shipped its product into the dry State, breaking down the sovereignty of the State, trampling upon its laws, defying its authority and its power. And then in these sixteen States the people said to the Federal Congress, "We have inhibited the liquor traffic in sixteen States of the Union by the highest act of sovereignty of which we are capable; we have put back of our decision the sovereign authority and power of these Commonwealths; but the liquor traffic, hiding under a clause in the Federal Constitution, breaks down our sovereignty, and tramples upon the expressed will of our people, and we want you, Mr. Congress, to enact a law that will give the sovereignty of the States power over an interstate shipment of liquor the moment it crosses the State line." Congress answered by passing such a law, but William Howard Taft, as President of the United States, vetoed it. Holding your commission, speaking for you, he vetoed it, and why? Because, "it was an unwarranted and an unconstitutional delegation of Federal power to the States."

And here I spit him like a fly to the wall—like a fly to the wall—despite his three hundred pounds of avoirdupois. If you doubt it, watch him and see him wriggle. As a lawyer, speaking in the city of Boston, he declares the prohibition of the liquor traffic to be a thing for the sovereignty of the several States. As President of the United

States, acting under the solemnity of his oath of office, over his official signature, he declares that such an extension of authority over the liquor traffic to the States would be an "unwarranted and an unconstitutional delegation of Federal power." My friends, the riding, at the same time, of two horses going in opposite directions, has always seemed to me to be a hazardous performance, and in this instance it seems so clearly dangerous, that I decline to follow my ill-fated friend. (Applause.)

So much for his dictum that this is a domestic and not a Federal question. But before I leave it, I want another word. Take the State of Indiana. If we were to prohibit this traffic in this State (which, God helping us, we'll do in the near future), (applause) do you know what would happen? From the State of Kentucky, from Ohio and from Illinois, hiding under this provision of the Federal Constitution—the Interstate Commerce clause—this hateful traffic would ship its product into the Commonwealth, and the sovereignty of the State could not successfully prevent it. It would lack the power as Maine lacks it, as Kansas lacks it. But even so, State prohibition is infinitely better than license. Better *per se,* and better, infinitely better, as another great step toward the ultimate goal—the National prohibition of the whole traffic.

Before we accomplish its complete and final overthrow we will have to go higher than State action; we will have to follow it to its lair; go where it is. And when we find its lair, we will find it in, and protected by, the Federal Constitution. And before we can reach it we will have to amend the Federal Constitution and strip the traffic of its protection. The amendment of the Federal Constitution is a Federal question. We cannot amend the Federal Constitution without Federal action. By hiding under, and taking refuge in, this clause in the Federal Constitution, and by declaring a delegation of power over interstate shipments of liquor

to the States, to be an unwarranted and unconstitutional delegation of Federal power to the States, the liquor traffic and William Howard Taft have made the prohibition of the traffic a Federal question and a National issue, and it will remain a Federal question and a National issue, knocking at the door of Congress until that door opens and an affirmative answer is made. It will remain a Federal question and a National issue, knocking at the door of the White House at Washington, until some new Abraham Lincoln, keeping step with the progress of the race, and catching a vision of a saloonless land, a sober people, and a stainless flag, shall issue a new emancipation proclamation. (Applause.)

It will remain a Federal question and a National issue, dissolving parties if need be, and from their disintegrating fragments creating a new party, one which will dare to do right by standing four square on this matter. Do not misunderstand me; do not go away and say the mission of the Flying Squadron is to create a new political party, for if you do, you will be stating something that is not true. The mission of the Flying Squadron is to correct the fallacies of such men as William Howard Taft; its mission is to stir the heart of the Nation; to educate the public mind; to crystallize public sentiment; to give an edge of steel to the will and purpose of our countrymen, knowing well that if we can do that, if public opinion can be crystallized and made virile, it will find a way to express itself through one of the constituted parties, or it will create a new instrument through which it can express itself. (Applause.)

Another reason given on the floor of the House, and reiterated by the former President, was one that I blush to name; one that if the sovereignty of the American people had ever rested for a single hour in my poor personality, I would have suffered my right arm to be torn

from its socket and my tongue to be ripped from its roots before I would have confessed it. What is this reason? Hear it, and if you be men with red blood in you, you will resent it! Here it is: It would be a futile thing to submit and adopt an amendment to the Federal Constitution ending the liquor traffic in America, because it could not be enforced if adopted. Think of it! Think of it! I want it to soak in. Do you know what it is? It is a confession from the lips of a former President of the United States, a confession that constitutional, representative government has failed in this Republic! Think of it! I weigh my words, I know their meaning. I am not given to looseness of speech either in public or in private. I am willing to stand for any utterances I make, and I say to you in all candor, that the statement made is a confession from the lips of a former President of the United States, a man who, for four years, had vested in his personality the sovereignty of this Nation,—a confession that constitutional representative government has failed in this Republic! And if you will hear me I will convince you that it is all I have said of it.

The essence, the soul of American liberty, lies in the right of the American people to choose for themselves policies of state and to have their choice effectuated when made. In this is the soul, the essence of American liberty. Outside of it there is only despotism or anarchy. If an amendment to the Federal Constitution, made in the orderly, thoughtful, deliberate, slow process provided by that instrument for its amendment; if an amendment representing the settled, purposeful, abiding conviction of the American people, cannot be enforced if adopted, then we have lost our right to choose policies of government, for what boots our right to amend the charter of our liberties if we are powerless to enforce the amendment when made? And that, my friends, raises an issue in this Nation pro-

founder than the liquor question,—an issue as profound and deep as freedom itself, and that issue is raised in every township made dry, it is raised in every county, it is raised in every State, it is raised in every city. If you doubt it, go read the story of Terre Haute. That issue is a challenge to the American people, a challenge to their right to govern themselves and to administer their own government. The right to govern ourselves! Have you forgotten what that right cost? If you have, go read again the luminous story of the resplendent years out there! Go number again the dead who died to establish that right in this new world. Go weigh the service; go count the tears and measure the shed blood out of which that right sprung.

That they might establish that right forever on this side the sea, our fathers wrote and signed the indictment of a king, when to write and sign and lose meant death in hateful form.

To establish that right they assembled on the village green at Lexington and disputed with the armed soldiery of an English king, whether this new world should continue to be the plaything of kings and emperors and czars, or should become the habitat of a great, free, purposeful democracy.

To establish that right, they froze at Valley Forge and starved at Morristown. Froze and starved, but would not yield!

To establish that right they stained with blood from frozen feet the snow of the Jerseys in their retreat.

To establish that right they made red with the current of their lives the trenches at Yorktown and crimson the forest leaves at Saratoga.

To establish that right they ripped half a continent from the body of the British Empire and brought back on the bared points of their bloodwet swords their country's independence!

To establish that right Washington left his home in Virginia; faced for seven years the perils of war, and bared his bosom to the missiles of the battlefield; commanding for seven years the little armies of the new-born Republic without compensation, and in the end putting thirty-seven thousands dollars of his own private fortune upon the altar.

To establish that right he carried in crucial moments in his own great breast and unconquered soul, his country's only hope.

To establish that right he denied a throne and refused a crown, for once, when doubt rode on every wind, and every passing hour was big with uncertainty and fear, —once, at least,—Fate put within the reach of his sure sword, and within the grasp of his strong hand,—Fate put a crown, Fate put a crown! He could have been a king! He could have been a king, and the story of this Republic never would have been written. He could have been a king, but he would not, he would not. Where Cromwell stooped and Caesar fell, Washington stood and walked erect; stood and walked erect. (Applause.) And now hear me, if he could do that, if he could deny a throne and refuse a crown that he might establish in this new world the right of this people to choose for themselves policies of state and to have their choice effectuated when made, what shall be said of us, in this glad morning of this triumphant century, what shall be said of us, heirs of all his great sword wrought and established, inheritors of the splendid achievements of the luminous years out there; what shall be said of us, if, in the hour of our plentitude of power, we abdicate that right, surrender it to the liquor traffic, and confess to the world that we have reared here, under the flag his valor called into this new sky—reared a thing greater than the sovereignty he won and bequeathed to us? Men and women of Indiana, to me the thought is impossible! At its mere

suggestion Washington's uncompensated sword ought to leap again from its scabbard and beat and flay the cowards who suggest it, as a hundred and thirty-eight years ago it leaped from its scabbard at Kipp's Landing, and beat and flayed the cowards who would not fight to establish that right in this new world!

We cannot abdicate; we cannot make the confession; we cannot surrender. No! No! We will accept the challenge; accept it in the name of the martyred dead who died to establish that right here; accept it in the name of the heroic living who mean to live and perpetuate that right here to the latest generation! There is under God, or beneath the stars, nothing greater than the expressed sovereignty of this people. Not since the voice of Jehovah thundered from the peaks of Sinai, has the world heard so potent a voice as the voice of my country when expressed in orderly, constitutional ways, and when she has so spoken, there is beneath the stars no interest, however great, that may dispute her sovereignty. No! This land is ours, my friends,

"It is ours; all ours!
Ours from the north lakes' crystal waves,
To the silvery southern foam;
Ours by the changeless right of graves;
Ours by the lives to come!

It is ours; all ours!
Ours by the homes that deck the land,
Ours by the pathways trod;
Ours by the ages' stern demand,
Ours by the gift of God."

And being ours, we are resolved that we will administer its government, and having resolved to administer its government, we intend to weave the death-robe, hew the death-

block, and lead to its execution anything that disputes with us that right. (Applause.)

The great wrong of human slavery was tolerated until in its arrogance and power it began to dispute with Abraham Lincoln the right of this people to govern themselves. But when it did that, a million men stepped to Lincoln's side and with muskets in their hands shot slavery to death, sending it to the sepulcher of the centuries to keep company with the dead evils of other times.

And now the liquor traffic, grown powerful and arrogant, disputes with us on the floor of the Congress at Washington; and through the lips of a former President,—in every State and in every city, disputes with us—our right to administer the government of our fathers, and, like our fathers, we mean to meet it—meet it, not with bullets, but with ballots, for by the ballot we can end it—and send it into the sepulcher of the centuries to keep company forever with its twin-sister and relic of barbarism, human slavery. (Applause.)

That I might have a man's part in preparing the heart of my countrymen for the coming of the great issue, I have conceived, with my associates, this great, Nation-wide campaign, a campaign that includes every State in the Union, every State capital, the National Capital at Washington, every great educational center of the land—more than two hundred and fifty American cities. More than a year ago, a year ago last November, I called as many of these men and women as I could reach,—these men and women whom you have heard here in the past three days,—to meet me at the Neal House in Columbus, Ohio. There we met in an upper room, a room which had been once occupied by Lincoln, and there we knelt around a common altar! "What," you say, "An altar in an upper room in a hotel!" Yes, my brother, please God, an altar anywhere where a contrite soul bows in supplication to the Father.

And there in that upper room we dreamed and planned this great campaign, covering every State in the Union, stretching over a period of nearly nine months, requiring the service of more than twenty people, and costing in round numbers more than two hundred thousand dollars. That was the thing we dreamed; and we knew what it meant. We knew some of us would put health upon its altar—and mayhap life itself. And we knew what it would cost in money—two hundred thousand dollars—and we knew there was not a penny in our treasury, or a dollar in sight. Again I hear your inquiry—an inquiry born of doubt: "Did you plan and start upon a campaign like that without money; and undertake to carry that many people for that period of time, day and night, across the country, without resources or financial backing?"

I answer, "Yes, I did! I did just that—did it over the protest of my friends, over the protest of my business associates; did it when men said it could not be done." But I had something better than money. There are some things in this old world worth more than money. What did I have? I had faith in the great cause we were to advocate. I knew that somehow God's unchanging purpose was enfolded within it; that the destiny of the land I loved was wrapped up in it. I had faith in the American people—faith in you, my friends. I believed in you. And I had faith in the great, glad, triumphant fact, that God, our Father, was not yet bankrupt. I knew we were poor; I knew we were without material resources; but I knew the riches of the mines were His! That the wealth of the valleys and the prairies, of the cities, of the factories and the cattle on a thousand hills, were His! And I knew, yes, by the blessed memories and the fulfilled promises of two thousand transcendant years, I knew, if the thing we purposed was really His business, we could depend upon Him to see His business through!

And so, without money, and without financial resources or backing, I called these men and women about me, put my hand in my Father's hand, and started upon this unparalleled campaign. Now, after more than seven months of travel, covering a continental trail sixty-five thousand miles in length; after having held more than thirteen hundred public meetings like unto this; after having delivered more than three thousand addresses; after having filled two hundred and ten days with high endeavor, we are here, speaking to you tonight. The past is secure. We are content with it. But hear me! We have something like thirty days yet of this campaign, days that will take us into great cities, many cities where it will cost fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars for local expenses alone, and I am free to confess that I cannot complete this campaign with the money I have in hand unless you help me, and help me more generously than you have yet helped. Now, do not misunderstand me. These meetings are as free to you as the air you breathe. Your money cannot be used to pay the expense of this hall, or even for the lighting of it. All that was provided for by funds contributed before we came to Indiana. We were not invited to come to Indianapolis; we came without invitation; came without the welcome of some people. But we came because we were on the business of our King; believed we had a message from the King for you,—a message which we have tried to give to you. You owe no member of the Flying Squadron anything, you are under no obligations to me. On the contrary, I am under many to you. But while you owe me nothing, and these men and women nothing, I carry on my heart and in my soul across this Continent, the world's greatest cause, your country's greatest cause, and I cannot carry it to successful fruition without your help. If you love the cause, if you believe in me, if you believe in these men and women, and are willing to make us your ambassa-

dors to the great cities of the East, then loose your purse-strings. There are men here tonight who could give one hundred dollars to this cause if they would. We had one man like that in Muncie the other night. Surely there is a man in Indianapolis who, for love of this cause, will put one hundred dollars upon this altar. There ought to be women here who could put fifty dollars upon it. In Muncie there were two of them! Others could give twenty-five dollars, many others; still others could give, twenty dollars, fifteen dollars, ten dollars, and any of you could give five dollars. And no man or woman ought to leave this hall until he puts upon this altar at least one dollar in cash or pledge. Now, I know what some of you are saying. Some of you are saying, "Why, Governor, I gave yesterday," or "I gave the day before," or "I gave this afternoon; surely you do not mean that I shall give again." Yes, I do. And hear me! *We* gave yesterday, *we* gave the day before; we have given two hundred and fifteen days and nights, and, God helping us, we will give tomorrow, give every day. We mean to bear this great cause on the wings of song and prayer, and of consecrated high endeavor, so near the gates of the Eternal City, that God will smile upon it in recognition and crown it with victory! I know this will take sacrifice, but hear me, there is no atonement for human sin save in sacrifice. Had the great Nazarene never walked beneath the olive trees; had He never wept and knelt in Gethsemane; had His great heart never been broken by the weight of the world's woe; had He never hung in the agony of crucifixion on Calvary's cross-crowned crest; had a God not been crucified, there would have been no atonement for your sins and mine. Through His death we live. Through His sacrifice we find salvation.

For two hundred years, Colonies and Nation, we have sinned in the protection we have given this traffic. Shall

we now refuse to make the sacrifice necessary to drive it out? Let us put our answer upon this altar here tonight.

I cannot close without expressing my grateful appreciation of the interest you have shown in this great series of meetings; it means that we are at death-grips with this question, and I am grateful for it all.

And now I want to present to you Mr. Oliver Wayne Stewart, of Chicago. God bless him! I wish you knew him as I do,—knew him for what he is worth. There came a time in this campaign when my body broke, when I could not whip it into action, when I fell of sheer physical exhaustion, in the presence of the people as I tried to speak to them, and it was Oliver Wayne Stewart who gathered me in arms as tender as woman's, and cared for me, doing my work and his, until I was able to take the field again. May God bless his message to you tonight!

MORAL YEARNINGS AND RURAL COMMUNITIES.

From an address delivered at the Chautauqua Assembly at Champaign, Ill., August 20, 1906, in answer to an address of Mr. Jerome, in which he insisted upon two codes of laws touching public morals, one strict enough to satisfy the moral yearnings of rural communities, and the other liberal enough to satisfy the desire for license on the part of city populations.

IF the object of District Attorney Jerome was notoriety only, his western speech-making tour was a success. That he obtained, wide-spread and abundant. But if his purpose was to teach, to instruct, or to serve the people, his trip was a failure. His ideals were too low and his teachings too impracticable, too unwise and too dangerous to be helpful. His message was well calculated to do harm. Fortunately the time was inopportune for the preaching of his doctrine, and the harm he did was therefore minimized.

The Middle West is in the midst of a great moral and civic revival which is touching and stirring the public conscience as it has rarely been touched or stirred before. The people,—now as always, the well and source of power,—are coming more and more to see and understand that honest administration of public affairs, enforcement of the laws which they themselves have enacted, and simple, straight-forward ways, are essential to their peace, prosperity and their happiness. They have rediscovered, as it were, the fact that obedience to the law is the first duty of every citizen and the foundation of the liberty they have inherited, and that clean habits, moral fiber and sturdiness of purpose are essential elements in the character and life of every man to whom the administration of public affairs is confined.

Something of what Mr. Jerome was pleased to call "the moral yearnings of rural communities" has taken hold of men and women throughout the great States of the Mississippi Valley, whether their abode be in the country or

in the city. And that something, whatever it is and wherever it appears, is both wholesome and beneficial. It strengthens, uplifts and ennobles whomever it touches, in whatever grade of society he belongs. It is beginning to give direction to the thoughts and deeds of many people.

In truth, "rural life and its moral yearnings" contributes so much each day to the welfare of the country in the way of increase of property and of wealth, of stamina of character, of health, of physical, moral and mental vigor, and of individual happiness that it cannot be made the subject of a successful sneer even by Mr. Jerome.

It contains the salt that saves the leaven of American citizenship. It is the ballast that keeps the ship of State righted and afloat. It is the "rock in a weary land." It is the buttress and the sure defense of the institutions founded by the fathers.

Life in rural communities,—country, village or town,—is, as a rule, sane and natural. Temptations are fewer and less potent than in the city. Field, river, hill and valley; free air and unobstructed space; the phenomena of sunrise and sunset; the associations of the day, with its arch of blue; with its shadow and its sunshine and the majesty of its cloud and storm; the solitudes of the night, with its vaulted sky, sprinkled and jeweled with distant worlds and stars afar; the mysteries of life as exemplified in bird and beast and flower and leaf and tree, and the appeals of nature everywhere,—all combine to teach simplicity of life, to develop character, to beget reverence for Him who made the universe and called forth the worlds that are in it, and are conducive to the development of physical, mental and moral fiber. Somehow God is nearer in the country than in the city. His nearness makes it easy for men to hear and obey. The men and women who are born and reared amid such environment are wont to have moral yearnings and it is well for the city that they are. There

is not a city in the land which does not owe more than it can ever pay to the men and women who come to it from the country. These men and women come possessed of moral yearnings, of desire to serve, and with courage to achieve. They replenish daily the city's depleted stream of life. They restore the wasted energies of its population, give strength, virility and moral fiber to its citizenship, and save it from the ruin of its misrule, its sins and its dissipations. But for them its business, professional and social life, would deteriorate and die of its own impoverishment. The problem of the age in this country is not the government of rural communities, but the government of the cities. The purchasable electorate, than which there is no greater peril to free institutions, is not found in the rural communities, but it is found, in the main, in the shiftless, idle and criminal population of the cities. The "wider-open" the city is, the greater are the shiftless, idle and criminal classes; and the greater this population is, the greater is the peril to free institutions.

And yet we are told by Mr. Jerome that there ought to be two codes of laws touching public morals, one code strict enough to satisfy the moral yearnings of rural communities, and another liberal enough to satisfy the desire for license on the part of city populations. I cannot agree with him. If restraints upon the freedom of individual action are needed in one place more than in another, it is in the cities and not in the country. Where men congregate or dwell in great numbers, as in the cities, individual will and choice must of necessity be restricted in many ways for the good of the population as a collective body. Speed of railway trains, of electric cars, of motors and of vehicles of every kind must be limited without regard to the will of those who operate them, in order that the limbs and lives of the many may be preserved. Matters relating to sanitation make other limitations upon the will of the

individual essential for the protection of the whole. Fire limits must be established within which the individual may not build of combustible material lest the property of all be imperiled. The right to store explosives cannot be left to individual caprice because of the jeopardy that would attach to the lives of all. These are only a few of the many instances in which individual will and freedom of action find limitations necessarily fixed by the law,—limitations, the necessity of which arises from and is incident to increased and multiplied populations.

In the cities limitations upon individual choice touching matters which relate to public morals are as essential as in the matters just named. Where population is congested and includes every grade and stratum of society from the lowest to the highest, temptation is multiplied many times, and the necessity of restraining the individual will becomes imperative lest the moral life of the whole city be contaminated. The enforcement of restrictions along lines touching public morals is more difficult in the cities than in rural communities. Men become careless and indifferent to abuses and excesses—abuses and excesses, too, which are as fatal to the peace and welfare of the community as a pestilence. Pope understood this when he wrote:

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

But the necessity of the enforcement of such restrictions, however, is none the less imperative because of the increased difficulty attending their enforcement. In every great city there are men who make it their business to make money out of immoral practices, and who, for sordid reasons alone, desire either such an interpretation of existing laws

or such laxity of their administration and enforcement as will leave them free and untrammeled to pursue their unholy callings. I do not believe or charge that Mr. Jerome is knowingly the representative of these men, but I do believe and say that every one of them is a believer in the doctrine he preaches, and that every one of them applauded his utterance when he declared for two codes of laws relating to public morals,—one for the country and one for the city; one made to satisfy the moral longings of rural communities and another to meet the desire for license of the so-called liberal element of the great cities.

The doctrine embodied in his statement is a dangerous and pernicious doctrine. That immoral practices are more dangerous in city than in country is a truth too self-evident to need argument. They reach and contaminate more people. Their evil influences affect the weakest spot in our body politic, and their attack is directed against the most vulnerable point in the fabric of American government.

The "thou shalt nots" of the law are even more essential in the cities than in rural communities, and they must continue to apply to them with at least equal force and vigor. Sin is sin wherever committed. Dissipation is dissipation; debauchery is debauchery; gambling is gambling; adultery is adultery; embezzlement is embezzlement; bribery is bribery; theft is theft; arson is arson, and murder is murder, whether committed in the city or in the country. The condemnation of the law must continue to be upon them every one and everywhere, and its hand must continue to fall with impartial vigor upon every one who commits any of them, wherever he resides and whatever may be his environment.

PARTIES TO THE ISSUE.

From a Chautauqua Address delivered at Fountain Park Assembly, Remington, Indiana, August 16, 1905.

THERE are those who seek to make the question of obedience to the law a personal issue between themselves and the man who happens for the moment to be the Chief Executive of the State. In this they are in error. There is, there can be, no personal issue between us. The issue exists, that I admit; but it is not between them and me. It is between them and a far greater and a more enduring power than I. It is between them and the law itself. The challenge to them to surrender, or the command to obey the law does not come from me, but from the law; and they will continue to come with increasing frequency and growing insistence years after I have gone. I will soon cease to have to do with public affairs. I will soon pass entirely from the stage of action and thus be forever eliminated from the problem, but the law will survive, and the issue will remain. It will continue to abide and to endure until the great public, stirred by the prickings of an awakened conscience, shall rally to the law's support and give it victory. The result of the battle lies not with one man, nor with one administration, but in the decision to be formed in the hearts and consciences of a people, who, for more than a century, have found the law a safe and an abiding house of refuge, and who believe in its sovereignty, in its sanctity and in its majesty. Aye! more than this. The issue is wrapped in the evolution of the race itself, and it will continue to unfold, for it is a part of the unerring, changeless purpose of the Infinite, until the process of the suns shall have ceased and time shall be no more.

OUR CLIMACTERIC OPPORTUNITY.

HUMAN history is more than a series of accidents. Through the ages one increasing purpose runs. God is, and reigns. Something there is in man immortal and divine, lifting him, and ever lifting him into endeavor and achievement. The history of the race is the story of an ever upward climb. The sepulcher of the centuries is filled with the whitening bones of dead evils slain by man in his climb toward God. Human history may run for decades on the dead level of the commonplace, then suddenly, as blooms the century plant in a night, God's unchanging purpose bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time. A great occasion and a great man meet. The result: A climax of destiny, a mountain-peak of human achievement.

To every generation there comes one opportunity for race-wide service, and happy is the generation that has a man to lead it to the fulfillment of that opportunity.

No generation ever solves more than one great racial problem. It is as though in the sublime endeavor to meet one great occasion the race exhausts itself for that generation, and finds itself unable to solve or grasp another great racial issue.

One hundred and thirty-eight years ago there came to our fathers such an opportunity. It came to them to decide, let us hope once for all, whether this new world should continue to be the plaything of kings and emperors and czars, or was to become the habitat of a great, free, powerful democracy. They met their opportunity. A great occasion and a great man met. The result: A new Nation, founded in virgin soil, dedicated to human liberty. No man has for the men who wrought that tremendous thing a profounder respect or a deeper or higher admiration than I hold. They were children of a mighty time. They builded broad and deep.

They made the race their debtor. And yet, in the moment of their great achievement, they fell.

Declaring man's equality before the law, they framed a pact of government providing for the inequality of men before the law—the inequality of slave and master.

Proclaiming man's inherent right to life and liberty, they framed a pact of government denying both to an entire race.

Insisting before the world that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, they framed a pact of government depriving a whole people of all right of participation therein.

Strong enough to conceive liberty as the birthright of all, they were not potent enough to give virility to their conception. They were great enough to establish freedom for themselves, but they were too weak to extend it to the bondman.

When they failed to do that, and gave constitutional recognition to the right of one man to own the flesh and blood of another, they sowed the wind, and their children lived to reap the whirlwind. Lived to reap it? Aye, lived to reap it in four long, suffering years of civil war!

Lived to reap it in sixteen thousand millions of money expended and property destroyed;

Lived to reap it in five hundred and fifty thousand new-made graves;

Lived to reap it in the red hours at Chancellorsville; in the carnage at Antietam; in the sacrificial baptism at Fredericksburg; in the crimson woods at Chickamauga;

Lived to reap it in the three red days at Gettysburg, in the wheatfield and among the trembling hills; at Spottsylvania and at Cold Harbor;

Lived to reap it in Lovejoy mobbed, in John Brown crucified, in Ellsworth slain, in the martyrdom of Abraham

Lincoln, the sweetest, gentlest, tenderest character the world has known since the Christ returned to glory!

But in the hour of the whirlwind's red reaping God's unchanging purpose flowered again. A great man and a great occasion met. The result: The transformation of the Great Declaration from a prophecy unfulfilled to a living, pulsing fact; a Nation sown in weaknes, raised in power; the preservation of the Union, the death of slavery, Freedom enthroned. I hold reverential regard for the great soul who led them, and for those who followed in that stupendous achievement. But as fell the fathers in the hour of their triumph, so fell the men of the generation of Abraham Lincoln in the moment of their sublime achievement. That they might obtain revenue with which to prosecute the war, to maintain armies, and save the life of the Nation, they entered into a compact with hell, solemnized a partnership between the Federal Government and a racial evil greater far than the one they warred against. They gave Federal legislative recognition to the liquor traffic, put about it the protection and sanctity of the law, and gave it the badge of respectability, and when they did it, they, too, sowed the wind, and we, their children, are living to reap the whirlwind;

Reaping it in four hundred and fifty thousand men and women convicted of crime in this Nation every year, three hundred thousand of whom are victims of this traffic;

Reaping it in four hundred thousand insane men and women—men and women bereft of reason, one hundred thousand of whom are victims of this traffic;

Reaping it in fifty thousand little children who fall in this Nation every year, sixty-seven per cent. of whom are the victims of this traffic;

Reaping it in national decay, in moral degeneracy;

Reaping it in man-failure, in woman-failure, and man-failure and woman-failure in this Nation mean institutional

failure—failure of institutions for which men have died at the battle's front, sad only that they had but one life to give. There are those who pray for more men in this country. I utter a better prayer than that. I pray not for more men in my country, but for more *man* in the *men* who *are* in my country. But we will get no more man in the men who are in the country until the country rids itself of this hateful thing that debauches daily the man in the men of the country.

Reaping it in the domination of this traffic over the affairs and the life of the great cities of the Nation. There is not a great city in America where government is not near the dissolving point this hour. In the city of Chicago the United Societies, backed by the organized liquor traffic, commercialized vice and capitalized sin, dominate political action, write party platforms, name party candidates and make cowards of public men! In the city of New York, gun-men, in broad day, shoot down citizens on the public thoroughfares under guarantee of protection at the hands of the police department of the city itself! Government near the dissolving point in every great city of America!

The rum traffic is bent upon administering all government, local, State and National, and every department of government, legislative, executive and judicial. Its unholy hands are upon everything. If you want an example—a bill of particulars—it can be quickly furnished. The City of Terre Haute is nearby. The scenes enacted there within the year ought to be still fresh in your memories. I put it to you: Is not government near the dissolving point over there, with the Mayor of the city, the Comptroller of the city, the Superintendent of the Police Department, the Judge of the Police Court, the Sheriff of the County, and the Judge of the Circuit Court, all out of the city, serving prison sentences for malfeasance in office, or the violation of statutes enacted to protect the purity of elections and

the civic life of the community whose commissions they held? And back of these wrongs and crimes—wrongs and crimes that have disrupted the government of a whole city and an entire county, and shamed a State—is this God-opposed, hell-marching traffic. Its responsibility for it all has been fixed by words other than my own—fixed by judicial decision, hot from the lips of the outraged Court before whom these unfortunate defendants were tried. With one hundred and eighteen of them arraigned before him for sentence upon conviction duly had or confession of guilt openly and voluntarily made, the fearless, purposeful, but just Judge of the Court in which they stood, fixed for all time Rum's deep share in the crimes they had committed, when in the course of the judgment he there pronounced, he said:

> "The evidence in this case shows that this conspiracy had its inception in the saloons of Terre Haute. It was directed from them, and consummated through them. I have the notion that the saloon will have to go. The American people will not tolerate it. They will rise in their might and destroy it."

You heard these words when they were uttered. But I have repeated them that they may find an abiding place in your memories and become unforgettable. I was in the City of Denver when I read them, and I immediately telegraphed the Judge, congratulating him:

> "You are right. Saloons will have to go. I have been trying for ten years to do a man's full share toward hastening their departure. What you say from the bench in the Roberts trial, I saw from the Governor's office for four years. Your words yes-

terday were potent and will be powerful and far-reaching in their influence. I congratulate you and welcome you to the ranks of those who believe the traffic will have to go."

The great design upon which our fathers wrought, and which fell unfinished from their great hands, ennobled by their high endeavor and consecrated by their blood;

The great design caught and wrought upon by the great, gaunt hands of Lincoln, and those who followed him—wrought upon by them in sacrificial, crowned achievement, until the hope of men and the will of God, fused into a unity of purpose, gave it the luster and the glory of the stars;

That great design thus wrought upon, but yet unfinished, rests now in our hands; and in the chalice of heaven's unchanging purpose a new great occasion is forming; a moment, and it will tremble into bloom. Opportunity—the opportunity that comes but once to any generation—is ours; ours this holy hour. And as this new great occasion, typifying the will and purpose of the Father of Nations and of peoples, bursts full-blossomed upon our vision, may God Almighty grant that we find the man to meet it; and if we do, out of the meeting will come another star-loved peak of human endeavor and achievement.

That we might have a part in preparing the heart of our countrymen to meet this great occasion we have planned and are carrying to successful consummation this monumental campaign of ours; and my heart thrills with joy this afternoon—not with pride; for, before God, I have thrown that out of my heart and out of my life—my heart thrills with joy that you have responded so generously to our endeavor here in the city in which I live and have my home. May the generous contribution you have made to this great cause here this day be a covenant—a covenant between us and the Father—that we will see the great

occasion through; *see it through in Indiana; see it through in this Republic!*

BENEDICTION.

BY REV. U. E. HARDING.

We thank Thee, our Heavenly Father, for this visit of the Flying Squadron. We praise Thee for these meetings of the last three days, and we pray that Thy divine blessing and benediction shall be upon its members. Keep the train on the track, bring it in on time, may they fill every date, and may the blessing of God be upon them and upon us. We pray Thy blessing upon our own State. May the day speedily come when we shall see the prayers of our fathers and our mothers answered in this country—when the Nation shall be dry. We ask these favors in Jesus' name. And now may the benediction of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost be upon us all, now and evermore. Amen.

OLIVER W. STEWART

BORN in Mercer County, Illinois, May 22, 1867, Mr. Stewart's boyhood days were spent on the farm. He was graduated from Woodhull, Illinois, high school in 1885, and taught school for two years. He was made Secretary and Organizer for the District Lodge of Good Templars, doing his first public work for Temperance and Prohibition that year.

He entered Eureka College in 1887, working his way through school. Following his graduation and marriage in 1890, three years were given to evangelistic work. He was Secretary of the Illinois Christian Endeavor Union for two years, and President of that organization for two years. During this time he was pastor of the Disciples' Church at Mackinaw, Illinois.

In 1896 Mr. Stewart was elected Chairman of the Illinois State Prohibition Committee and presided over the Illinois Prohibition Convention that year, and in 1900 was made Chairman of the Prohibition National Committee, serving five years.

Elected to the Illinois Legislature in 1902, on the Prohibition ticket, he carried his ideals with him into that legislative body, and though the only Prohibitionist in the House, was instrumental in the passage of many bills in which the people of Chicago and the State were interested.

Since serving in the Illinois Legislature and as National Chairman, Mr. Stewart has been in demand in reform work, and upon chautauqua and lecture platforms. His intense personality and overwhelming enthusiasm, supplemented by his irresistible and convincing logic, have made him a powerful and popular figure in the public life of the country.

A member of the Executive Committee from the beginning, he was the most powerful assistant Governor Hanly had in the planning and the management of the Flying Squadron campaign.

In connection with the Governor, and with Mr. William M. Conrad, of Washington, D. C., Mr. Stewart is devoting his great talents to the founding of the "National Enquirer" and the "Flying Squadron Foundation," but giving, meanwhile, much time to the platform in behalf of the cause to which he has dedicated his life.

THE CASE AGAINST THE SALOON.

THERE are two phases of the fight against the liquor traffic which it is my purpose to emphasize at the outset. There are two counts in the indictment against the saloon, upon either of which it must stand condemned, because upon neither is it able to offer an adequate defense.

The first of these is economic. Those who speak upon the question, are compelled constantly to reiterate the arguments against the saloon as an industrial menace on account of the fact that the liquor traffic seeks to defend itself as an economic blessing.

The saloon will plead guilty to almost any charge made against it on ethical or moral grounds and then, having so plead, will justify itself with the claim it is a benefit to business. Since it makes that claim, we are compelled to meet it.

It is easy to see why the saloon selects that ground for its defense. There are certain facts which unconsidered appear to be on the side of the saloon. For example: It is obvious that saloons employ bar-keepers. Nobody has ever disputed that. No one ever thought of doing so. It is equally plain that distilleries and breweries furnish employment to workmen. No one ever denied that. No one has had occasion to. But our liquor friends seize upon these undenied facts and make the claim that since saloons employ bar-keepers, and since breweries and distilleries employ workmen, we must admit our fight for nation-wide prohibition to be ill-considered and ill-advised. Of course, we are not required to admit anything of the kind. It does not follow that, because a saloon employs a bar-keeper to do a bad thing, therefore, the saloon itself is a good thing, nor does it follow because a distillery or brewery furnishes employment to men to do something harmful to society

that, therefore, the distillery and brewery are a benefit to society. Exactly the opposite would follow, but relying upon us not to see the fallacy, the saloon presses home its seeming advantage on the industrial side of the case.

Our pro-liquor friends would be decidedly impatient with us if we made the same argument in favor of bank burglary that they make on behalf of the saloon. Yet it could be done. We could insist that bank burglars are a benefit industrially because directly and indirectly they furnish employment to men.

When a bank burglar breaks into a bank building he has to use a jimmy to get the window up or get the door open. Somebody had to make the jimmy. We regret the use the burglar makes of the tool, but it must be admitted that the demand for it resulted in employment for the man who made it. The burglar has to use a drill with which to get into the safe. Somebody made the drill; thus another great American industry was helped. An explosive must be used with which to blow the safe open, which gives encouragement to another line of business. The day after the burglary the bank comes into the market for a new safe, which aids another American industry. The trouble with this country today is that we haven't enough bank burglars to give us permanent prosperity. Thus we make for the bank burglar the very argument which is made on behalf of the saloon, but our pro-liquor friends remain unconvinced.

By the logic used on behalf of the saloon it can be proved that poisoning the water supply of a city results in economic benefit. If the water supply of a city is poisoned, in a few days many people are sick and dying; the result of that is special trains pouring in from every direction with doctors to make a desperate battle to save the lives of some; other special trains follow with nurses to minister to the people; right after them will come other trains

loaded with coffins to bury the people. A superficial man standing on the street corner watching the activity might say: "This city is on the boom; if this keeps up we will be the metropolis of the United States." But if it kept up long enough, the people would be dead and under ground and the city along with them.

You cannot build a city by poisoning its water supply, neither can you build a nation by poisoning its man supply.

For years the liquor traffic has been administering poison to the manhood of the country and offers as an excuse for its existence the fact that it furnishes employment to a few men manufacturing the poison.

As the business world awakens to the truth we get large reinforcements for the battle. We have no reason to fear the economic discussion. We can meet the saloon on that ground, fight it to a finish and bury it in this generation.

The second phase needing quick emphasis, is the good government side of the case. Coming at it from the other direction, it can be stated in this way: The saloon is an institution which cannot succeed without special protection under the law. It is not prepared to exist as does a legitimate business; it must have special protection or it is lost. It cannot get that protection on its merits. It has no merits. Protection must be had by devious processes, by the alliances it forms, by the partnerships in which it engages. But it cannot form an alliance with decent people. It has nothing good to offer the community in return for the protection desired.

In one sentence the difficulty can be stated as it presents itself to the saloon. The liquor traffic produces no good thing; the saloon turns out nothing beneficial to the country.

I made that statement a few weeks since in one of the large cities visited by the Flying Squadron. The occasion was an afternoon meeting and the large church was filled

to the doors. Two hundred little children had been brought to the meeting and placed in the front seats. When I faced them I was terror-stricken. I have no skill in speaking to children—a misfortune for which I grieve deeply. I could not ask to have them removed, for that would have been misunderstood. The only course open was to go ahead with the meeting and hope the children would keep quiet to the end. From the beginning I addressed myself to the grown people and continued doing so until I came to this point,—the saloon turns out no good thing. Like a flash it came to me that the children would get that point; so, looking down into their faces, I changed the form of the statement slightly and repeated it in this way: "Can any one name any good thing a saloon can turn out." I thought by asking a question I would stimulate the minds of the little people to renewed activity. I think I was correct about that. But with that question I should have gone on with my address. I hesitated a moment, then said to the children: "If any one can name one good thing a saloon can turn out, let him raise his hand." That was a mistake. Never suggest to children to raise their hands. You will get a hand up when you are not expecting it and do not want it. I was certain no one would raise his hand, but down in front a little lad, so small that his heels were six inches from the floor, held his hand up. He was prepared to name one good thing a saloon could turn out. My heart went into my throat. No one this side of Heaven knows what a boy is going to say under such circumstances. What he was going to say I did not know and did not want to know. I hoped he would take his hand down, but instead he wiggled it all the higher. I stepped forward, pointed my finger straight at him and said: "Very well, my little man, name one good thing the saloon can turn out in the community." His childish voice rang out all over the church as he answered: "It can turn out a good bum."

Sure enough, it can turn out a *good bum.* He used the word to imply a finished product. In the sense in which I used it, a saloon turns out no good thing to offer the community in return for that which it asks of the community. Its product is wholly bad, and, for that reason, it must be found always associated with the evil forces against which we war.

It is no mere accident that almost every case of government corruption uncovered during the last half century has shown the saloon underneath it.

As we go out to battle for better things, the saloon is doomed. It will never survive the establishment of good government.

How can we get together against it? That question comes naturally to mind. Here is a nation of a hundred million people. How will we get right action from them with reference to the saloon? A quick answer is—by getting right thinking. Right thinking must precede right action.

The objection will be made that we have a hundred million minds, from different environment, with different view points and different ideas, and the question will be asked how can we get the great composite mind of the Nation to work its way through to correct conclusions with reference to the saloon.

The problem is not so difficult as it appears. The mind of the Nation acts as does the mind of the individual. All intelligent action by the individual results from certain mental activities, embracing intellect, sensibilities and will. Including the act, four words will describe the process: Knowing, Feeling, Willing, Acting. These cannot be reversed nor interchanged. One does not act before he wills. He does not will before he knows.

An illustration will place this before us quickly:

A boy comes down the street. In front of a grocery is a

box of apples. The boy knows the apples are good. That has to do with his intellect. He would like to have one; that has to do with his sensibilities. He knows certain things about the apples and he has certain feelings towards them. However, he does not take an apple, for the reason that he knows many other things about them. He knows they belong to the grocer. He knows something of what is expected of a decent boy in a civilized community. He has some comprehension of the intricate civilization of which he is a part.

He feels the desire for the apple, but vastly more he desires the approval of his own conscience. He would like to go home and look his mother squarely in the eye. As the result of all he knows and feels, he wills to go down the street and leave the apple alone. He is an honest boy, and his honest act is the result of what he knows, feels and wills.

Around the corner there comes, let us suppose, another boy. He has been differently taught in his home. He sees the box of apples. He knows they are good and he desires one; as a result, he waits until the grocer's back is turned, takes an apple and runs. He is a thief, as a result of what he knows, feels and wills.

This is as true of a nation facing a government problem as of a boy passing a box of apples on the street.

We would like to see this Nation destroy the liquor traffic; but the Nation cannot destroy the liquor traffic until it knows what the liquor traffic is—until it feels the shame and degradation of the license system applied to the liquor traffic. It must know and feel before it wills. Knowledge alone will not save it.

The seven thousand three hundred saloon keepers of Chicago (where I live) know more about the liquor traffic than any audience of people listening to an address, but they are not saved from a bad business by that knowledge.

for with them feeling, sensibility, desires, are all wrong, hence they remain in a bad business.

We must reach the mind and hearts of the people. We must train their intellects and stir their feelings.

For over a hundred years there has been organized effort to do that. It must be continued; but, as we continue it, we come to the third stage of progress, where we must bring the will of the American people to a decision. There have been years of divided effort; it could not be otherwise.

Organizations sprang into existence spontaneously in all parts of the land. This, of itself, did no harm, nor would it have done any harm had it not been for the development of the factional spirit. We are so constituted that it is easier for us to become attached to an organization than to a cause. There are men who love a party more than they love anything for which the party stands or ever stood. There are men who love a church more than they do the gospel which the church is supposed to proclaim; they fight for the church in a minute, but would deliberate long before giving up a dollar for the proclamation of the gospel. There are men who care vastly more for some old college building than they ever care for learning.

With the coming of the factional spirit there came war among ourselves. We opposed each other instead of the liquor traffic. Notwithstanding all these shortcomings and mistakes in zeal and leadership, we are leagues ahead of where we would have been had we not had all these different organizations.

Le me be more specific:

I think the Women's Christian Temperance Union, by its plans and methods, has aroused and put to work thousands of people whom the Anti-Saloon League never could have reached.

I think the Anti-Saloon League has reached and stirred

to action men and women whom the Prohibition Party could not have touched.

I think the Prohibition Party has done a work that could not have been duplicated by the church Temperance Societies, and I think they have done a work that the Good Templars could not have done, and so on.

It can be said truthfully of any one of these organizations that it did a work no other could do, or all others combined could not have done.

It is in my heart to be thankful for every organization, by whatever name known, that has ever struck a blow anywhere against the liquor traffic.

Whether you agree with this or not, you will agree that the day we close in for the death grapple with the liquor traffic divisions are absolutely fatal. No divided army can win this fight. We must stand together to do it. If it takes us a hundred years to get together, it will take a hundred years for us to win.

We will get together by burying our non-essential notions while we agree upon the essential things. When we get to the essentials we will discover that we are a unit in every local fight.

The saloon shall never have free breath on any square inch of American soil. Also, we will keep up every county and state fight. While we do all that we will further agree that down the road, at the end of the journey, we will stand together for a Nation-wide policy that will close the distilleries and breweries which make the stuff and shut the Customs House against it. Upon that national policy we all will stand agreed.

The saloon is a dying institution. It would be a mockery to say that a Nation devoted to education, enlightenment and religious freedom must remain under the control of the liquor traffic.

The hour for the departure of the saloon is at hand. The forces are forming on the battle field for the last struggle against it. The future will witness its overthrow.

TWO FORCES.

SOME one has said that every life is the resultant of those contending forces which play about it. If, in that statement we understand to be included the inward forces as well as the outward ones; if we include one's hopes, aspirations, plans and longings as well as the more external forces which give direction to his life, it can be accepted as true. Every life is the result of all the forces within and without which play upon it.

If this be accepted as true, the problem of our Christian civilization may be stated in a sentence,—how can we increase the righteous forces of evil which lift men up and how can we decrease the forces of evil which drag men down? All that we do for the help of humanity we do in one or both of these ways.

If we could find a life that never had been touched by any evil force, but always had been subject to the uplifting forces of right, the direction of that life would be straight upward to the throne of God. If we could find a life which had never come in contact with right influences but always had been swayed by evil, the direction of that life would be straight downward to destruction.

As a matter of fact we never find either kind of life. No one ever comes to maturity untouched of evil or uninfluenced of good. Our lives are the product of mixed forces, the good ever struggling with the evil, and the direction of any life at any moment of time will depend on the kind and quality of the forces dominant in that life at that moment.

It would be in order now to consider all the forces of right, which lift men up, and match them with the influences of evil, which drag men down. It must be plain that that would be a hopeless undertaking in the brief space of time allotted to this address.

Here and now I put this arbitrary limit upon myself: I will consider but one single force on the side of righteousness, placing over against it but one force of evil, leaving all others to go unconsidered in this discussion. It should be unnecessary to say that on each side I will select the strongest and most powerful representative.

Let us turn now to the forces of right. What is the strongest influence in the world for the uplift of humanity? Without a moment of hesitation, I answer, the church. The church is the strongest single force on the side of right. It is not claimed that the church is a perfect institution. How could it be? Consider its makeup or composition. It has to accept all who present themselves. It cannot, like a lodge or society, sit in judgment on those who come asking to be associated with it. The meanest, vilest sinner, if he come pleading forgiveness for the past, and in faith asking for help in the future, must be received.

Under such circumstances is it to be a cause of wonder if the church finds herself possessed of unworthy material? Yet, notwithstanding this apparent disadvantage, the church can invite comparison with any organization as to the kind and quality of the material of which it is composed.

But this is not the most important point. Whatever one may think about the teaching or doctrine of the church the proposition upon which all must agree is that the church cannot succeed without helping humanity, and it cannot fail without its failure resulting in harm and injury to humanity. If a year from now it were discovered that the church had gained in strength and power, life and property would be safer. There would be fewer hungry women and children and less of crime and disorder. On the contrary were it discovered that the church had lost ground and that its influence had decreased, life and property would be less safe and secure; there would be more of poverty and crime. Once again let it be said, the church

cannot succeed save by helping humanity and its failure must prove an injury to humanity. So I stand it on the right and declare that it is the most powerful influence for the uplift of humanity known to the mind of men.

Now let us turn to the left. We are looking now for the strongest influence acting as a drag upon mankind. There is but one answer. The most powerfully organized evil force tending to pull humanity down is the law-protected saloon. Let me be more than just to the saloon keeper. Here and now no question is raised as to his honesty or motives. Without doubt saloon keepers could be found who would plead that it is all a matter of business. Such an one might say: "My purpose in running a saloon is to get the means by which to procure food and clothing for my wife and children and medical and surgical attention for an invalid daughter in my home."

One cannot quarrel with him as to his purpose. It is splendid. But we have nothing to do with his purpose. The question we have to consider is this: If he sells the stuff will it keep *other men* from getting food and clothing for *their* wives and children; if he runs a saloon on the corner will he keep *other men* from getting medical and surgical attention for the invalid daughters at *their* homes.

But one view can be taken; there is but one conclusion to which we can come. It can be stated in a sentence! The saloon can succeed only by harming and injuring humanity and its failure is a blessing and a help to humanity.

Along with what has been said thus far permit me to make another statement. This is a Christian State. That may be a surprising bit of information, but it is true. What is meant by the term Christian State? So much more is meant than some might agree to, that, in order to avoid useless discussion, let it be understood that so far as this address is concerned, I mean only this, that Christian men in this State are sufficiently numerous and influential to

control the policy of the State as to any matter of right and wrong on which they stand together. Bad men admit that even more quickly than good men claim it. The decent high-minded Christian men of this State can control it if they will.

That brings us to this question: How are we to account for the fact that this State, under the control of Christian men, who have absolute power to shape its policy, continues to license, legalize and protect the liquor traffic? Let us dispose of the negative first. Let us consider how not to account for it. Here is where no little harm has been done. There is a word to be said on behalf of the advocate who has blundered at this point. Sometimes he comes before his audience tired and worn out. The fight perhaps has gone against him. He found men cold and indifferent when he thought it would be easy to arouse them to action.

So, taking counsel of his disappointment and heart-ache, invariably bad counselors, he decides to speak his mind. He says to himself: "For once I will enjoy the luxury of speaking seventy-five per cent. of the truth instead of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. as I have been doing all along. I will tell this audience how it happens that this Christian State protects the liquor traffic." Then he makes the startling announcement: "It is because Christian men in this State are hyprocrites and frauds."

After having said that, his influence is gone. I am not sure but the penalty is just. No man deserves to hold his influence as a public teacher who allows himself to be tricked into any such statement. Christian men, generally speaking, are not hypocrites and frauds. They are made up of the kind of material willing to be stood up and be shot to death for the church or country if either needed such sacrifice. Hypocrites and frauds are not made of such stuff.

Where, then, is the difficulty? What is the answer?

We need not go far afield in replying to these questions. The average Christian man fails to realize where he gears up to the State. He fails to see that the State gets power from him, and such as he, by which to do this bad and vicious thing. He knows that at heart he is opposed to it; that he prays against it; that he longs for the complete destruction of the liquor traffic, and he fails to see how, under those circumstances, he can be in any way responsible for it.

It is as though one, standing on a street corner watching electric cars pass by, were to ask, "Where is the power that moves the car?" The answer might be, "In a power-house miles away." A discussion follows immediately which brings out the fact that when there is direct connection by wire between the dynamo in the power-house and the motor in the car the latter must revolve with the turning of the dynamo. No one knows *why* this must be. We know only that it is true, that it is an unfailing law of electrical action.

So it is with the State, which is a motor receiving its power from citizen-dynamos. That power is transmitted through the ballot box. If we have saloon government we get it out of the ballot box, for we get all our government that way. We can't get saloon government out of the ballot box unless the citizen puts it in there.

We begin an election with an empty ballot box. If it is an honest election we do. At night when the ballots are counted if we find we have taken from the ballot box government or administration favorable to the saloon, we know those who went to the ballot box during the day must have put it in there.

There is no escaping the conclusion,—good, well-meaning men, who would rejoice in the triumph of right, have, partly from indifference and largely from ignorance, given

their consent that the liquor traffic enjoy the protection of the law.

What is the remedy? What is to be done?

There must be a campaign of education. The facts must be brought to the people and men must be called to duty and be made to realize their responsibility.

The liquor traffic has many defenders but no defense. Its flimsy claims to consideration would be pathetic were they not so wicked.

It is claimed that the saloon must be licensed because under prohibition the drinker would not find it possible to procure his desired beverage. Therefore, it is urged that he is robbed of his personal liberty, as though the cravings of a diseased body and a crazed brain could by any possibility measure his rights and his liberty.

No man can claim the liberty to do that which harms his fellow men. The right of women to walk the streets unmolested is greater than the personal liberty of any man to make himself a disgusting drunkard.

No man has the right by means of drink to turn his wife and children over to other men to support while he spends his money to appease an appetite.

The personal liberty argument is on the side of prohibition.

There is no greater question demanding consideration. It is sometimes urged that the solution of the liquor problem be permitted to wait on more important matters. Questions of government and administrative detail and policy need not be held back because the larger question of prohibition is pending. While it is being considered the people and their government need not come to a standstill.

It is a favorite trick of those who wish to delay consideration of this greatest question to offer to help solve it as soon as some other subject is out of the way when

that other subject is one on which there is no substantial agreement and never will be.

For example: What folly it is to talk about settling the tariff question before we consider the problem of the saloon! The tariff question never has been settled and from the nature of the case never will be settled. If we could agree finally and for all time to come that this is to be a high tariff country we would until the end of time be forever discussing that high tariff. Were we to make a permanent decision to the effect that forever after, this is to be a low tariff country, the details of that low tariff would remain for constant consideration and discussion.

The tariff will be with us to the end of time in all probability. We will deal with it the better if we consider it as a sober nation.

We are urged by some to desist from the agitation of the saloon question until the fight for good government is won. The answer is that the forces battling for better government need nothing so much as a high, moral, concrete idea around which to rally their forces. A campaign which has no other object than to elect one man because he is supposed to be a little better than another man when neither stands for any vital principle does not stir the depth of feeling in the hearts of the people, that can be aroused once the appeal is made for something which touches their higher natures. In American politics we need now, more than anything else, a great moral revival. A discussion of the saloon problem would bring us to that quickly.

We are approaching the time when candidates for office and public men generally must make some avowal of their position with reference to the liquor traffic. There was a time when it was sufficient for a candidate to tell how he had promised his sainted mother never to touch the stuff, to get the votes of right minded people, while of

course he did not lose the votes of those who wished the liquor traffic protected. But that day has passed.

The patriotic citizen of today, determined to see the government oppose the saloon, would rather vote for a man who drinks, much as he dislikes so to do, provided that man, notwithstanding his drinking habit, is against the law-protected saloon and in favor of its overthrow, than to vote for some smooth citizen who makes loud protestations as to his sobriety and the fact that he never goes into a saloon, but stands for the license system and in favor of the protection of the liquor traffic. Ordinarily the decent citizen will not have to vote for a drinking man in order to express his righteous conviction but it is well to remember that it is better to vote for what we want and fail to get it than to vote for what we do not want and get a lot of it.

It has been the mission of the Flying Squadron of America to put the acute accent on this syllable. Our position is expressed in a single sentence written by our leader, J. Frank Hanly, and adopted by the Convention of the Anti-Saloon League to which he submitted it:

"Whenever a politician or an executive officer or a political party prefers the liquor traffic above the public morals, such men must be set aside and such parties abandoned."

To the accomplishment of this high purpose and of the creation of the power to make it effective let us solemnly dedicate ourselves, covenanting with each other and with the Father that there shall be no turning back, no wavering.

THE SALOON VERSUS BUSINESS.

I AM to speak to you on the business side of the problem of the saloon. What we call business grows out of humanity's effort to make a living for itself. Humanity's effort to get food, clothing and shelter gives us business as we now have it. If these things came down upon us like rain from heaven there would be no such thing as business. But the things of life come from the application of our strength and power to the natural agents with which God has provided us. A farmer goes into the field, prepares the soil, sows the seed and reaps the harvest. It is plain that the food which he produces grows out of the application of his mind and strength to the natural resources in the form of the soil. Another goes into the forest, cuts down the trees, saws them up into lumber and builds himself a home. The shelter which he provides grows out of the application of his mind and strength to the natural resources in the form of the forest. All the blessings of life come to us as the result of similar effort. Business has to do with the production and the exchange, the transportation and distribution of the things of life. If the saloon helps in those things it is a benefit to business. If not, it is not a benefit to business, and the strongest claim it makes for itself falls to the ground from lack of support.

Let us suppose we were founding a new State, and we have decided that no one may have a place with us in our Commonwealth unless he bears his share of humanity's burden. Every applicant for membership must stand or fall by that test. Let us suppose also that we are here, sitting as charter members, ready to pass upon the claims of those who wish to join with us. The first man to apply is a blacksmith, and we take him in, for it is clear that he will be a benefit and a help to the producing forces of our

new State. He will shoe our horses, repair broken machinery, sharpen tools and be otherwise helpful. For these reasons we accept him. The next man to apply is a doctor. And we take the doctor in, for he will help us to health and strength, which are strong industrial factors. The next man to apply is a thief, and him we reject, because he will not add anything to the productive forces of our community. The last applicant we consider at this moment is a saloon keeper. He asks to be taken into the community, or State, to operate saloons. Assuming that we were passing on the applicant free from bias and prejudice, it would take but a few minutes to decide our course. He would be rejected. We accept the blacksmith and doctor for obvious reasons, and we would reject the thief and saloon keeper for reasons equally plain.

Underneath the entire matter of business is the market. That interests everyone. The merchant is interested in the market for the goods on his shelf, the manufacturer for the product of his factory, the laboring man for his labor, and the professional man for his skill. The market depends, in part, upon our needs, but only in small part. Needs are insistent. They demand instant attention. But our wants and desires have vastly more to do with business than our needs. We do not clothe ourselves according to our needs, but according to our wants and desires. The savage dresses according to his needs, but he never develops clothing factories. We do not set our tables according to our need for food, but according to our wants and desires. The savage lives on the lower plane of needs, and the civilized man on the higher plane of desires. Business is vitally interested in the wants and desires of men, for nine-tenths of the volume of business depends upon these higher calls. The saloon, instead of leading men into the higher sphere, drags them down to the lower. The drunkard, like the savage, lives close to the line of his

actual needs, and oftentimes goes below it, starving wife and children. Anything which tends to produce drunkenness lowers the level upon which the Nation lives, and that which lowers the level of a Nation's life decreases its volume of business.

It is true enough that the saloon looks like a business, acts like a business and conducts itself like a business. But it is not a business. It is a counterfeit. There are three proofs to that effect which can be given quickly. The first has been covered already, so one sentence will restate it. The genuine business helps and benefits its customer. The saloon harms and injures its customer. "But," says some one, "if the saloon harms its customer, how does it happen to have a customer?" That brings us to the second proof. The saloon has customers by virtue of the unfair grip that it gets upon men. Men do not buy drink as they buy other things. Men do not get drunk as they do other things. There is a world of difference among men in that respect. If a man were to go into a furniture store to buy some household furniture, three things would settle for him how much he would buy: What does he need in the way of furniture? What does he want in the way of furniture? And how much money has he to spend that way? Those three things will settle it every time. But a man does not get drunk that way. No man needs to get drunk; no man desires to get drunk. It is appetite instead of desire that leads one to get drunk, and no man can afford it. If he had all the wealth in the world he couldn't afford to spend five cents for a thing that does him physical harm and damage. Men buy drink in direct violation of the fixed principles that are underneath legitimate trade.

I had to thrash that out years ago in a debate in my own home city with a lawyer, who insisted that my mind didn't work on the saloon question as it would on any other. He

told people that I believed that drink and drunkenness did harm, and that therefore I was against all drinking. And because some saloons did harm, that I was in favor of closing all saloons. And he was right about it. "Now," said he, "there are unhealthy barber shops in Chicago, which spread disease and death, but no one ever heard of Mr. Stewart starting a campaign to close all the barber shops and to prevent men from shaving." My short-cut answer to that was that there is this difference between a barber shop and a saloon: "When a man goes into a barber shop to get a shave he is not seized at once with an uncontrollable desire to get another shave." If barber shops had that effect upon people they would be closed quickly enough. Men buy drink in direct violation of the principles of legitimate trade. It is for that reason that a saloon keeper can station a friend on the front side of his bar, furnish him with a pocketful of change, and by treating men from time to time, this friend can largely increase the sales for the saloon keeper. And that practice is followed in more than one saloon throughout the country. Suppose a baker undertook to sell goods in that way, and stationed a man in front of the bakery with instructions to bring friends in and treat them to doughnuts or cookies. Instead of going on to success, the bakery would go into bankruptcy. The saloon is not a business. It is a counterfeit.

The third proof is found in the fact that all legitimate business is proud of its product. No one is ever ashamed of the good thing he produces, and every fair and exposition will have on exhibition the best products of the business world. But who ever saw on exhibition at a county fair or state fair one poor, old, ragged drunkard in a glass case with a tag on him explaining whose whisky made him a drunkard, or what saloon brought him to his wretched condition?

It will be admitted that the saloon falls short of being a legitimate business, but the claim will be made for it that it is a revenue producer, and that as such it deserves some favorable consideration. The truth is, the saloon never produced a dollar of revenue, and never will.

All revenue comes from the wealth that some one produces. It is not possible to get a dollar of revenue in any other way. But the saloon is not a wealth producer. It is a wealth destroyer. A farmer creates wealth. He goes out into the field and produces the harvest, and adds his harvest to the world's wealth. The watch-maker will take, let us suppose, five dollars' worth of raw material and turn out a watch worth ten dollars. In that event he adds five dollars to the world's wealth.

But the saloon does exactly the opposite. Instead of taking raw material and turning out a finished product, he takes the valuable finished product and turns it out worthless and ruined. The saloon is not a producer of revenue. It is a collector. The honest citizen is the producer. The toiler and the business man produce wealth. The saloon collects it by means of the appetites of men, and but a small fraction of what it collects ever finds its way to the public treasury. The far greater part of it is kept by the liquor traffic as a commission for collecting the smaller part.

Nor is it true that we get benefit from the saloon by its indirect help to industry. The farmer who finds a market for a small per cent. of his grain because that amount is used in the so-called liquor industry would have a far larger market in the form of the hungry women and children who would be properly fed if husbands and fathers did not waste their money for drink. The men in the glass industry who are manufacturing bottles, glasses, etc., for the liquor trade would find a far greater demand for glass-

ware for the home if money that ought to be so spent were not being wasted for drink.

There is no defense on the industrial side for the saloon. It spells waste, and only waste, and the great business world is coming to see it. I do not believe that the industrial argument is the greatest one. I think the moral side of the case is as much above the industrial as the soul is above the body. But if we gave up every line of argument but the economic one, the business world, guided by the principles of industrial development, would make a speedy end to the saloon.

A POLITICAL PROPHECY.

IT is not my purpose to make an argument. This is to be a prophecy. Prophecies are always more or less interesting. Next to saying, "I told you so," after the event, is the joy of telling in advance how the event is to transpire. That pleasure is to be mine.

I recall the high degree of interest with which as a boy I heard for the first time of the old lady in the community who could tell by the coffee grounds in the cup what was to happen the next day. I had heard of the President of the United States, and entertained considerable respect for him, but it was small as compared with my feelings toward her. Of course, I learned later that nothing of the kind can be done.

No one can tell me what may or may not happen to me in the next twenty-four hours or seconds of time. But, while that cannot be done for the individual, strange to say, it may be done for men in the mass.

A life insurance company will tell us that out of a certain number of men, whose names appear upon the records of the company during the year, so many will die. Sometimes the number dying will agree almost absolutely with the figures given in advance by the company; that is not because any one knows what man will die or what man will live, but because there is a certain law of life, or of death, if one prefers—a law of chances or averages which works its way out unerringly on the large group of men over a protracted period of time.

The figures of the life insurance company are based not on guess-work, but on law.

That gets me around to the first statement upon which the prophecy I am to make will rest. It is based upon four statements which can be made quickly.

The first is that we are part of a universe governed by

law. We are part of a great material creation under the sway of law. During a certain part of the year the planet Jupiter hangs a lambent flame in our southern skies. He appears four minutes earlier each evening and moves across the heavens in majestic splendor. One with a mere smattering knowledge of the heavens can tell us that Jupiter flung five times as far out into space from the Sun as we, and more than a thousand times as large as this Earth of ours, moves about his appointed orbit according to the same law of motion which applies to us.

Neptune, so far distant that the unaided eye is not able to detect him, swings about the Sun according to the same laws of motion and gravitation that apply to us.

Astronomers are a unit in believing that if some more powerful telescope should some day bring to light a still more distant planet than any now known to us it, too, would revolve about the Sun according to the everlasting law of planetary motion—that the cube of the distance of a planet from the Sun will be in direct proportion to the square of the time in which it makes its revolution about the Sun.

It is not doubted that the utmost star in the depths of space responds to gravitation by the same law that governs the Moon as it moves about the Earth.

The flower which blossoms forth in beauty does so in obedience to law, so does the stream that comes tumbling down the mountainside; they are part of a great physical universe governed by law.

My second statement is like unto the first. We are part of a moral and spiritual empire under the reign of law. It may be said, "You cannot prove that." My answer is, I do not have to prove it. I content myself by saying it. I am not required to prove it for the reason the objector himself believes it.

We know so little of the heart and soul of man that we

are not able to read the law in express terms, but the objector and I alike believe in it.

If we knew all that there is to be known about humanity we could predict the presence of mankind upon the battlefield of the future winning a victory for God and man with the same certainty by which an astronomer predicts a coming eclipse.

Humanity has moved onward and upward in obedience to God-given impulses which are working their way out in us and for us, in obedience to divinely ordained law.

My third statement is that the truth is immortal. At once I will be urged to proceed, giving no more attention to that statement, on the ground that it is accepted by everybody—doubted by none. But the contrary is true; there are those who deny it. As great a man as John Stuart Mill said: "There is no more immortality about truth than there is about error. If you stamp out every one who believes in error, your error is gone. Were you to stamp out every one who believes the truth, the truth would be gone. There is no more immortality about truth than error."

He then added: "Of course, the truth, being the truth, is liable to be rediscovered by another generation after you have stamped out every one who believes it." That is only another way of saying it is immortal. Its liability to rediscovery constitutes its immortality.

If every one who knows the multiplication table were to forget it, a new generation would begin the discovery of it tomorrow. The multiplication table would not be lost by losing every one who knew it. As the essence of mathematical truth, its rediscovery would begin at once. Therein we find the glorious difference between truth and error. The truth may go down in a fight, but it goes down always to rise again, while error goes down without one star of hope shining over its grave.

There is no resurrection for error. The truth, which is immortal, frees men; it is the only thing which has, and the one thing which always will, free humanity. Truth is immortal.

My fourth and last statement is that ours is the generation of childhood. I did not say children. Every generation has known children. It remained for our generation to discover childhood. The proof of that will be found in the fact that only recently has Congress awakened to the duty we owe to childhood. The same is true of state legislatures. Only lately have we had child welfare exhibits and medical inspection in our public schools. In a hundred ways it could be shown that ours is the generation of childhood.

It may not be out of place for me to say that the one thing in my own life of which I am proudest (I mean that part of my life in which the public has any interest) is that some years since, as a member of the Illinois Legislature, I was made a member of a special committee to draw up a child labor bill for the consideration of the Illinois House of Representatives, and my hand helped to write the bill, and my vote helped to make it a law, that closed the factories of Illinois to the little children of the State and opened the schools to their willing feet. I am more proud of that than any other service it has ever been my pleasure to render.

And now my prophecy:

Because we are a part of a universe governed by law; because we are a part of a moral and spiritual empire under the reign of law; because the truth is immortal and never can be lost, and because our generation has determined to protect the childhood of the race, the liquor traffic has to die. It runs contrary to the deep and abiding things which make for human progress.

No nation can deserve the respect of the world, cer-

tainly not of its own citizenship, if it willfully determines to forsake its childhood and womanhood, leaving them to the mercies of the liquor traffic.

The saloon has grown in power and influence in this country during the last half century, but there has never been a day of that time when it has been the deliberate purpose of the American people to foster the saloon. It will go whenever we can make the people think about it. The Flying Squadron came into the field to help bring about that result.

The futile objections offered by the liquor traffic to prohibition in State and Nation are strong proofs of the weakness of its position. They claim that our policy will violate the principles of personal liberty, whereas no such principle is at stake in the solution of the liquor problem. Each of us is entitled to as much personal liberty as he can enjoy without interfering with the rights of others. A child has a far better right to be well fed and clothed than his father has to get drunk. A wife has a better right to a home properly furnished than her husband has to spend for drink the money to which she is entitled.

No man has a right to spread disease. No man has a right to place in jeopardy the lives and health of the people of his community.

No man, in the name of personal liberty, can claim a right to be a drunkard or to make other men drunkards.

Those who defend the liquor traffic claim that prohibition deprives men of getting what they want—that citizens who desire to drink are not able to do so, for the reason they cannot find that which will satisfy their longings. Thus, according to their claim, prohibition interferes with the freedom of action and choice of the individual. In the next breath they set up the claim that prohibition is a failure, that instead of resulting in decreased consumption of drink more liquor is consumed in prohibition towns,

counties and States than in corresponding communities where liquor is sold.

If this be true, the citizen who lives in a prohibition community has more liberty than one who lives in a community where there is an open saloon.

If more liquor is handled and used where there is prohibition, those who wish to drink it, instead of finding their liberty abridged, discover that drink is easier to get than where the open saloon predominates.

Of course, these two positions taken by liquor advocates are flatly contradictory. If one is true, the other cannot be so.

We might go on through the list of objections which are offered, but why do so? They are not made in the hope of throwing light on the question, but rather to confuse the minds of the people, and are failing of their purpose.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the saloon sympathizers, county after county, State after State, are joining the dry column.

My prophecy is a true one. In State and in Nation the liquor traffic is to die, and is to die soon.

ELLA SEASS STEWART

MRS. ELLA SEASS STEWART is a native of Moultrie County, Illinois. Her father, Levi Seass, and her mother still live in the township in that county where he was born. Her paternal grandfather, Jacob Seass, was one of the early settlers in the same county. Her maternal grandfather, Nelson Powell, was a soldier in the Civil War, and one of her maternal grandfathers was Bushrod Henry, who established more Disciples' churches in Illinois, probably, than any other pioneer preacher of that religious body.

Mrs. Stewart first attended school at Arthur, Illinois. Later she was a student in the High School at Decatur, which was not far from her girlhood home. She was graduated from Eureka College, at Eureka, Illinois, taking both the classical and scientific courses. Later she attended the University of Michigan, and was graduated from that institution. Scarcely had she finished her school work until she began doing public work for the temperance and prohibition reform, and on behalf of woman suffrage, and she has remained a consistent advocate of both these causes. She and her husband, Oliver W. Stewart, were classmates at Eureka, and have been fellow-laborers in the many causes and organizations in which both believe. For many years she has been a member of the Board of Trustees of Eureka College.

Since removing to Chicago, Mrs. Stewart has taken an active interest in club life and work, and during her residence in that city she has served as Vice-President of the State W. C. T. U. and President of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association. This latter position Mrs. Stewart held until a short time before the enactment of the woman suffrage law by the legislature of Illinois. She has served also as Secretary of the National Equal Suffrage Association, and has spoken in almost every State in the Union.

She visited forty States with the Flying Squadron during its campaign, and spoke whenever called upon, filling the places of absent speakers in all three groups.

THE LIGHT FROM THE HEARTHSTONE.

A FEW months since there was issued in Washington a most interesting document—one which will have an honored place in the museums of the future and which will be treasured by historians as the landmark of a new governmental era.

This document was a bulletin issued by the great Government of the United States on the *Birth of a Baby.*

Its significance, as some one pertinently remarked, is in the fact that the National Government has arranged hereafter to *underwrite child rearing.*

When the organized women of the land, after years of work and disappointment, finally secured from a reluctant Congress the votes necessary to establish the Children's Bureau, and when, later, the President appointed as the head of this new department Miss Julia Lathrop, one of the great women of Illinois, perhaps neither Congress nor the President realized that the womanhood of the Nation had at last planted its foot in the crack of the governmental door, and that gradually it would have to open wide enough to admit her whole body.

I'm going to risk a prophecy that this humble, harmless, despised little Children's Bureau of the Government of the United States is the thin edge of the wedge which eventually will bring national woman suffrage and national prohibition, and it will produce other great governmental changes.

The idea that the child is the greatest national asset will modify the ideals of the Nation, as it has led to larger vision the great body of women who sponsored and finally succeeded in establishing this department of government. I propose to use my time on this program in discussing the phase of the drink question which appeals most strongly

to women. For I will confess that there is one phase of supreme importance to women as women.

A short time ago a group of men representing great business interests met in Chicago and discussed the saloon as a foe to business. One of the speakers said: "Let us leave the moral side of this question to the women and the preachers. We are interested in the business and economic phases of the problem."

For the moment I felt hurt—not so much at the old and rather contemptuous classification of "women and preachers," but it was the implication that women (and preachers) can evaluate the evils of drink and the liquor traffic only through the emotions. It was the mistaken notion that women can approach the discussion only from the personal side.

Business? Turn to the tax books of every State and behold how great a percentage of the public funds comes from the pockets of women taxpayers! And remember, Mr. Dry Taxpayer, that much of the money that goes to feed saloon jail-birds in every county and to support in penitentiaries and asylums the products of the saloon, the money that pays the cost of police courts and guards for saloon criminals, is money wrested from citizens who have been consulted neither about the tax levy nor about the saloon which, like a vampire, not only sucks the Nation's wealth, but destroys its moral fibre!

I wish that there might have been unrolled the lists of women stockholders in railroads and other corporations whose net earning power depends so much upon sober and efficient workmen.

Women are as much interested in business as men—both directly and indirectly. Whether they are stockholders or wives and daughters of men whose business suffers from incompetent and alcohol-logged workmen, or the wives and daughters of men injured in industry, or

of those whose earning power is lessened through drink, women can count the cost of alcohol in dollars and cents.

We have studied arithmetic—all of us—and thousands of us have studied higher mathematics. But one needs only the most elemental education to appreciate, for instance, the report of a commission recently appointed by the legislature of Massachusetts to investigate drunkenness.

After giving statistics of arrests for drunkenness that are appalling, the report says: "Four out of every five men so imprisoned were between the ages of seventeen and fifty, and therefore at the very period in life when their industrial output should be largest." These men, according to the report, at the very prime of life, lost over three hundred thousand working days (in one year and in one State), and probably an equal amount of time was lost in hunting work after release from prison. That means six hundred thousand lost days. A fair estimate of the lost wages is two dollars a day. That means, according to our woman's arithmetic, that the licensed drink cost the laboring man of the single State of Massachusetts the amazing sum of one million two hundred thousand dollars, besides what he actually spent for the liquor, and besides what other laboring men spent who did not get to jail.

Now, this is not the snap judgment of women and preachers, but from the official report of a commission appointed by a state legislature.

We might also remind business men that women are the distributors of the family income. The bulk of the consumption of the world's wealth centers in the home. Sixty per cent. of the working men live on forty dollars a month. The mother has the problem of making this pitiful wage cover food, clothing and shelter.

A member of the Illinois Legislature asked me last

spring, after our women down State had helped gloriously to vote out eleven hundred saloons, what I thought the result would be if the question were submitted in Chicago. I thought I would be very conservative. I said: "It would not carry the first time, but I should like to see it submitted, for the educational value of the campaign." I mentioned our great foreign population, speaking forty-seven languages, only one-fourth of us being native. "Well," he said, "I'm not so sure that the result wouldn't be the same as down state, now that the women can vote on the question, for I've figured it out this way: The average wage in Chicago is not over fifteen dollars a week. The mother has to make that fifteen dollars pay for the rent, the milk, the groceries, the heat and light, the clothes and school books. She may wish money for the dentist and doctor and for all sorts of things needed and desired by the family. If her husband is just a moderate drinker he will pay two dollars a week for liquor. I don't care what country that woman was born in, when she faces that mathematical problem in the quiet of that secret polling booth she is very likely to vote that two dollars into the family treasury instead of the saloon keeper's strong-box."

Perhaps this isn't pure mathematics after all. It may get around to the emotional and personal equation, and so I will accept the role assigned me by the business men, and am going to make my argument from the moral standpoint and by the light that shines from the hearthstone.

But I want you to remember that women today can compute all the mathematical problems connected with the legalized saloon; as scientists they can perform the experiments which prove the poisonous character of alcohol; as trained statisticians they can compile the tables which show the connection of alcohol with crime, degeneracy and poverty. From the operating table and hospital wards they can trace the contributions of alcohol to the

corroding diseases of vice; as the predominating factors in charitable organizations they can add the testimony of sociologists, and as factors in government, active or potential, they can observe the baneful political encroachments of the saloon.

In all these aspects of the problem men and women see alike, or may at least learn to see alike.

But there is a reason why women should hate the saloon beyond the hatred of men for it, and that is because, in nature, they are Mothers. And, being Mothers, actual or potential, human life is the most valuable thing in the world to them.

The reason why humanity is staggering under this burden of drink today is that we have been living, up to the present, in a man-made world. Men have had the power to protect in law and custom the vices they love. Men have also idolized and protected property. On account of the division of labor which men have assigned themselves in this world men have learned to think in terms of property. On account of their traditional duties and experiences, women think in terms of life.

Now, I do not blame men alone for this sad state in which we find ourselves. Women have been too passive. They have too meekly played the part assigned—of weeping and enduring. They have not used to its full power their indirect influence, and when armed with the vote they have not yet exerted their whole strength.

Too many women have been selfish and indifferent, and too many have reasoned that the saloon question is a governmental question and, therefore, a man's question, outside the realm of women's activity.

Both men and women have been guilty, and the race has paid the penalty. The main thing now is for both men and women to solve this problem together, supplementing

each other's intelligence and ideals, and working out a better social order.

This fundamental difference in the point of view of men and women has been brought out many times during the years the club women were working for the National Child Bureau, and in state legislatures where women have been working for the adoption of child welfare measures.

Each Congress has appropriated large sums to the Bureau of Plant and Animal Industry, to encourage the study of the scientific culture of pigs and sheep, to eradicate hog cholera, beetles, scales, chinch bugs, ticks, moths and locusts; but it started the Child Bureau off with a pitiful appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, and the next year even tried to cut that off.

But the mother-spirit of our Nation is now awake and is demanding to know by accurate vital statistics if it is true that three hundred thousand babies die annually in their first year. And why? Is it heredity? Bad housing? Unclean air? Is it because the mothers are in industry? If so, why are they there? How many are deserted wives?

When the causes of infant mortality are ferreted out by Miss Lathrop and her assistants in the National Child Bureau, Alcohol will have to come into court.

Then comes Child Labor. Why are there nearly two million children toiling for gain today in sweat-shops, mills, stores, factories and cotton fields who ought to be in school or at play? Robbed of their childhood, stunted in mind and body, they die in swarms; they become nervous wrecks and are thrown upon the industrial scrap heap before they come to the age of maturity. Or, later, they fill reformatories, asylums and penitentiaries because they have never had a fair chance and a square deal.

We ask why six hundred thousand children are illiterate. We demand that the Government take as much interest in

the Home, and war as energetically against its enemies, as it has been warring against the enemies of the hen coop and the pig sty.

And when the Government issues its bulletin on the American Home it will have to indict the legalized saloon as the arch enemy of the Home. That is why I prophesied that this harmless little Child Bureau would be the entering wedge for National Prohibition.

An ancient prophet preached: "Build ye your cities for your little ones."

If the city builders, from the days when nomadic tribes began to settle and group their shacks and wigwams for mutual benefit down to these days of cities that fling out their hundreds of miles of concrete and stone to bound their teeming populations—if all city builders had followed this vision of the prophet, humanity would be farther on its way to glory. But, on the other hand, it would seem that the average city had been builded without the expectation that a child were ever to breathe its polluted air, to play in its stony and treeless streets, to stifle in its shambles of poverty, to be defrauded of sunlight by its skyscrapers and dark tenements, to be shocked and polluted by its greed, by its brutality, by its profanity and crime, to be scorched by its red-light district and trapped by its gambling dens and saloons.

I am glad for a new study put in our school courses on City Planning. I am glad for the new books coming to our libraries urging the building or making over of cities to provide for wide and clean streets, with shade and flowers, for landscape gardening applied to towns and cities, for good sewage and garbage systems, for parks and playgrounds and libraries and clean air. All these movements are in the right direction. We want the same standards for the city, on the side of cleanliness, order and beauty,

that we have for the individual home—a place beautiful and fit to receive and environ a new-born soul.

The new standards of our city home which are being fostered today are identical with the standards of the individual home. On the physical side, comfort, beauty, order, cleanliness, sanitation, fresh air. A good housekeeper scorns the contrast between an ornate parlor and a cockroachy kitchen or malodorous basement. She repudiates the incongruity of a grassy, terraced front yard and a back yard full of tin cans and refuse. So the city visioned by the prophet is not the city with fancy boulevards and filthy alleys—a so-called residence district and slum district; churches by the dozens and saloons by the hundreds. What is a city? An aggregation of homes, and the child is the heart of the home.

So the chief business of cities is to clothe, feed, keep healthy, educate, give joy to and develop to worthy manhood and womanhood the ever-renewed fountain of life that wells up within it. To this end wheels turn and shuttles fly, inventions crystallize, men and women buy and sell, and coin their muscle and brain power. "Build ye your cities for your little ones." That is the standard we must come to. No institution should be permitted to exist which is detrimental to childhood.

Now, the first great and fundamental right of the child is to good parentage. The new science of Eugenics is coming to the aid of Prohibition. At the International Eugenic Congress, held in London recently, figures were quoted which showed that out of three thousand two hundred seventy-two children examined who were afflicted with hysteria, epilepsy or idiocy that the father had been an excessive drinker in one thousand one hundred and fifty-six cases, the mother in one hundred, and in fifty-three both parents were drunkards. Saleeby, the great Eugenic scientist, says that of all evils at work to-day against

parenthood, and therefore against the child, I should put alcohol and its evil effects first. He said: "To the many charges against alcohol made by the champions of life in the past, let it be added that it is the most potent ally of the most loathsome diseases that afflict mankind."

Vice and drink go hand in hand. A few years ago a commission was appointed to investigate vice conditions in the city of Chicago, and to make recommendations. That report is the most scientific document that has ever been presented to any legislative body. Dean Sumner was the chairman of that commission. He has said repeatedly that the investigation of that commission opened his eyes to the evils of the saloon, and this representative body of investigators reported that vice could never be stamped out of the city as long as the legalized saloon remains. They are Saimese twins.

Some grim devil has invented the fiction that the sowing of wild oats is an expected pastime of young men. Statistics of hospital wards and institutions for defectives show that the pitiful harvest of that sowing is reaped by the innocent wives, by babies blinded or with rotten bones and spoiled brains.

A girl who wishes to protect her own safety will avoid alcohol and choose for her children's father the one whose life is as clean as her own. The saloon steals the birthright of childhood—the right to health, the right to clean blood and clear brains.

The second right of a child is to a home—not an institution, not just a place to stay, but a real home—to human comforts and to love. The saloon gets that which should be spent for necessities. The children's milk is cut off before the father's drink, while love and respect die in the drink-cursed home. It becomes degraded, a charnel house of dead hopes and departed purity.

Judge Gemmill, while judge of the Chicago Court of

Domestic Relations, voluntarily published a report stating that of the homes broken up, the wreckage of which was cast up in his Court, forty-two per cent. was caused by drink. There are four thousand wife desertions reported annually to our Chicago Bureau of Charities. Drink is the principal cause. The families become wholly or semi-pauperized. Mothers, who must add the duty of bread-winner, go to work in factories or at the wash tub. The children are under-nourished. The older ones run the streets, where a careless community permits a bewildering maze of perils to childhood. Later they turn up in the juvenile court and fill reformatories. A volume of eight hundred and thirty pages has just been printed by Dr. Healy, of the Psychopathic Institute of the Juvenile Court of Chicago, who has been studying the causes of juvenile crime. He has made a careful study of one thousand cases, and, as might be expected, Dr. Healy adds his testimony to that of other scientists as to the evil effects of alcohol on the social and individual life. He says: "If we could with one blow do away with the use of alcohol, the number of annual convictions would be reduced by one-fifth."

Then, again, the city that is built for little ones should have safe streets.

The time has passed when children can be kept in the house with mother—out of harm's way. There was a time when all the women and all the children stayed at home. That was the pioneer home of our ancestors—that home that was at the same time home, factory and school. Most of the schooling that the children got was what they received from their mother or the itinerant tutor, and they were about her knees and grew to help her as she spun, dyed, wove and manufactured cloth into garments, as she pickled and smoked the meat, quilted, canned, made soap and performed all the industries necessary to feed and clothe the body.

Two great changes in civilization broke up that combination. First, the industrial change—for with the invention of labor-saving machinery those ancient spinning wheels and looms changed to the great cotton and woolen mills of today, the soap barrels went to the soap factory, the family oven became the steam bakery and millions of women had to follow these machines to the factory to earn their children's bread.

Then, at about the same time, the State began to claim the children for education. So, after the baby is six, the mother can no longer shelter it at home. It must go out on the street—to school. It must begin to take its part in the social order. Oh, those streets through which your tender, innocent baby's feet have to be set! If the rough cobble stones and the disease-breeding refuse and the dangerous crossings were the only perils on those streets, built almost entirely, up to the present time, by the fathers of little children! But, alas! If many of these little ones had met their death only by street cars and automobiles and trains and by smoke and dirt, the grief would not have made lines so deep and plaintive in helpless mothers' faces. But the traps that caught their feet, and the manholes that swallowed them up, and the cesspools that strangled them, have been the immoral influences set free on those streets and even fostered by the voting community—saloons and gambling dens and brothels and a thousand minor influences for evil that help to nullify the pure influence of the home and of the mother.

In my city there are thousands of homes that are tenements of two and three rooms, so overcrowded with family and necessary boarders that the children must go to the streets to play and the adolescents to the movies and dance halls, or the sidewalks, for the recreation which youth craves and should have. What will future generations think of an organized body of adults—most of them pa-

rents—setting these traps for the innocent and unwary, for just those human beings who should be the chief object of the city's solicitude—the boys and girls of today?

I wonder how any mother can resist the call to service in these great movements for home protection! For if men hate the saloon today because it is the foe of business, a dead weight on industry, the antithesis of civilization, a social excrescence and the shame of government, every woman should hate the saloon for every known reason that man does—and one in addition which overshadows all the others added together, and that reason is that the saloon mocks their sacrifice and nullifies their supreme contribution to the world—human life.

No sensible woman today says, "My house is my home." She knows that the city is her home, and the county and State. She cannot have a safe individual home if the city is unsafe. So she must seek to extend the pure influences of her home into the community life. She knows that there are hundreds of things outside the four square walls of her home which make for its peace and happiness or for its failure and degradation. And every woman must learn to value all flesh by the price she has paid for her own children, and remove the stumbling blocks from the paths of every woman's child. So she will learn to fight this racial foe as she would fight war and pestilence.

No one has better expressed the mother love which is to become universally potent in the solution of these problems than has Olive Schreiner in a discussion on Woman and War, and the high and noble reason that she gives for woman's hatred of war is just the reason why every good woman hates the saloon. She says:

"Men have made boomerangs, bows, swords or guns with which to destroy one another; we have made the men who destroyed and were destroyed. We have in all ages produced at an enormous cost the primal munition of war,

without which no other would exist. There is no battlefield on earth, howsoever covered with slain, which it has not cost the women of the race more in actual bloodshed and anguish to supply than it has cost the men who lie there. We pay the first cost on all human life.

"There is, perhaps, no woman, whether she has borne children or be merely potentially a child-bearer, who could look down upon a battlefield covered with slain but the thought would rise in her, 'So many mothers' sons! So many bodies brought into the world to lie there! So many months of weariness and pain while bones and muscles were shaped within! So many hours of anguish and struggle that breath might be! So many baby mouths drawing life at woman's breasts—all this, that men might lie with glazed eyeballs, and swollen faces, and fixed, blue, unclosed mouths, and great limbs tossed thus; that an acre of ground might be manured with human flesh; that next year's grass or poppies may spring up greener and redder where they have lain, or that the sand of a plain may have the glint of white bones!'

"And we cry, 'Without an inexorable cause, this must not be!' No woman who is a woman says of a human body, 'It is nothing.'

"On that day when the woman takes her place beside the man in governance and arrangement of external affairs of her race will also be the day that heralds the death of war as a means of arranging human differences. And this will not be because with the sexual function of maternity goes a deeper moral insight or a loftier type of social instinct than that which accompanies the paternal. Men have in all ages led as nobly as women in many paths of heroic virtue and toward the higher social sympathies; in certain ages, being freer and more widely cultured, they have led further and better.

"It is not because of her superior virtue that she will

end war when her voice is fully and clearly heard in the governance of states—it is because on this one point the knowledge of woman is superior to that of man; she knows the history of human flesh; she knows its cost; he does not.

"In a besieged city it might well happen that men in the streets might seize upon statues and marble carvings from public buildings and galleries and hurl them in to stop the breaches made in their ramparts by the enemy, merely because they came first to hand, not valuing them more than had they been paving-stones. One man, however, could not do this—the sculptor.

"Men's bodies are our woman's works of art. Given us the power to control, we will never carelessly throw them in to fill up the gaps in human relationships made by international ambitions and greeds. The thought would never come to us as women, 'Cast in men's bodies; settle the thing so.'

"It is in the domain of war that we, the bearers of men's bodies, who supply its most valuable munition, who, not amid the clamor and ardor of battle, but singly and alone, with a three-in-the-morning courage, shed our blood and face death that the battlefield might have its food; it is we who, in the domain of war, have our word to say, a word no man can say for us. It is our intention to enter into the domain of war and to labor there till, in the course of generations, we have extinguished it."

So, also, will women war against alcohol, the great race destroyer and despoiler.

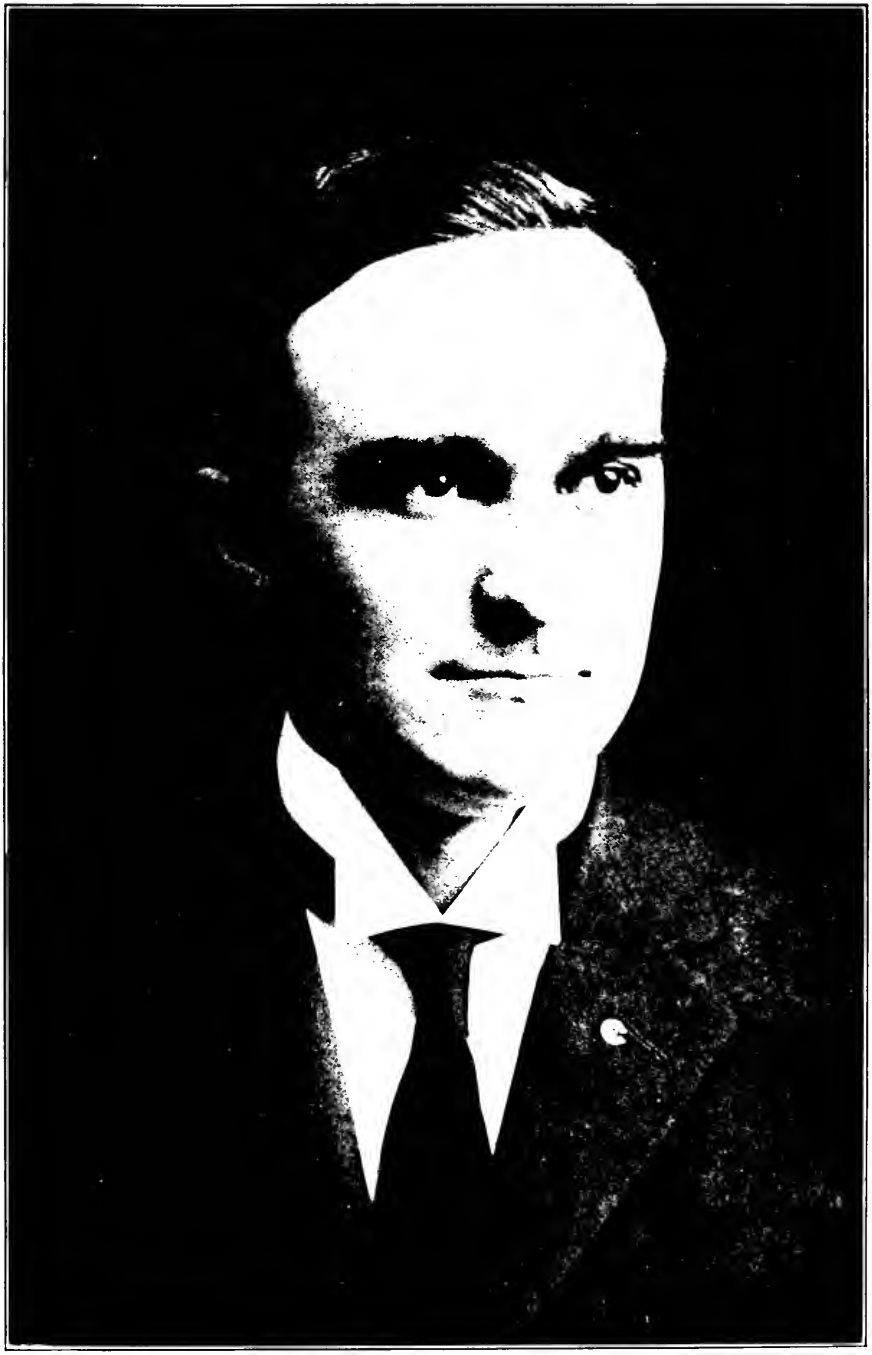
However great the loss to the sorrowful mothers of sons now lying dead on European battlefields, they will be upheld by some sense of the necessity for it or sentiments of patriotism and heroism. Thousands have died in purity and in the morning of noble idealisms.

But what recompense is there to the mothers of those

mowed down by the law-protected batteries of alcohol as they lie in pitiful graves with their distorted features, rotted brains and lost souls?

My sisters, is there a cause that needs you more than this—to make paths safe for little feet? I regret that there are some women who say, "I have no interest in this question because I have a happy home and a good husband and strong sons." In other words, "I have food, clothing and shelter and happiness, so why should I worry about those who have not? I'm contented." Contented—in a world crying for help—in a time that is taxing the world's thinkers? Satisfied—while our prisons are full of those who are shamed by preventable crime? Contented—while hospitals are full of preventable suffering? Contented—while all this great world's work remains to be done? Cold, self-centered, unawakened. Thank God, there is a vaster number, as I believe, of those who are ready to lift their share of this load—who are willing to begin building cities for the little ones, who would dedicate their motherhood to the larger service of making the world more homelike.

DANIEL A. POLING



INHERENTLY a leader, Daniel A. Poling is a speaker of commanding eloquence and personal force. He was born in Portland, Oregon, November 30, 1884. Graduating from Dallas College in 1904, he became Traveling Secretary of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association for two years and has been National Vice-President of the organization since.

In 1908 he became the leader of the Ohio Christian Endeavor Union, serving as General Secretary for six years. He also served as General Secretary of Young People's Work of the United Evangelical Church for two years.

In addition to the Vice-Presidency of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association he is at the present time General Secretary of the Ohio Christian Endeavor Union and member of the Executive Committee of the American Scientific Temperance Federation; a member of the Managing Board of Young People's Work, United Evangelical Church; editor of a young people's paper; President of the American Advance Publishing Company; President's Associate and National Citizenship Superintendent of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and President of the National Temperance Council.

There is probably no man in the country so intensely and universally loved and respected by the Christian young people as Daniel A. Poling. Big in heart and ideals, in love with life, gifted with rare ability, "on fire for God and right," and able to stir others with the same emotion, himself "every inch a man," he has gripped the hearts of thousands of young and old throughout the country and given to them a clearer and bigger vision of true Christian citizenship.

A practical student of the liquor problem and a fighter of the traffic, he knows the very heart of the anti-liquor conflict and struggles—legislative, municipal and constitutional—and its corrupting hand in city and state.

But thirty years of age, the American continent has become his parish. He has traveled three hundred and fifty thousand

miles, delivered four thousand and seventy-five addresses, and has spoken to more than four millions of people in the United States and in the Canadian provinces.

A member of the Executive Committee of the Flying Squadron, and Secretary thereof from the hour of its inception to the close of its campaign, he bore a high and commanding part in the great work it wrought. His appeal to the young people of the Nation will have a profound impress upon the lives of all who heard him. Great as his labor has been, his work has scarcely yet begun. That which he has wrought is but the preparation for the ripe years that stretch beyond.

THE CHALLENGE OF PATRIOTISM.

AMERICA faces today the mightiest domestic and foreign problems of her eventful history. Industrial unrest, the extremes of individualism, paternalism and communism, the masterful questions of our great cities, the hunger crisis, the grinding of racial strata—the problems of these and of others beyond numbering seethe in the cauldron of domestic unrest.

Without, the world rocks in an abysmal struggle of elemental hates. Some empires and kingdoms will fall, all will be made desolate, robbed of treasure, wasted of brain and brawn. And when the clouds of war finally lift, what a spectacle! Europe a bleeding, a repellant waste! He is not an idle dreamer who says that when Mars, blood-gutted, falls asleep upon the plains of Flanders, the eyes of the bondaged and oppressed will turn as turns the morning flower toward the sun—will turn as turned the eyes of Israel toward the "Promised Land"—toward the Republic safely set upon a continent between the mightiest oceans of the earth; a Republic in herself sufficient for every hunger of mankind.

It is as plainly written as the decalogue that beneath the flag first raised by Washington, now fixed on high, by a united and never-to-be-estranged people, shall be the burning out of the ancient dross of despotism in the white fires of freedom—shall be the melting of the nations and the welding of the races.

For this world mission, for this divine destiny—to heal the war sore of the earth, and to build the future better than the past—America needs every man at his best.

Men and women as citizens are the product of four environments—the physical, the moral, the industrial, and the political.

A physical incompetent, by superior qualities of the unconquerable soul, may lift himself out of the chains of disease and pain and make his fellows his debtors. But no man will

deny me when I say that that which makes for physical incompetency is an enemy of the State.

A moral incompetent cannot be a good citizen.

An industrial incompetent cannot be a good citizen.

A political incompetent cannot be a good citizen.

I submit to you that the liquor institution is the supreme tangible foe of the State, because it is the supreme positive promoter of physical, moral, industrial and political incompetency. The call of the temperance and prohibition reform is the challenge of highest patriotism.

Millions of citizens, men and women, immediately vital to the national and world program of this Republic, cannot be at their best until the liquor institution is destroyed. Other and unborn millions are physically, morally, industrially and politically pre-damned by the eugenic taint of alcohol. *And America needs every man at his best!*

On four counts, then—as the shackler of bodies, as the despoiler of morals, as the impoverisher of industry, and as the corrupter of government—I indict the liquor institution and arraign it in the high court of patriotism. On the accumulated and unimpeachable testimony of the centuries I demand the verdict of *guilty* with no recommendation of mercy. In the name of the dead, the living, and the unborn, I ask for the maximum sentence, State-wide, Nation-wide, World-wide Prohibition!

What is alcohol? Its friends say that it is a stimulant and a liquid food. We submit that alcohol is the greatest physical menace of the race.

Modern science declares that it has yet to be proved that the heart muscle can be stimulated by alcohol; that alcohol is a narcotic, water-absorbing, anesthetic drug—a poison. It must be classed with opium, cocaine, morphine and other appetite-forming drugs. It cannot be taken into the human system with any degree of frequency without deterioration to the human tissue, and it affects maliciously all cell life. One

drink of intoxicating liquor disturbs the disease-germ-destroying white blood cells of the body—until they stagger. With the germs of typhoid striking in on the bowels, with tuberculosis germs striking in on the lungs, the sluggish, impoverished white corpuscles of the drinker's blood are insufficient for their task and fail in the hour of physical crisis. Thus it is that pneumonia has a death mortgage on the drunkard! Thus it is that the so-called moderate drinker has but one chance in two for recovery from disease and for long life, as compared with the total abstainer.

Plants watered with alcohol languish and die. A guinea pig from a vigorous litter fed upon alcoholized food, if it lives at all, is stunted and inferior. Should it propagate, its descendants are invariably sickly and short-lived.

In infant mortality, Bavaria, the greatest beer-drinking principality on the globe, leads the world. The French government, in scientific campaigns against its declining birth rate, discovered and officially reported that the birth rate was lowest in those divisions of the Republic where the per capita consumption of light wine was the highest.

Science has demonstrated, first in the laboratories of Germany and later in the university and private laboratories of our own country, that one dram of alcohol, the equivalent of one drink of whisky, *may* so affect the eye that the power to distinguish color is lost, the ability to distinguish reds being first destroyed. One drink of whisky taken by an engineer before going out on his run may plunge a train into an open switch! And engineers have testified truthfully that they *saw* no red light when it was conclusively proven that it was set against them.

There is abroad in the land a modern fallacy that beer drinking and the drinking of milder liquors generally should be less seriously regarded than the consumption of the distilled and more violent intoxicants. *Fallacy,* I say, for the fact that the immediate effects of the lighter drinks are less radical on

body and mind invites larger consumption, "guzzling." The continuous debauch takes the place of the periodical sprees, and all the while an appetite is being strengthened that eventually the most violent beverage will not satisfy. I am persuaded that beer drinking in the United States is even a greater menace than whisky drinking—in the final reckoning there will be no distinction made.

Emerson said: "Anything that is against nature will be destroyed." Alcohol as a beverage, alcohol as an internal medicine, is against nature and will be destroyed.

Prohibition is patriotic because Prohibition is a scientific movement against physical incompetency.

The liquor institution is the despoiler of morals. Morality is a composite of religion and education. There can be no morality without religion and the only effective morality is an educated, positive morality. Morality is militant.

The home, the school and the church constitute civilization's great moral triangle. The liquor institution is either the friend of the home, the school, and the church, or it is the enemy of these.

The saloon does not make fathers and mothers more affectionate, but it does rob hundreds of thousands of children of sober parents; it does brand a million helpless babies with the name, "a drunkard's child." Liquor does not put pictures on the wall or put bread and meat in the larder, but it does create at least three hundred and fifty thousand child laborers by impairing or cutting off entirely the earning power of the natural provider. The fact that a father has lost his job through drink does not signify that his children have lost their appetite.

The liquor institution does not make child rearing easier, motherhood happier, but it does fill sweatshops with mothers who with bleeding fingers toil for bread, and it does make pensions for mothers imperative in every State of the Union.

The liquor institution educates no children but the children

of the liquor dealer, but it does close the door of the public school to hundreds of thousands of boys and girls, and for other thousands it bars the road to higher education.

Prohibition Kansas had last year, in proportion to population, more high school graduates and more young men and women in colleges and universities than any other State of the Union, than any other country of the world!

The liquor institution has never conducted a revival meeting, but it has damned a billion souls, for "no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven."

The liquor institution has never raised a family altar, and no prayers have even been offered for God to make more saloons and more saloon keepers, more drunkards and drunkards' wives and drunkards' children, but prayers as numberless as the sands of the seashore have risen to the Throne that the drunkard shop be closed forever. And they will continue to rise until the prayer-answering God, through the holy ballots of His people, makes final reply.

The liquor institution robs men of the power to distinguish between right and wrong. It excites and maddens the passions. Thus it becomes the real principle in unnumbered acts of violence for which men languish in prison, die by the hangman's noose or in the electric chair.

The liquor institution robs men of reason, perverts judgment, and weakens the will. Thus it levies an unspeakable tribute upon the master passion of the race, and gives to the trafficker in women and girls his chief weapon. It is the big brother of the brothel, and when daughters are seduced and ruined, alcohol is generally partner to the crime. Scarcely ever is there a rape fiend without a bottle. Jane Addams endorses the statement that the white slave traffic as an institution could not exist for ten days in this country without the liquor traffic.

The liquor institution makes men and women morally unfit, and thus undermines the whole social order. It blunts first

the finer instincts, even as it first destroys the more delicate and last formed cells of the body. It robs society not generally of the baser, but more frequently of the best.

Men who ruled empires and the world have fallen before their drink appetite—Alexander died in a drunken debauch at thirty-three.

Many brave souls who opened the road of freedom for others have not been able to break for themselves the alcohol bondage.

The liquor institution is the enemy of the home, the enemy of the school, and the arch foe of the church. It is the moral crime of the centuries, and Prohibition is patriotic because it will destroy this great moral despoiler.

The economic stability of the State is in the hand of toil, and the liquor institution is the impoverisher of industry. It impairs the working efficiency of labor; it decreases the purchasing power of the American home to the extent of at least seventy per cent. of the more than two-billion-dollar annual drink bill of the United States. It robs labor directly of a large proportion of his just share in industrial profits, for it gives to labor less than ninety dollars of every one million dollars of capital invested, while the average for all other industries is five hundred dollars for every one million dollars of capital invested. It makes for cheap labor, for it is responsible for thousands of women who stand in the burden-bearing places of men, and it is the begetter of child slavery.

The liquor traffic is an unfair business competitor, for it deals with a habit-forming drug that drives its victims to spend all of their substance for that which satisfies not, for that which leaves the consumer in an infinitely worse state than he was before. It impoverishes society.

The liquor institution is the recipient of unfair and exorbitant profits and all of its financial returns are at the expense of the legitimate industries of the community. Liquor money is generally bread money, shoe money, and money that ought

to be spent for clothing, money that would naturally have gone to buy the necessities and comforts of life.

Release the drink bill of the United States, and it will immediately begin to do three things—to supply the saloon's victims with the necessities and comforts of life, to upbuild and strengthen the honest industries that create for society necessities and comforts, and to return to the laborer a larger share of the earnings of his toil.

The liquor institution is the father of two-thirds of the unpaid bills that merchants mark off at the close of every year, and the chief reason why children are hungry and scantily clad.

The only thing that a drink of whisky ever suggests is another drink of whisky. Whisky never suggested to a drunkard that he buy shoes for his children or furniture for his house, but it has suggested to creatures, once men, that they take the shoes from the feet of their babies, the furniture from their scantily supplied house, to buy more whisky. Society, if society is not to be impoverished, must receive an honest return for an honest investment. This is the sound law of the finished product by which we judge every honest business of the community.

The saloon is an industrial parasite, feeding off of society and returning to society no good thing. "It is not a business, it is a crime." The revenue the liquor institution promises the State is not one thirty-fifth of that which it steals from the State, and all the little it seems to give is quickly devoured by its maimed and impoverished, its imbecile and criminal. The financial drain of the liquor institution upon the government has not yet been computed.

Prohibition is patriotic because it is the proved friend of labor and capital, and because it makes society industrially consistent by applying to the liquor institution the sound economic laws of wealth and waste, business and crime, that are everywhere applied to all other institutions of the State. Pro-

hibition is patriotic because it strikes a tremendous blow against industrial incompetency, because it destroys society's great industrial impoverisher.

That which makes for the physical, moral and industrial incompetency of citizens makes for the corruption of politics and for bad government. The liquor institution is therefore the most dangerous, the supreme corrupter of government; for it, more than any other institution, makes for physical, industrial and moral incompetency. It goes without argument that other things being equal, a man physically weak cannot serve the State as well as a physically strong man. Ignorance, demoralizing home life, poverty, immorality and irreligion are the most insidious foes of good government.

The liquor institution thrusts the State to its very vitals when it tampers with the electorate. And in the hollow of the liquor hand is the corrupted and corruptible vote of the Republic. The liquor traffic not only corrupts the voter, but having corrupted him, holds him for barter. Whenever great interests desire to secure friendly legislation at the expense of the people, they form at once a thieving partnership with the saloon.

The destiny of this Republic, the perpetuity of every worthy institution of our past and our future greatness, rest upon the political system handed down to us from the fathers—a system changed from time to time to meet the requirements of larger freedom, and advancing truth, but a system always lofty in theory and benign in practice. For this system we are now responsible.

The liquor traffic in all the years of its political power has never made an honest vote for a worthy cause. Today it stands convicted in every great city of the Nation of unnumbered political frauds and as the corrupter and would-be destroyer of our whole plan of government. It respects no law that stands between it and financial gain; it is the red-mawed anarchist of them all.

The supreme arraignment that I bring in patriotism against the saloon I bring in its own declaration, "Prohibition does not prohibit." Who wants Prohibition to fail? Who is directly responsible in every instance when prohibition laws are violated? How long will we tolerate in the State this bloody-handed defier of order?

Rome did not die for the lack of college and public games, for the want of culture and refined society, or because she had no army or navy. Rome died when she rotted at the heart. Rome committed moral and political suicide! Then her enemies came out of the north—the unspoiled Goths and Vandals from the wilderness. They overran her boulevards, they tumbled down her arches and temples, they crumpled her failing shields, they slew her sons, they led her daughters into captivity, and trailed her proud eagles in the dust—then Rome died!

I fear no yellow peril today, I fear no foe that may embark from a foreign shore to do us hurt; I fear this foe *within*—this shackler of bodies, this impoverisher of industry, this moral despoiler, this corrupter of government.

Prohibition is patriotic because it makes for a sober, industrious, prosperous citizenship, an intelligent, educated electorate; because it unhands the chief corrupter of politics; because it removes the progenitor of the political incompetent.

The supreme question before the citizen of the United States is: Shall this government assume a proper attitude upon the issue that in its physical, industrial, moral and political phases is unspeakably greater and more immediately vital than any other question now before the electorate?

We stand for National Constitutional Prohibition. Lift the shout until it shakes the earth and crumbles the last rum battlement—"A Saloonless Nation by 1920, the three hundredth year from the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth."

But let us not forget that statutory legislation and constitutional amendments are helpless in the hands of unfriendly

and indifferent political administrations. Prohibitory law is mandatory law, and mandatory law is a tool, not an automatic machine. A tool must be used. An axe calls for a man to wield it. Prohibition demands an administration that will enforce it.

Government is not by law alone, for government by law alone is anarchy. Government is not by administration alone, for government by administration alone is tyranny. *Worthy government is by law and administration.*

Through a series of bitter defeats, having been often deceived, we have come to the place of political wisdom and today as never before in the history of the temperance reform the uniting Prohibitionists of the country are commanding: "Our laws shall declare Prohibition, and our political parties and public officials shall be held responsible for the enforcing of Prohibition."

"We stand for National Constitutional Prohibition," entrusted to a political administration outspokenly committed to the amendment and to the statutory legislation that must everywhere be enacted and enforced to make the amendment effective.

The enlistment pledge of the Flying Squadron of America has caught the imagination of the country. Tens of thousands of men and women with uplifted hands clenched into fists have already announced: "We stand for the National Prohibition of the liquor traffic; on this issue we fight—whenever an executive officer, a politician, or a political party prefers the liquor traffic above public morals, such men must be set aside and such parties abandoned."

This is the morning of a great political judgment day—a day when men and organizations are being weighed and when many are found to be wanting, but a day when fearless, patriotic statesmen are leading the people into a new Promised Land. Never again will a congressman be elected in the United States without declaring himself either for or against

National Prohibition. There will never be another general election in this country without the recognition of the fact on the part of the people that Prohibition is the paramount issue before the electorate.

Here then is the challenge of patriotism—*America needs every man at his best!* Give America clear minds, strong bodies, and unspoiled souls, and she will meet and solve every problem of her present and future as she has met successfully every great problem of her glorious past. But the liquor traffic will give to the armies of her national progress trembling limbs, blinded eyes, poverty of purse and of soul, and hearts that are too frail to pump the blood of mighty deeds.

It is written in the plan of God for the ages that America shall not fail. The liquor traffic, her most insidious foe, is an unmitigated evil and must be destroyed!

Are the progress armies of the great Republic less patriotic than the armies of Europe? The armies of Europe have banished intoxicants.

Is America less patriotic than China? China has banished opium.

Is America less patriotic than Russia? Russia has banished vodka.

Is America less patriotic than France? France has banished absinthe. NO.

The patriotism of the United States will banish the liquor traffic.

This father of crooked and imbecile children, this procurer of vice districts, this resourceful enemy of the home, of the school and of the church, this corrupter of men and of institutions, this "great destroyer" has ridden far and ridden long, but he now rides to a fatal fall.

Shall the property cries of those who have coined into money and builded into houses the hearts of widows and orphans and the souls of drunkards, deter the Nation that from the North and from the South poured its treasure and

its sons into the furnace of fratricidal strife, that a single torch of truth might be set aflame?

No! This Nation will not be deterred, and there will be no compensation. Rather, if the liquor institution continues to retard justice by corrupting the electorate while it impoverishes the children of the State, let there be confiscation!

Shall the cry of personal liberty turn aside the marching legions that have seen the white faces of their sisters from the barred windows of alcohol-fed brothels, that have looked upon the rum-shackled bodies of their brothers? Shall that perfidious cry delay the sons of sires who counted no liberty dear enough to hold, who gave up all when "suppliant freedom called," and "the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard 'round the world"?

No!

We will not be turned aside. And we will not delay.

Personal liberty must be subordinate to public weal.

Shall we hold the gift too precious or the price too great to pay?

When the demon of the ages, reeking-mawed, disputes the way?

No! Ten thousand times No!

There is no agency on earth or in hell strong enough to deliver the liquor institution from its just doom. The only power that could strike the fast descending sword of retribution from the avenging hand of this Republic is the power of Almighty God. *And that power is on the other side!*

Then strike, comrades of the long war, strike!
Strike through your blinding tears,
Strike with the passion of the years.
Strike till the rum foe disappears;
It shall not stand.
"Strike till the last armed foe expires,
Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land."

MOTHERS OF MEN.

The Mystery.

Ah, lad with questioning eyes of deepest brown
  Uplifted to your mother's wondrous face;
With chubby arms that draw the dear head down,
  And frame the smile that lights this blessed place;
    What is the question in your tousled head?
You rest a moment from your sturdy play,
  And nestle quiet in the comfort of her breast;
Your parted, ruby lips—what would they say
  If they could tell the wonder of your boy heart's quest,
    If they could lift the latch where only thoughts
      may tread?

Ah, lad, a moment cradled in your mother's arms,
  Unmindful of your busy world, and bent
Upon the search for that which stills your child alarms,—
  This is the richest boon that heaven sent;
    This is God's bravest gift, His choicest good.
I, too, have watched your mother's wondrous face,
  Transfigured by the love that gave you birth,
Her hand in mine, she journeyed back through space;
  Then in her eyes I saw a glory not of earth;
    My son, this mystery is Motherhood.

WOMEN compose music, but they are not musicians; they paint pictures, but they are not artists; they find new stars, but they are not astronomers; they chart the rocks, but they are not geologists; they heal the sick, but they are not physicians; they superintend the schools of great cities, but they are not educators; they enter with success well-nigh every department of human endeavor, but they are not administrators; they glorify the pulpit, but they are not preachers; they exert a healthy influence on politics, but

they are not politicians; they contribute largely toward the solution of problems among nations, but they are not statesmen; they enter constructively every field of reform, but they are not reformers. Always they are the *Mothers of Men.*

Concerning "Votes for Women" the womanhood of the twentieth century is divided into three groups,—Suffragists, Anti-Suffragists, and the numerically greatest group, the indifferent. Either of the two contending groups, to succeed finally, must make positive the potential and win to action the indifferent.

I am not a prophet, but as a plain reader of history I know that success invariably comes to the positive, constructive movement. In their beginnings, the great reforms of history have been cries of protest, uprisings of denunciation; men have been merely against the existing order. But in the sure evolution of liberty, even when the final period of evolution has been revolution, before the last consummation of any freedom, a forward goal has been set, mental and spiritual attitudes have become positive, a constructive program has been declared, and the battlecry has been changed from "Don't" to "Do."

The suffrage movement is positive and constructive. The breaking down of the walls of indifference is close at hand. Final and complete triumph is inevitable, and it is not far away.

But the masculine mind approaches the feminist movement with inquiry and suspicion. He is a rash man who attempts to analyze a woman's mind, to invade with even friendly intent the sanctity of a woman's soul. It is my purpose to tread only a sure path. I would not engage in metaphysical research and philosophical dissertation. I would answer the question of a man's mind with a man's answer.

You would say, the feminist movement is woman's quest for life—larger, fuller, more abundant life; it is the inexorable evolution of a woman's soul; it is the world-old struggle of

personality to realize itself. But with statements such as these men grope in utter darkness. I search for the man's answer to a man's question.

Education is the hope of woman-suffrage. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Millions think they are opposed to woman-suffrage, when, by every finer instinct of their natures, they are not.

To answer the masculine question, "Why this feminist movement?" I must know woman's dominating impulse, her supreme motive, her consuming passion. And I say, without fear of contradiction, that whether she bears children of her own, or mothers another's, or mothers a community or a state, or a reform, or the world, the dominating impulse of womanhood is the mother impulse, her motive is the mother motive, her passion is the mother passion. Always it is the impulse, the passion of motherhood—that her sons and daughters, the sons and daughters of the race, shall be clean, well-bodied, of unspoiled soul, and worthy.

You ask me where I found the answer? The winds did not carry it to me. I did not read it in the stars. I saw it first in my mother's eyes, but then it was altogether a mystery. I found it in the brave eyes of the matchless woman, when with uncovered soul she came back to me from the valley of the shadow of death, bearing our first-born. There in life's holy of holies, with heaven embattled all about, I found the answer. But I did not understand, I did not fathom it, for it is given to no man fully to understand.

> "The greatest battle that ever was fought,
> Shall I tell you where and when?
> On the maps of the world you will find it not;—
> 'T was fought by the mothers of men."

'T was fought by uncrowned womanhood; who, when the clouds of battle hung heavy o'er the land, drew from bleeding

finger-tips the food for babes at home; who have stood with Spartan fortitude, unbowing, through a thousand gales of compromise; from whose wombs have sprung the empires of freedom, and at whose breasts have nursed the soldiers of liberty and the leaders of every righteous cause since time began; mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts, who have kindled and rekindled in the hearts of men the fires of truth and patriotism; who, with the mingled light of devotion and sacrifice shining from their eyes, have sent their sons and loved ones on fields of blood and greater fields of peace, courageous down to war.

Let no man say that the cry of womanhood is a sudden cry, the expression of a whim, the utterance of a desire just formed. We are at the concentric point of many generations; this is the conclusion of ages. For the good of the race, womanhood did not ask for the ballot one generation too soon.

She has tried every other way. She has turned her heart and hand to many promising devices. Bravely she has struggled through the long darkness of prejudice in men and tradition in women. Having tested her footing throughly, she knows that her face is set in the only way.

She has borne the iniquities of the double standard; she has gathered up the broken bodies of her sons from off the plains of war; she has watched the virtue of her daughters burning at the stake of man's lust; she has been a beast of burden and a slave of passion. From the day of Noah's great debauch to this year of our Lord she has seen the race struggle down the years beneath its drunken load; she has wept; she has prayed; she has petitioned; she has been a clinging vine; she has wooed; she has gone to the last ditch with sacrifice. To the unequal struggle she has brought every resource of her sex. And she has not failed. Against unnumbered handicaps she has greatly prevailed. *And she will prevail!* Today her marching legions are on the Plains of Abraham; tomorrow the city falls.

I have no quarrel with the man who says that woman's sphere is the home. Nor have you. I have no quarrel with the man who declares that the home sphere is big enough to command woman's whole life. *I agree.* But what of the at least seven million women in industry, that have no homes, and what are the bounds of the modern home? What of the seven million women driven by necessity, under conditions arising in a masculine government, into public life? "It is to protect the home by protecting themselves that these workers outside the home, whether yet conscious of the fact or not, need the ballot."

And what are we going to do with the Constitution of the United States where it declares in Amendment XIV, Section 1, "All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States," etc.?

It will take more than a sex prejudice finally to abridge freedom; it will take more than a sex tradition finally to defeat liberty. And let us remember that a government *of* and *for* the people can not be *by* the people while half the people are debarred. I hope that I am enough a man to refuse any conspiracy of ignorance or prejudice that would continue the political condition by which women are classed with criminals and aliens.

To say that women differ from men, that the spheres of the two sexes are distinct, is to state the very fundamental reason for woman-suffrage. I yield to no man in my appreciation of those distinctive attributes of womanhood that have made her the creature of song and story, the adoration of brave knights, and always earth's holiest inspiration to all true masculine hearts. But as the words run in a fantastic tale, "True, we are as you say, creatures of the air. True, we are born with wings. But didn't we have to come down to earth to eat and

sleep, to love, to marry, and to bear our young?" Men cannot think for women; men cannot adequately act for women; the most chivalrous men cannot rightly defend the rights of women, and the most cosmopolitan men are not able fully to supply the physical, mental, and spiritual necessities of women. It has been well said: "Men cannot contribute woman's wisdom to the solution of public problems because they do not possess it. And of their legislation without woman's aid, much is folly, and more, a mere one-eyed wisdom." Mrs. Pankhurst, for protesting—militantly, I grant—but for protesting against a condition against which her soul revolted made herself liable to a sentence of fourteen years. On one of her many days of arraignment she appeared in a court where a fiend, convicted of an unspeakable crime against a little girl twelve years old, receiving the maximum sentence for his offense, was returned to prison for two years. We do not approve of militant methods, but that does not blind our eyes to the horrible shadows of such a contrast.

Women are imperatively needed in the struggle for the solution of life's big problems. And in the fight for human progress where they so gladly join is it the part of chivalry or wisdom to admit them short of fully armed?

But the master motive and passion of womanhood, the mother motive, the mother passion—what of it? The sphere of womanhood *is* the home, and to the ears of true women in comparison with the home, all other things are *as the challenge of the incidental.*

But here again we are confronted by the facts and conditions of society, society as it is today. We have come out of the past, and the present is different! Agreeing that woman's sphere is the home, what is the modern home? What are its present bounds? "The modern home is not a harem, shut away from life around it." And certainly it is not now as it was in the days when the narrow confines of a settler cabin and clearing contained it. "The modern home is a link

in the chain of modern society, and as such is exposed to every peril which confronts society." It is surrounded by the food-doper, the peddler of poisonous drugs, the exploiter of child toilers, and the cheapener of labor, by organized prostitution and the red-mawed liquor traffic. In combating these perils men need the help "which wise, courageous women want to give and which all women owe."

"Man with instincts more largely selfish, has overemphasized his symbol of power, the dollar. Woman, intuitive, keener of conscience, surer of moral vision, and larger of human sympathy, is trying to shift the emphasis upon humanity. Nature's balance will be struck when male and female work together."

Yesterday the grain from which the family flour was ground grew on the home acres, was ground in the home mill, and mother baked the great round loaves in the home oven. Today the grain grows in a thousand far-away fields, is ground in any one of ten thousand distant mills, and baked into loaves by any pair of ten thousand more or less cleanly hands.

Yesterday mother made William's suit and Sarah's dress from flax grown, gathered, cured, corded, spun, woven, designed, cut, and fashioned—all within a loud halloo of the kitchen stoop. Today, perhaps a haggard-eyed consumptive fighting for bread and breath in a crowded sweat-shop of a distant city, with bleeding fingers, bending close her poor diseased eyes, hastily stitched together the little dress your baby wears.

Yesterday the children gathered in the great kitchen and played charades, or romped under the orchard trees in Black Man and King William, or, in hours of rare abandon, they danced "Skipt-to-ma-loo." Today, every child of the city is menaced by the dance-hall, the summer garden, the low theater, and a hundred other public places of questionable and worse than questionable amusements.

Yesterday we went to school on the hill where the schoolhouse roof was red, the shutters green, and the rule was the rule of three, and where no child was ever spoiled because Solomon's warning was not heeded. Today our children find, on the road that leads to knowledge, car-tracks, and diphtheria, the whims of an ever-changing educational system, and, in not a few instances, the procurers of vice districts.

Yesterday mother settled the child-labor problem with her slipper: today the solution of it is at the end of a long road that leads by oyster-beds and cotton-mills, through factories and into deep mines.

The problems of a minimum and living wage for women and the traffic called white slavery are creatures of the home's modern environment, and the answers to their questions must be present-tense answers.

And the liquor traffic, the home's fiercest, concrete foe, stands in the road that leads to the ultimate solution of every one of the vital, social, economic, moral, and political problems of this tremendous human crisis. *And it is driven out of the way only by the ballot.*

Woman suffrage has no more unrelenting enemy than the liquor traffic; the enfranchisement of womanhood must become a fact in government in spite of the liquor traffic. Call "John Barleycorn" all the hard names in the vocabulary of decency and patriotism save one—never call him a fool. Jack London in his compelling story, "John Barleycorn," written in the form of an autobiography, relates that he rode down from his California ranch to vote for woman-suffrage, because he knew that it would be another weapon for the smiting of the liquor traffic. And let no suffragists make the mistake of silence in the hope of placating the "trade." May the day speedily come when every woman's club, every female organization, in the United States, will stand outspokenly for a saloonless Nation.

Yes, the home is woman's sphere. Not the home as it was—

the home as it is. Not the simple, shaded path of yesterday, but a toiler's rugged road that leads from the door-stoop into every department of human endeavor, through every phase of society's unrest, and that girdles the globe. *For today the four posts of the home are the four corners of the earth.*

Let us face the issue squarely. A great militant question challenges the women of the race. It rises from sweat-shops, and factories, and brothels, and mines, and molten furnaces. It is the cry of the city and it is the cry of the town. This is the question: *"What are you going to do about it?"*

There are two possible answers to the question. One is the answer of tradition, and the answer of tradition is that woman's political helplessness is her power, that woman's weakness is her strength. The method that this answer suggests, is, in the last analysis, the method of seduction. Not necessarily, not generally, gross, immoral seduction, but the seduction of smiles and tears, the seduction of the wheedler and the clinging vine.

The other answer is the answer of woman's strength, and it opens the road of equality by which, in all the complexities of modern life, the sexes shall complement each other.

Shall it be a resolution or a vote? I would rather have my wife and mother and sisters and daughter go into the polling-booth with a clean American ballot than to the political boss, with tearful intercessions—a political boss who would very likely have eyes for only their physical charms.

Which of the two answers is the fair, clean, honest one? Which is the American answer? Which is the right answer?

What is society? *Who* are society? Government ought to be society's best expression of itself. It cannot be if society's morally better part does not speak. What is *government,* in the last analysis? Government is an institution of laws, powers, functions, and spirit. And how is government achieved? No man has ever weighed a prayer, or fathomed a tear, or

valued a smile; but government is not by tears, nor prayers, nor smiles—government is by *votes.*

Prayers as numberless as the sands on the seashore have reached the Almighty's throne, supplicating the destruction of the liquor traffic. An ocean of tears has flowed, a billion hearts have broken; all the wiles of frantic mothers ready to sell their lives, if not to give their souls, have been employed that saloon doors might be closed forever, and today the rum institution still rests in the protecting shelter of a masculine dollar sign. *Only by stainless ballots shall we ever achieve a stainless flag.* When the women of America are granted the voting-priviliges of citizenship, we will bury the liquor traffic beneath an avalanche of votes, deeper than the foundations of the earth!

But enthusiasm must not lead us into unwarranted hopes. Woman's suffrage will not solve at once all the ills of the race. It is hardly fair to require women to correct in a few decades the accumulated masculine mistakes of uncounted generations. They will commit follies; they will make mistakes; they will go astray. Even we of the "superior" sex have committed political follies, made mistakes, and gone astray. "Democracy is at best a succession of stumbles forward. But democracy is society's last recourse, since all other philosophies of government have been tried and found wanting." And without votes for women democracy is an attempt to walk by hopping on one leg.

But let no one think that suffrage where it is in the process of demonstration is a failure. *In the State of Washington at least nine progressive laws must be credited largely to woman-suffrage, in Oregon twelve, in Utah thirteen, in Colorado sixteen, in Idaho nine, in Wyoming nine, and in California nineteen. These laws have to do with the home, the school, reform institutions and asylums, juvenile courts, pure foods and drugs, working conditions of men, women, and

*This was the legislative situation in the suffrage States in 1914.

children, public health and morals, conservation of natural resources, and the greatest conservation of all—the conservation of humanity. In nearly all of the suffrage States the age of consent has been raised to eighteen years. It is hard to realize that in some instances it used to be as low as seven years, and that it is still as low as twelve years in a few States.

The blows of woman-suffrage fall naturally for humanity's uplift. Woman-suffrage strikes and will strike against child labor and white slavery, for mothers' pensions and vocational training in public schools, for the establishment of public parks and for the shortening to a proper length of the hours of toil. And it will speed the day when women will say to men, in the words of Dean Sumner of Chicago: "No longer shall you exploit my sex in vicious marriage selection. Children of women no longer shall be compelled to suffer with blind eyes, twisted limbs, and idiotic brains because of the sins of their fathers." The double standard of morality must go, and the immoral dance and immodest dress, leading reasons why boys go wrong, must not survive.

But I am charged with unfairness. Have I not ignored many of the strong, direct arguments against woman-suffrage? Thus far I have tried to deal with basic principles. A mass of incidental contentions I have brushed aside.

Should the responsibilities of the vote be thrust upon women who do not want it, who are opposed to having it? Yes, if woman-suffrage is right. The only time a male citizen has any right deliberately to remain away from the polls is when the candidates or principles before the people give him no opportunity to express himself, do not in any way represent him. *Even then it is a tragedy.* Any citizen who stays away from the polls for any other reason than conscience or physical disability should be temporarily disfranchised. We who enjoy for ourselves and our children the benefits of a free government are required by the moral law, and ought to be required

by the law of the land, to pay the price of our liberties. *Only thus can worthy government survive.*

Will not men lose the spirit of chivalry when we disturb the so-called balance of the sexes? Had I less confidence in true manhood, I might concede the point.

As to women serving on juries, they have from the beginning handed down the most vital judgments of the race, and as rulers, from the standpoint of administration, I know of no queens in history who altogether failed. Many succeeded in spite of frightful odds. Even Cleopatra was less a failure than Antony. She did not desert her country.

Men have been woefully slow in discovering that women, to whom by common consent is delegated the major portion of the moral, religious, educational, and patriotic training of the youth, are actually deprived of the one practical textbook by which the vital lessons of citizenship are taught.

We will agree with Mrs. LaFollette that "the training of the children is the peculiar province of women." And the complexities of modern life are increasing tremendously the burden of womanhood at this most strategic point. To a greater or less extent every man of the twentieth century is a traveling man, an itinerant. And when he is at home, he isn't at home. He is off in the morning before the children are up, and without what used to be an American institution—the family altar (God pity us for the loss of it; God speed the day of its return). He takes his lunch down-town or out of a basket by the side of the track, and reaches home at night after the little ones are tucked away. This is the daily schedule of the average masculine American.

Thus far we have demanded of women, in the training of our sons for citizenship, that they not only carry the greater portion of the load, but that they give what they themselves do not possess, that they impart what they themselves have not received. That mothers have borne and reared presidents and other honorable men in spite of the terrific handicap is a

glorious evidence of the power of womanhood, but a very mean argument to use against suffrage.

We must remember, too, that when a husband and wife do not grow together, they grow apart. In proportion as husband and wife have mutual interests, the years bind their hearts and blend their lives. The privileges and responsibilities of citizenship have and should have a large place in the development of the normal man, and men and women will not be so well mated as the Creator intended they should be until women are men's co-partners in the state.

As to the great economic questions of the hour, the tariff for instance, it is not hard to concede to women the same degree of aptitude and knowledge manifested by the average masculine statesman of present-day public life.

John Kendrick Bangs says that the polling-place is not a fit place for women to enter—when only men are around; and I agree.

Women have led personally some of the mightiest movements in human progress. Recall Joan of Arc, Mary Lyon, Frances Willard, Mrs. Stevens, and Jane Addams. Women have been the fountainheads of every great movement; they have borne the soldiers of every reform, the captains of every emancipation; and this is greater than the bearing of arms.

But be careful how you apply the test of "bravest bravery," my masculine interrogator. I have come up through the cosmopolitan school of the average American young man. I have seen courage, the courage of the gridiron and the hunt, the courage that beards the character-assassin in his political lair of graft, the courage that marches in khaki, beneath streaming banners and behind pounding drums, and I have seen the courage of the humdrum—the rarest of all; but I never saw courage until a brown-eyed bit of feminine pure gold, brave enough to say "Yes" when I wooed her in an old Ohio homestead—the mother of my children, God bless her! —showed it to me.

Do you insist that I go to the inexorable end with my argument? Do you say, Equal at the polls, then equal in toil, equal in vices? *When true womanhood carries a hod, she carries it with all the dignity of a queen;* but where true men are, she will never again carry a hod. Equal in vices. No *man* says that, for God made true womanhood different.

And now I have reached my last question. It was the last question I faced before I surrendered to woman-suffrage. By easy stages I had passed the place where I said, When *all* women or a *great majority* of them, want the ballot, then they ought to have it. The smaller questions and objections no longer troubled me, but this very real problem confronted me: Will suffrage defeminize women? Will it take away the tender touch, render coarse the soft note, dry the tear of sympathy, and deaden the mother heart? Had I been compelled to find an affirmative answer to this question, no power could make me urge "votes for women."

Last summer I went home—back to the old home. Back where a great city stands by a beautiful Oregon river and a snow-crowned mountain looks down from a sapphire sky. It was the Fourth of July, and there was a parade. I have seen many parades, many Fourth of July parades. I have seen many parades in that, my native city. One that I remember especially I viewed from my father's shoulder, when the President came to town. But east or west or north or south I had never before seen a Fourth of July parade like that parade.

First in line came the city's "blue-coats," filling the street. Following the battalion of police walked with head erect the mayor, and under his arm was a *Bible!* Behind the mayor walked the more than one hundred boys of his Sunday school class, and each lad carried a Bible. Behind the marching boys came a military band playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and behind the band trudged and sang twelve thousand men, women, and children from the Sunday schools of Portland, Oregon. A Fourth of July parade? Yes. And the reason?

A few months before, for the first time in history, the women of Portland voted. They went to the polls and elected a reform administration. They swept the city clean. My mother and my sister helped. Father cast his one vote, and the women of his family cast their two! The great, good men of the city had tried again and again. Standing alone they had failed. The day that saw women vote for the first time in the metropolis of Oregon was Portland's great emancipation day.

That night I went to bed in the old home, and by my side slept a little fellow, bearing my name and carrying my blood in his veins. Just such a little fellow as I was before I grew up and went away. Midnight came, and I had not slept. My heart was stirred by a hundred emotions, and my mind was memory's picture gallery. Then across the threshhold of the quiet room swept, soft as an angel, a figure in white. The cold comes down at night in the Northwest. No sweltering there through sleepless, humid terrors! Mother feared that I might be uncovered and chilled in my sleep. Often she had found me thus. Close by my bed she came, and in the dim moonlight that crept under the blinds I saw her stooping low. I closed my eyes. I felt her fingers touch the coverlet. She tucked it deftly—then a pause—and then, as light as a breath from the Milky Way, her lips brushed my forehead. *Mother, voting citizen of Oregon, had not changed.*

Today she is as tender as ever, as true and brave and pure and wise as ever. But she is stronger now, and more potent. She is a ruler in a city and a State. Her voice is a voice that counts and is counted. Where yesterday it spoke only to plead, today it speaks, for every interest of home and country, with authority.

And so here is the conclusion of the whole matter. The ballot will be a weapon of uplift and freedom in the brave hands of the Mothers of Men. It will smite the greed that capitalizes childhood; it will open a way out of cotton-fields, factories, and mines into God's open country of birds and

flowers; and it will swing wide the barred doors of knowledge. It will beat back the avarice that makes women barren, the red light of shame will grow dim before it, and the iniquitious double standard of morals will not prevail against it. It will strike for pure foods and drugs, for a minimum and living wage, and for the new freedom that makes no man a despot and every man a king.

It will hear first the call of life, and when it has heard that call the battlements of gold will not be able to withstand it. It will protect the defenseless and weak, and the strong will feel its thrust only when strength is mean and power vicious.

When its day has fully come, the nations will no longer tremble beneath the tread of armies marching down to war, for the soldier-bearing women of the world will overthrow the bloody altar of Mars, and tomorrow those who today bear arms for kings and emperors will carry the benign burdens of a constructive and universal peace.

It will be an all-powerful weapon, for it is the love weapon of the world; it will not fail, for in the hand that grasps it is the passion of motherhood, and in the arm that wields it is the strength of the Lord God of hosts.

THE DAWN OF NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

THERE is a challenge in circumstances. Challenged by the difficult, men accomplish the difficult. Confronted by that which is seemingly impossible, in the drive of a great crisis, men achieve the "impossible." When liberty is at stake and truth crushed to earth, omnipotence opens the way, supermen overturn the thrones of wrong, and set their brothers free.

On July 9, 1386, the knights of ancient Switzerland stood in the shadows of their icy mountains, surrounded by their foreign oppressors, and outnumbered. The patriots were unarmed save for flails and scythes. To the left, to the right, and in front of the devoted company were the unyielding enemy, and behind towered the frozen crags which no man could scale. There was no way of escape. Switzerland was doomed to die.

But in that dark hour one man found himself. Arnold von Winkelried leaped from the midst of his neighbors, cast himself upon the cold steel of the foe, gathered a dozen spears into his breast, bore them to the earth, and died, and as he died he cried, "Make way for liberty!" History writes that over the prostrate form of that heroic martyr and down the narrow lane thus made his neighbors marched with flail and scythe to liberty. The cantons of Switzerland are free today because *one man,* challenged by a stupendous circumstance, matched his body and soul against an empire, accomplished the "impossible," and found freedom for his people.

Today the temperance forces of the United States are challenged by unparalleled circumstances. It was the challenge of the difficult that the men heard who met in a room of the historic Neil House in Columbus, Ohio, in November, 1913, to organize the Flying Squadron of America; it was indeed the challenge of the difficult, for these men were not strangers to the risks of the fight. But it was also a challenge

born of a passionate desire, a consuming passion, and an ever-enlarging faith.

In high courage they made their plans for a campaign of continuous public meetings reaching every State of the Union and presenting in every State capital, in every great university center, and in every other strategic city of the Republic, the message of National Prohibition. With calm deliberateness they wrought a dream, the fulfillment of which would see accomplished a speaking tour without parallel in the history of the platform of the world. And with devotion to truth unsurpassed, they agreed to go on, though voices might fail, though bodies might break, though the savings of a lifetime might be swept away; they agreed to go on, though life itself should finally be demanded as a ransom for freedom upon the altar of the Alcohol Moloch.

And then before the day's work was counted as done, these men went on their knees about a small table in the room that tradition says was once occupied by Abraham Lincoln, and in fervent prayer lifted their movement and themselves to the throne of all-wisdom and all-power.

The country read the record of that day, studied its plan, and said, "The thing cannot be done. These men are fools. That which they have banded themselves together to accomplish is physically, financially and mentally impossible."

But today the vision first seen by a little group in Columbus, Ohio, is a finished work. The Flying Squadron of America has demonstrated the humanly-speaking impossible, and has accomplished that whereunto it was sent. With wrecks in front of it, and wash-outs behind it, with disease often threatening it, with financial disaster never far away, conquering seven frozen mountain ranges, crossing and recrossing the continent in the dead of winter, the Flying Squadron has gone on to the last meeting of its schedule, failing to reach not a single city of its planned program. We know today that

it could not fail, because the issue of its fight was fixed in Heaven, and its destiny was in the hand of God.

But it was not only the challenge of the difficult that the Flying Squadron heard. It was also the challenge of the unparalleled reinforcements, marshalled from every department of organized society. The army of science, that brands alcohol as a poison; the forces of industry, that name him a foe of labor and an impoverisher of business; religion, that puts on him the mark of Cain; and patriotism, that brands him as a traitor to the State,—today march openly under the white flag of Prohibition.

And out of all the challenges that inspire the hearts of those who labor for the annihilation of the liquor traffic, the most inspiring, and the most convincing, is found in the challenge of the allied reforms. However men may disagree in plan, policy and method, as to the solution of the liquor problem, all who labor today in the general field of reform for the strengthening of the State and for the building of a better civilization, are unanimously agreed that the liquor traffic is the enemy of the people, and all are fast coming to believe that no great humanitarian problem of the hour can be finally solved until the liquor question is finally answered.

Today we face the foe of our common humanity with the inexorable facts of science, political economy, law and politics. With the white light of philanthropy, religion and patriotism, we illuminate his last hiding places. Today John Barleycorn, no longer able to cover himself with the cloaks of ignorance and falsehood, snarls out from every problem that challenges an outraged society to a finish-fight.

The problem of the American city waits for the solution of the liquor problem, and upon the solution of the problem of the American city rests the future of the American Republic. Ancient empires generally dated the beginning of their decline and fall from that period which saw the people coming up from the country into the town and city. We have reached

that period in our National development. The corrupted and corruptible vote of the United States is quite generally in the great congested districts of our country, and always in the hollow of the liquor hand. New York and Chicago will not round up their gun-men and their other crime parasites, until they shut down the rendezvous and breeding places of the crime parasite—the saloon.

Judge Anderson of Indiana said, in pronouncing sentence upon the political leaders of Terre Haute, Indiana, convicted of high crimes against the city and state they had sworn to honestly serve, that nearly all of the political corruption of Terre Haute came out of the saloons of Terre Haute, and he concluded his remarkable statement by declaring that he believed the American people would rise up and "smash" the American saloon.

The vice district and the slum, the cheap boarding house where voters are colonized, and the illiteracy that ward heelers connive in, will not pass until the brewers' place in politics is declared permanently vacant by the ballots of decency.

We believe that it is established in the mind of God that America shall not fail. We believe that the patriotism of the western hemisphere will solve the problem of the city—that problem for which ancient civilization found no solution. Therefore we are fully persuaded that the last saloon will go out of business under the Stars and Stripes.

The solution of the problem of child labor waits on the solution of the liquor problem. We do not solve the problem of child labor by taking children out of the factories and mines. In many instances, by so doing we only intensify it. Society solves no vital problem when it confines its efforts to dealing with effects. We must be wise enough to see causes, and brave enough to strike down the institutions that have so large a harvest of crime, poverty and misery.

Are children in factories and in mines because they prefer dark factories to well lighted schoolrooms, because they prefer

deep, damp mines to ample playgrounds, under the trees, in God's open air, of birds and flowers? No. They toil for bread; they labor for clothing, and in many instances they enter the ranks of industry to support those who by every claim of organized society and civilization are bound to support them.

Why are these children in industry? At least three hundred and fifty thousand of the more than two million child laborers of the United States are suffering industrial abuse today as the direct result of the liquor traffic. Industrial prohibition is becoming increasingly a fact in every State in the Union. Big Business declares that the drinker is not efficient, and that his is an unsafe hand and brain to entrust with complicated machinery. "He is the first man to be laid off. He is the last man to be taken on." Because the drinking habits of the natural provider have forced him out of industry, his children must slave or starve.

Do you believe in pensions for mothers? We believe that today? Do you see this piteous army staggering up to Judgment—an army of innocents, legions of children, broken, stunted, idiotic, with the hollows of the factories in their cheeks, and the pit-marks of inherited evil tendencies in their souls. Some day I will come into the presence of the Galilean's "little ones." Some day I will appear before the Throne of the Judge of the earth, whose Son is the Master Baby-lover of the world. I want no blood on my hands then, and I want no empty hands. I must be able to feel that I have done one man's full share toward the solution of this problem. The liquor traffic of the United States is as doomed as Judas Iscariot was when he betrayed the living Christ, because the liquor traffic stands in the middle of the road of childhood.

Do you believe in pensions for mothers? We believe that the State must somehow provide for needy, worthy mothers. The nation that does not make provision for its child-bearing women has no regard for its own self-preservation. We believe in pensions for mothers, and we also fight for the destruc-

tion of the traffic that, more than any other one thing, is responsible for the conditions that make such pensions imperative in every State of our Union.

The problem of the high cost of living waits on the solution of the liquor problem. We can tinker with the tariff till doomsday, and not begin to solve the problem of the high cost of living, until we solve the liquor problem of this country. America must snatch from the thieving, murderous fist of John Barleycorn its annual drink bill of more than two billion and a quarter of a million dollars. Release this amount—twice the national debt of the country; twice the federal expenses of the country for one year; roundly stated, more than five times the amount invested annually in the public school system of the country—release it to the support of honest trade, and give it back to the purchasing hands of the American home, and the cornucopias of prosperity will shower temporal blessings upon the people.

The challenge of the allied reforms is constructive, and the particular challenge that called the Flying Squadron into the field was a constructive challenge. The program of the Flying Squadron is militantly educational and calls for united action on the part of all existing temperance organizations. We must not forget, in these stirring days of successful political activity, the fundamental place of education in every reform.

In general the Nation understands that drunkenness is a menace, that the rum institution is a tremendous barrier in the progress road of humanity. But we do not yet thoroughly understand the commanding position of the liquor traffic in politics. We have not yet clearly enough seen its insidious grip on public affairs. We have not yet fathomed the wellnigh hopeless amalgamation of the liquor problem with the grave industrial problems that constitute the mightiest economic crisis in the history of the Republic, and we have not

yet agreed upon campaign plans for final united political action against the entrenched forces of the American saloon.

"My people perish for the lack of knowledge." And it is as prophetic of reform as it is true of religion, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." The truth, the whole truth, about alcohol and the liquor institution, must be continuously told. The message of prohibition reform must be spoken in all languages and it must be adapted to every class and order of society.

It is possible to present the very truth in such a way, with so narrow and so vindicative a spirit, as to sacrifice it in the house of its friends. The ancient Pharisee was logically and theologically correct, but the ancient Pharisee was condemned —not because he was correct, and not because he announced the truth as he saw it, but because of the manner in which he proclaimed his own virtues. "The letter killeth but the spirit maketh alive."

It is not enough, in these tremendous days of reform, that an organization should be correct in theory. An organization spirit may be so unappreciative of the sincerity and purposes of others, and so condemnatory of the opinions of its natural allies, that the truth it represents repels rather than attracts. Every organization must see clearly that it is part of a mighty whole.

The Nation is in travail today for more than a complete and perfect theory of government. The Nation is in travail today for a practical application of the truth, for the destruction of the liquor traffic.

The Flying Squadron of American applied to prohibition reform—practical psychology—and moved forward in the conviction that it is not necessary that men agree in all particulars, in order that they go together in full length of their common agreement. The Flying Squadron found a point of contact, a platform of unity, and brushing aside the petty things of detail, and the minor contentions of plan and policy,

moved forward, brothers and sisters, in a common cause, with the militant declaration, "We stand for the National Prohibition of the liquor traffic."

For two hundred thirty-seven speaking days this organization, as we believe divinely called, has demonstrated to the Nation and the world the value of united action against the liquor traffic.

No emphasis on education as applied to the temperance movement would be complete without appreciation frankly expressed for the comprehensive, world-wide educational work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. These mothers and sisters of the white ribbon, have never forgotten the sound educational basis of all constructive reform, and when men in the excitement and fury of political campaigns have forgotten, the consecrated women of the land, without failing to fully engage in every political campaign, have held fast the message of information and inspiration. Here a little and there a little, in public schools and private, in Sunday schools and in the home, these women have told the truth about alcohol and the liquor traffic, scientifically and attractively, and with all the passionate devotion of the mother soul. And they have not failed. Today fighting generations of sons and daughters, born of the womb, instructed of the mind and inspired of the heart of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, are pressing the battle for Nation-wide and State-wide Prohibition, to the last gates of the enemy.

My mother wears over her heart a bow of white. By her side I first learned the truth, and over her knees as a holy anvil was forged the first sword of my prohibition fighting.

Some day, when this cruel war is over, and when its story is more fully told; some day, when all the pages are brought together and bound into books, we will discover that more pages are devoted to reciting the achievements of the "White Ribboners" of the world than are given over to telling the story of any other organization in this stupendous conflict.

But I would be untrue to my conception of the major motive of the campaign for "A Saloonless Nation, a Sober People, and a Stainless Flag," were I to fail of delivering my own soul in answering the question, 'Why the campaign of the Flying Squadron?"

In the last analysis, the American people will settle with the liquor traffic on the high plane of decency, morality and religion. If I were convinced that the saloon paid revenue into the treasury, that it brought financial gain to the community, I would still cry, Prohibition.

My reasons for engaging in this Holy War are of flesh and bone and blood and soul. My reasons are my children, for whom I must give an account, not only to the State, but to God. My reasons are not only the children of my own loins, but your children as well, for to the limit of my strength as a man, and my influence as a citizen, I am responsible for the last child of this Republic.

May God forgive us, for some day we will not be able to forgive ourselves! In the fifteenth year of the twentieth century after Christ, we still stand thwarted by an institution that succeeds only, and that can only succeed, at the expense of humanity. When I feel my voice failing, my mind tiring, and my body breaking, I go home and look into the faces of those who call me by that holiest name that a man may ever know, and then, with the blood coursing hot through my veins again, with a new fire in my bones, I come back rededicated to the fight for the ending of the institution whose prosperity is the disaster of childhood, whose triumph is the destruction of the bodies and souls of little children.

Do not tell me that the liquor traffic makes for the survival of the fittest, that it leavens the social lump, that it cuts out the inferiors, that the strong renew and add to their strength by conquering its temptation. Pardon me, but that is a lie! The liquor traffic takes out of society the bravest, the brawniest, the brainiest, the best. The meanest man I ever knew

never touched a drop of liquor, while one of the very noblest and most unselfish spirits I have ever known, was broken of mind and body, and finally damned of soul, by liquor. Oh, the shame of it! He and I have whipped trout streams together; we have slept under a single rubber blanket, and under the stars of the open heavens together. And as I look back across the years and remember, I know that if ever men fought for the soul of another man, we fought for his soul—and we lost! He never found himself. His mother needed him, and died because she could not have him. His baby son needed him, and never saw him. His country needed him, but whisky took him and broke him and ground him.

After I have spent any considerable length of time in discussing the economic and legal phases of the beverage alcohol question, I feel like asking God and the people to forgive me. The murderer of my friends, the would-be seducer of my children, is the thing I hate. It is an institution that with the last slight strength of my being I will fight until it is utterly destroyed out of civilization.

A short time ago in Springfield, Illinois, I visited for the first time the tomb of our greatest American. I was led behind the iron gate that guards the entrance to this American holy of holies, and for a moment I stood beside the spot beneath which is the sacred dust of Abraham Lincoln. I do not apologize for the tears that I shed, while my soul became vocal and cried: "The liquor traffic is as doomed today in the United States of America as slavery was when Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation."

Do you ask me where I first saw the vision of National Prohibition? I do not remember. But I do remember the night when that vision, the careless thought of a boy, was touched into the flame of a passionate covenant.

I can see now the dingy court room in Oregon, as it was nearly a score of years ago, when I first heard John G. Woolley speak. I had walked five miles to hear the address, for the

speaker was a hero in the home of my father, and I was just at the age when the average boy burns his candles on the twin altars of oratory and adventure. Expecting a great audience I went very early to the appointed meeting place, and my disappointment and disgust can be easily imagined when at the opening of the services I found myself to be one among perhaps twenty gray-haired men and women gathered to hear the orator of the hour.

I saw the speaker first as he reached out for the table and seemed to draw himself up to it. It was very apparent that he was very tired. Years afterwards I learned that he had ridden forty miles that day across the mountains, through the rain and chill, to keep his evening appointment. Even the dim oil lights could not hide the pallor of his face. His voice was husky, and he spoke very slowly at the beginning. It seemed to me that from time to time he swayed slightly.

But these were at the beginning—the pallor, the impression of weariness, and the husky voice. What an hour it was! Today I hear that voice as then. I see those tired eyes take fire again, and I sense again the charged atmosphere of that dingy room. The message was immortal. It was a sword of naked truth, and a white heat of passion. It was the word that shall not be denied. The orator forgot the crowd had not come out to hear him; forgot himself, and remembered only that he was an oracle of God and a saviour of his country. He proclaimed political chastity, and from that day to this I have been governing my political actions by the principles he there enunciated. He freshened the wounds of a great wrong, and bled them again that the people might not forget. He announced the judgment of God against the institution that coins into bloody dollars, the broken bodies, the wrecked minds and the spoiled souls of children and women and men. He visioned of the day when the land of the free shall discover a new freedom, and when the battle flag of King Alcohol shall come down from all the battlements of the world.

And then he called for volunteers, for fighting men; for those who would hold fast, who would stand in their own places against the common foe, and for others who would dedicate their lives and give up all, who would go forth to be despised and counted as fools, who would unsheathe their swords and never put them by again until God called or truth prevailed.

I can outline that speech today. The orator opened his own soul, and stripping my heart of every little thing I looked in. What I saw I cannot tell, but I turned away—*changed*. From that night to this hour I have not failed to see the dawn of National Prohibition—the day when the river of rum shall be dry at its source; when women shall no longer weep; when children shall no longer be hungry and naked, perverted, imbecile and blind, and when there shall be no unborn because of drink; the day when the mind of genius, unclouded by drink, shall be clear to conceive, and the hand of labor, unpalsied by liquor, shall be strong to build; the day when the alcohol frenzied traffic in women and girls shall be as Nero's human torches—a hideous memory—and when the maudlin shout of the drunkard shall be heard, forever, nowhere in the land; the day of political emancipation from the bondage of the saloon; the day when this government shall be free from partnership with the liquor traffic; the day when stainless ballots shall have achieved a stainless flag. Then shall be the consummation of a New Freedom for all the sons of men!

IRA LANDRITH

IRA LANDRITH is a Texan—big in body, big in mind—"a man of many inches, and every inch a man." For twenty-one years he has been Chairman of the Tennessee State Committee of the Y. M. C. A., and was President of the last International Convention. He was one of the founders of the Tennessee Anti-Saloon League, and has been a member of the State Executive Committee since the League's inception. He was Chairman of the Nashville Committee of One Hundred that at one time cleansed municipal politics in the city of Nashville. He has long been a member of the International Board of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. He was the first General Secretary of the National Religious Educational Association, and of the Presbyterian Brotherhood, and has held the highest office in the church, the Moderatorship of the General Assembly.

With Dr. Henry B. Grose he wrote the prohibition campaign slogan of the great Christian Endeavor movement at the Atlantic City Convention—"A Saloonless Nation by 1920, the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims."

He was for years editor of one of the important papers of his church and was until recently President of Ward-Belmont College.

Beginning at Peoria on the 30th of September, he participated in the Squadron campaign to its close at Atlantic City, on June 6th, and was leader of the Second Division from Evansville to Atlantic City. His work on the platform is tremendous. He was also closely associated with the Executive Committee in the management of the campaign.

Courageous, consecrated and militant, he wrought with the hand of a master.

THE THREE-FOLD MISSION OF THE FLYING SQUADRON.

I BRING you glad tidings of great joy. You are living in the last decade of the life of the legalized liquor traffic in the United States of America.

This is no "dream of a dreamer who dreams that he dreams." I neither wear long hair, rave over pale-faced Luna, nor write poetry. I am no pessimist however; if my waist measure did not preclude the possibility of pessimism on any subject, my experience and observation on prohibition would still make me an optimist for a saloonless land. For it will be easier now to dry up the whole country than it has been to secure and enforce prohibition in my own Tennessee, or any other one of the eighteen states that have had too much patriotism and common civic intelligence and integrity to remain longer in blood-guilty partnership with brewers and distillers and their galley slaves, the saloon keepers. Every State that has banished the barroom has had to conquer a continent to do it. No liquor maker, liquor seller, or liquor dealers' association has kept off the wrong side of any battle we have thus far waged and won. We whipped them all from Milwaukee and Peoria and Cincinnati to both oceans, and we did it single-handed, when we endeavored to exercise, in behalf of sobriety, the boasted privilege of self-government; and today these dry States have little left to do except to help you finish the task of *national house-cleaning.*

I had a night letter from my wife last October. The Flying Squadron was away out in California where she wired me, in effect, "We have moved since you left, and it has taken six of us two days to get cleaned and ready for safe and sanitary occupancy the house you leased for us." They always move after I leave if I know exactly when they are going to move. Probably I ought to explain that we didn't move because I hadn't paid the rent—I had only just joined the Flying Squad-

ron then! We moved because we had been living in a flat and we desired a home. We have never been able to make a real home in an apartment house, have you? I have been told that prairie dogs can dwell in harmony with a variety of neighbors in the same den, but there is no ideal home without sacred domestic privacy, and that is impossible where people walk over your head, listen to your telephone and help themselves to your back porch tinware. But the significant part of that lettergram was the mental picture it suggested of my wife and daughter down on their knees patiently scratching grease out of the cracks, applying widely advertised cleaning materials and disinfectants, for that house had been previously occupied by other gentle people, who moved out the day before and left for their successors a job lot of variegated germs—just as you and we did last moving day. Should I ever run for a seat in the legislature—as I shall never do in Tennessee, where, in an effort to insure the immortality of the saloon curse, the makers of our antique constitution provided that no minister of the gospel may sit in the legislature—I shall advocate a law making it the duty of every would-be mover to clean the house before he moves out.

To illustrate: I was for fourteen years the editor of a church weekly—spelt w-e-a-k-l-y during my administration. Among my exchanges was another old Presbyterian newspaper. Like my own it was old the day it was printed. It is to be doubted whether anybody ever read it at all except the editor and the proofreader, and the proofreader was in a hurry. But I read one two-column editorial on Heaven. Editorials and sermons on Heaven are always safe, for nobody knows any more about Heaven than we do. Sermons on this theme constitute the stock in trade of the preacher who revels in the line of least resistance, which, by the way, is never the straight and narrow way. This dismally dull editor closed his textbereft old sermon-editorial with some such climax as "Heaven is our home. This earth is only a tenement house." Verily;

but since this old earth is but a tenement house, do you not agree that the present generation of tenants ought to clean it up before the next generation moves in?

It is just this that we are getting ready to do, and nobody knows it better than do the liquor leaders themselves. More brewery money is being invested in real estate and less in brewing machinery than ever before; and distillery stock has never been such a drug on the market as it is just now.

But somebody had to go to the whole country and preach the statesmanlike gospel, "The liquor business can be killed," for some good people as well as all bad people had to be convinced that there are no necessary evils; that if a thing is necessary it is not evil, and if it is evil it is not necessary. Once satisfy self-respecting American voters that God is omnipotent and that, therefore, the saloon is not immortal, and every one of them will make haste to fire at the fiend the fatal ballot. I decline to believe that any man who half deserves to be called a man will vote to license the liquor traffic after he has learned that it can be annihilated. Everybody knows that the saloon makes drunkards of boys and harlots of girls and hells of happy homes; and no man who has any self-respect will vote to license a business that is bound to ruin other men's sons and daughters when his own are not for sale; and no man who is not essentially an undesirable citizen will barter the peace, purity, and happiness of anybody's home, not even his own. The only way in which the rum power has retained its hold on this Republic has been by repeating till we come to credit the utterance, that ancient heresy, "The saloon is here to stay. Why not let it pay our taxes?" To perpetuate this, the only so-called argument to which respectable people have ever seriously listened, the manufacturers of beer, wines and whisky have endeavored by every foul, and no fair, method to nullify local and state prohibition everywhere, confident that the only hope of the traffic's continued existence

is to see to it that prohibition shall never demonstrate in entirety its financial, cultural, and ethical beneficence.

At last the silly falsehood, "More liquor sold in dry territory than in wet," has ceased to deceive even the non-elect, and Maine and Kansas, the dry South, and the rapidly drying West are proving the prosperity-producing efficacy of local prohibition, and the righteous retribution so long overdue is about to descend upon the gory head of King Alcohol.

This is made the more certain, and its swift coming the more sure, because the mere time-serving slave of policy and popularity is now satisfied that prohibition is going to come. It was Charles Kingsley who once divided the human race into "good people and bad people and either-good-or-bad people." Our government has immeasurably less reason to fear its bad citizens than it has to dread its "either-neither good-or-bad." Bad men are in the minority and both their strength and their courage have been overestimated. It is never the ballots of the bad, but always the suffrage of the near-good, and the political indolence of the upright, that make it appear that

"Right's forever on the scaffold,
Wrong's forever on the throne,"

so many there are who would rather be right than wrong, but would still rather win than be right. These mollusks, not because they are personally worth bothering with, but because their votes count as much as do the ballots of real people, have to be made to see that prohibition is going to succeed without them, whereupon they will take front seats on the water wagon, which is now a synonym for the band wagon, and there they will lustily sing, as if they were the original Neal Dows plus Carrie Nation,

"This is the way I long have sought
And mourned because I found it not."

It was in no small degree for the purpose of telling these victims of vascillation, these pitiable serfs of opportunism, that we no longer need them, that the Flying Squadron undertook its Titan task of telling the people of every political and almost every commercial and educational center on the map of the United States—

1. That the liquor traffic ought to die;
2. That it can be killed;
3. That the quick and sure way to kill it is to get together and strike the one fatal blow, National Constitutional Prohibition.

This has been the three-fold burden of every address we have delivered and of every song we have sung; and it is not too much to hope that we have had some small part in the evident, almost universal judgment that, to quote the words of the brilliant martyr statesman of my own Tennessee, the late United States Senator Edward Ward Carmack, "The saloon has sinned away its day of grace."

Not only is it true that we are going to win—we have won. Twice as many commonwealths are in the State-wide prohibition column as were there when the Flying Squadron began its propaganda, eight months ago, on September 30, 1914; but in dry territory now, State-wide, no-license and local option communities, there are enough presidential electoral votes to name a president of the United States; and it is high time a democratic—with a lower case "d"—people bravely and bluntly and authoritatively said to an arrogant, liquor saturated minority, "No longer shall the wet tail wag the dry dog."

But it has been a furious fight. Every day's forward march of the army of the Lord for fifty years of this crusade has been hotly contested by the cohorts of hell. No ground has been gained except at tremendous sacrifice of those who share with Phillips Brooks the creed, "No man has come to true greatness who has not felt, in some degree, that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives, he gives for mankind."

Political ignorance had to be informed. Political indolence had to be aroused and kept awake. Political slavery had to be abolished and political independence enthroned. Political dishonesty had to be uncovered and rebuked, and political integrity sceptered and crowned—and all this has taken time and intrepidity, for political impatience and cowardice were neither the last nor the least of the enemies to be conquered on the way to a stainless flag.

But it was the very difficulty, the danger of this warfare, that made the victory secure. Real men and women love a fine fight. Genuine courage never picks quarrels with weaklings; nor stops to participate in the back alley brawls of street gamin. The reason the churches have sometimes failed to appeal successfully to virile men among men, is because some of these churches do not attack men's-size tasks, or go out to do battle with the iniquities that most hurt and hinder men. Every sign of the times grows more and more enheartening, for the war is now on between the church of God and the saloon of Satan. One or the other must go, and the church is God's organized omnipotence on earth, so the saloon must go. Always it has been true, and the truth is now plain, that the church of God could do what it would if it would do what it could.

I thank God for the impending struggle, the irrepressible conflict, between organized vice and organized virtue; and that, too, not alone because in every such contest right must triumph, but because of the high character that the contest itself will develop in the youth of America, and because of the great revival of pure religion and the great evangelistic results in the salvation of souls that must follow the destruction of this the one most successful of all the hindrances to the salvation of souls and the growth of the church of Christ.

But let nobody undervalue the awful brutality to be met with in this war, nor treat too lightly the fact that the foe has no virtue of his own and respects none in an adversary. Ex-

pect no mercy and give no quarter. There is no middle ground between good and bad, no conservative position between right and wrong, no Hague Tribunal between God and the Devil. Recognize as your cause's worst enemy the miserable man of influence who for business, social or political advantage professes neutrality, for "he who is not with us is against us." Keep a ballot-loaded gun steadily on the politician who preaches the worn-out heterodoxy, "My party right or wrong," for he only is a worthy member of any political organization, who acts upon the principle, "My party right, not wrong." Parley not at all with the puny pulpiteer who deliberately takes aim at nothing, fires away and hits it; the clerical coward whose pulpit perishes in pleasing, ponderous, pointless, purposeless, politic platitudes; for if he is anything worth while, a preacher is a specialist in morals, an expert in right and wrong, and on a moral question like this he should be the first to speak out and not the last to find his voice. The true ambassador of Him who "came to destroy the works of the devil" does not need to be told that his Master's mission must remain forever unfinished until the saloons, the devil's principal workshops, are also destroyed to the last stone and splinter. On moral questions even in politics, the true preacher is an expert, a specialist, and he has no right, when such questions arise, to "stay out of politics." It is the venal voter, the unscrupulous creature who looks on the ballot, his own or another's, as merchandise who "ought to keep out of politics"; and the preacher who declines to take sides between right and wrong ought to unfrock himself, don overalls and go to following a plowman's mule—which is the meanest thing I could say about a mule!

God grant that this may prove a bloodless war, for bloody wars are horrible, but at whatever cost there must be the overcoming of evil with good. There can be no compromise, no peace negotiations. When right meets right and justice meets justice, as in the war in Europe, we may pray for peace;

but when right meets wrong, when the church of God meets in deadly combat the liquor traffic of the devil, we cannot even pray for peace—we have to fight for peace and pray for victory.

It was a beautiful racial fraternity that sent the American church to its knees to pray for peace among the warring nations beyond the Atlantic. It was at once the least we could do and the most, for it was all we could do. As we look back across the weary months of waiting for God's answer to our prayers for peace in Europe, we can almost hear Him say, "My impatient American children, the trouble is that you are always in a hurry and I never am. You shall have peace in Europe, the lesser good for which you asked; but when I bestow upon you this boon, it must be a peace that is permanent and honorable; and while I am at it, I am going to give you peace in all the world by helping you forever to destroy in America the peace-hating liquor traffic, and then, with America's sober leadership of the other nations, to cleanse the whole earth of this arch enemy of the welfare of mankind." That great woman author was right who lately said in the prints of Europe, "It is horrible to see the scholars of Berlin and the artists of Paris being converted into fertilizer for Belgian fields." As long ago as General Sherman's day of milder mannered warfare, that hero of blood and iron called war "hell"; but in its unthinkable present-day fiendishness war can no longer be compared to even hell, for surely hell has no fury like that which every cablegram attributes nowadays to the wanton war god in Europe. But who shall say that the price has been too high if out of the mud and blood and black darkness of it all He who "maketh the wrath of man to praise Him" shall use this unexampled racial disaster as a means to the end of the manufacture and sale of rum, a bloody demon in comparison with whose murderous character Mars at his meanest is a philanthropist.

Consenting together, then, that this crime of the ages against

humanity, the legalizing of the cause of all kinds of crime, ought to be abolished, and that abolition is not impossible, nothing remains to be added except the answer to the age-old question, "How kill it?" The reply is easy—just unite and kill it, that is all. It would have been dead a generation ago in this Republic if all its foes had been friends to each other, and if we had not dissipated our energies by quibbling over methods. Even yet sincere people are not all agreed about where to strike the fatal blow, or when, or with what particular weapon, but there should be no dissension among us on the point that the eternally fatal blow in this Republic is the one the Flying Squadron and other organizations now propose, the Federal constitutional abolition of the manufacture, sale, importation and transportation of intoxicating liquors in the United States of America. Let us ignore for the time our differences, emphasize our agreements, lift the white flag amongst warring brethren, raise the black banner against the universal foe, and fight King Alcohol, not only to his uncrowning, but to his eternal doom. Anti-Saloon League and Prohibition Party, Woman's Christian Temperance Union and Church Temperance Societies and every other league offensive or defensive that has for its object the salvation of a soul from drunkenness, or the rescuing of a child, or a wife, or a mother, or a home, from the evils of drink, must now demonstrate its right to live by dwelling together with all the others of like benevolence in peace and unity on this final issue. It is gratifying to be able to testify, too, that the members of all of these organizations have stood by the Flying Squadron and its propaganda. With what may almost be said to be negligible and inconsequential exceptions, we have had the support of every temperance movement in the field. And why not? We have kept our pledge, voluntarily made from the beginning, to be the helper of all and the competitor of none. We were doing nothing but educational and evangelistic work, never

organizing anything, because there were already organizations enough, if indeed there were not some to spare.

It would not be insidious, in making grateful acknowledgment of the generous aid and of the sympathetic and effective fraternity of all other temperance movements, to speak in particular praise of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which has stood by our appeal in every State but one in the Union. Wisely they have accepted the dictum of the late Sam. P. Jones, "When a mule pulls your way you pull with him, even if he is only a mule." To its co-operative spirit the temperance cause among women owes a large measure of its superlative worth and usefulness.

Similar solidarity among the churches would instantly solve the problems of prohibition, and this too is almost at hand. Sectarian sin has too long postponed the salvation of America from its besetting sin.

"'There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea';
There's a narrowness in man's meanness
Just as narrow as it can be."

Denominationalism is by no means an unmixed good, but bitter sectarian warfare is a wholly unmixed evil. If we had saved all of the ammunition we have shot at each other over water and predestination and foreordination and the perseverance of saints and falling from grace and apostolic succession and a score of other divisive things that do not mean anything in this world, and won't mean anything in the world to come—and note that as a Presbyterian I have included three of my pet doctrines and only one of yours in this list of non-essentials to salvation—if we had saved all this ammunition and had turned our guns on the enemy we should have had the devil on the run a generation ago. The day is over when intelligent people are willing to listen

patiently to the preachments of him who shouts, "The only way to Heaven is through my particular little ecclesiastical wicket gate"; and the day is gone forever when one can make more than a solo of the pathetic parody,

I love *my* kingdom, Lord,
The house of *mine* abode;
But other churches I despise,
For they're on the downward road.

Nor is this a plea for premature church unions, anxious as I am for the unity of the people of God. Neither is it a sneer at church love and loyalty.

To thine own church be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou cans't not then be false to any church.

But no man proves his devotion to his own home by slandering all other households.

Down in my loved Dixie land in the troublous "sixties" the devoutest of all devout Confederate generals arose from his knees one May evening, stole forth with a company of his picked men that he might see how lay the enemy and on the morrow strike the deadliest possible blow. So deadly, too, were the blows he used to strike that one can hardly refrain from wondering what might have been the map of America but for the tragic accident of that night; for as he returned stealthily through his own lines he was mistaken in the shadows for a foe; there was a terrible tattoo of musketry and "Stonewall" Jackson lay dying, shot to death by his own men! Two of his slayers went insane for sheer grief over their awful blunder. Nobody would have had so true a soldier die like that. North as well as South mourned the manner of that fighter's taking

off. In fitter phrase than mine his former foes have paid tribute to the courage and genius of the schoolmaster hero of Virginia, hence I do not need to stop to praise this Southern general. The melancholy incident has been recalled solely for the purpose of adding that we have all seen a thousand heroes slain by their own men—shot to death, not by accident, but, alas! by deliberate, often malicious, design, and not with merciful bullets, but by torturing, brutish, fiendish calumny and criticism and suspicion and cowardly innuendo, and all because these victims of prejudice and jealousy did not belong to our church, or shout our pitifully small shibboleths, or fight under the narrow banner of our religious or temperance organization.

When will Nation-wide prohibition come in America? Within a single year after we quit shooting our Stonewall Jacksons, or have forever repudiated the leadership of those who do shoot our Stonewall Jacksons.

And the country is ready for both blessings.

IF self-defense is the first law of nature, the liquor traffic is doomed. It opposes everything for which decency and altruism stand. To the extent that virtue succeeds, vice fails; and just to the degree that the liquor traffic prospers, righteousness and the brotherhood of man must fail. "He began on me first" has long been the adequate justification of every conquest over a ruffian. The liquor traffic must die because it "began on" us first.

Do you love little children? If you do, you must fight the saloon, for it is childhood's most conscienceless foe. If you stand for the church and the school you are bound to array yourself against the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors because the distillery and the brewery and the barroom are the foul triplets in murderous conspiracy against the interests of the school and the church. Are you concerned for the public health and the public morals? Then as a first means to the end you desire, you must eradicate the liquor business, for it thrives on physical malady and social vice, and it is never more prosperous than where the Decalogue is a hissing and the Golden Rule a by-word.

Are you an exponent of the homely virtues of honesty, industry, unselfishness and purity? Good. But the way to grow wholesome crops is first to kill unwholesome weeds; and the weeds that surely choke out these virtues are the saloons and their allies.

If the grogshop's till overflows it is because it has emptied its patron's purse, paralyzed his usefulness, destroyed his honor, debased his character, and brutalized his nobler nature. Nor has the dealer himself gained anything but gold in the process. He may have gained the whole world of wealth, but he has lost his own soul—the soul of his self-respect, the soul of his family's pride in him, the soul of the

social position of his household, the soul of that high thing in manhood that answers joyously in the affirmative the humanity-old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Do you love your country? Then you must hate the saloon, your country's shame. For under the flag of Liberty, America has legalized slavery to drink; in this land of the free and home of the brave we have accepted blood-money in exchange for freedom and courage; and under our blessed Magna Charta, which entitles us all to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, we have legalized the rum-murderer of men, women and children; sold to serfdom the offspring of drunken fathers and mothers, and substituted for the pursuit of happiness the pursuing of despair. Our boastful assurance to every babe born under the stars and stripes that all men are created free and equal has become an alcohol-befouled myth; since the inherently weak child of inebriety cannot be free; and in the race of life he can never hope to be the equal of his neighbor's untainted son.

Let any man come into your community, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against your churches and schools, your homes and children, your peace and prosperity, your city and state, your freedom and flag, and you would make short work of him, by law if possible, by violence if necessary. All this and more the saloon keeper down the street is doing every day under the sanction of the government and with the protection and patronage of the police. And for what? Money—just money! When men take their ballots into the market place, we call them criminals. When women make commerce of humanity's holiest heritage, we call them harlots. But when a great government for mere gain traffics in manhood and trades in womanhood and makes chattels out of childhood, we soften such ugly names as bribery and harlotry into that shameful euphemism, "Internal Revenue!"

But long, long ago the promise of deliverance was re-

ceived, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Freedom is in sight, coming fast, and by strange ways. Erstwhile we looked to the East for our Star of Hope. On the wings of the morning came the spirit of Emancipation. Today we must scan the horizon to the South and the West for the signs of our civic salvation. In the providence of God, the section once cursed by African slavery is to have the eternal honor of breaking for its own former foes the chains of a more galling slavery than the plantation Negro of the South ever knew. We owned only the bodies of our slaves. Mentally and spiritually they were as free as the mocking birds that sang in their magnolia trees. The liquor traffic owns its victims—mind, soul and body, home and wife and child; and often, alas, also city and state and nation. In comparison with liquor African slavery was a Christian benevolence. Yet Southern slavery deserved to die, and if it could have been annihilated in no better way, the cost of its death was none too high. The South is unanimous in its satisfaction over the fact that African slavery is no more. But the South has acquired the emancipating habit. Having freed her Negroes at the more or less mild-mannered solicitation of her Northern neighbors, the South has freed her "white folks," and in the spirit of proverbial Southern hospitality is now packing her baggage with ballots and benevolence to "pay back" the half-century-ago visit of her Northern neighbors. We owe you that, dear brethren of the North, and by the grace of God, and the help of the rapidly drying West, we'll pay you what we owe. The emancipated will soon emancipate their own emancipators with a greater and more far-reaching emancipation than was ever dreamed of by the great emancipator of that emancipation of the sixties!

That our constitutional invasion of the liquor-enslaved North and East, the former "free territory" of this Re-

public, will be welcomed by the best citizenship north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi, is beyond the long reach of doubt. In common consistency, too, you of the North will be quick to silence the Northerner who would now disinter the broken weapons of "State Sovereignty" in a vain effort to convert them into some sort of flaming sword of local self-government for the protection of the decadent liquor traffic. You shot "States' rights" out of us in 1865, and we Southern nationalists are going to vote that heresy out of you by 1920. If local self-government could not settle chattel slavery, which was comparatively a sectional question, it is far too puny an agency to invoke against the Nation-wide crime of whisky slavery.

Nor can the Halloween scare-face of governmental centralization serve longer to frighten grown up American citizens into an attitude of cowardly toleration of the vastly greater menace of liquor domination. A government that has the right to collect revenue from a vicious traffic has the power to exterminate that traffic, and no skulking behind the sovereignty of a constituent state will serve to hide the bloodstains on the Republic's own guilty hands.

Nobody knew that better than did Abraham Lincoln, your Lincoln—and ours; for men like Lincoln and Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Ulysses S. Grant grow too tall in half a century of peace to be monopolized by one section of this united land. If the testimony of his intimates is to be trusted, in 1862, when to raise war revenue for the promotion of human freedom, the American Congress sold to saloonists our national liberty, Abraham Lincoln refused to sign that emergency revenue measure until he was promised its repeal as soon as the war was over. For fifty years Lincoln's dead body has been dishonored by the presence of licensed saloons in his own city, as well as in his own State and Nation; for fifty years we have been living a lie to his memory; for fifty years the Congress that promised

him the repeal of the liquor excise law has been false, not to a living statesman, but to a dead martyr. It was a Northern Congress that made the promise; but, strange providence, a solid Southern delegation in Congress will ere long keep the covenant thus made at the North just fifty-three years ago. Mark that. Before the Civil War the sons of the South sat in the White House and led in the forensic frays of American Senates. For more than half a century other hands, in the main, have wielded the scepter of national power, and other than Southern minds have determined the policies of the great Republic. In this impending struggle for liberty, the South again assumes the leadership, a leadership which, because unselfish, promises to become not only Nation-wide, but globe-encircling, for the countries across the sea are drowning their world influence in their own blood, and American ideals must control the whole earth. We must see to it, the South and West must see to it, that when the crown of world-power is placed upon America's brow, ours shall be a saloonless land, ours a sober people, ours a stainless flag!

Just how this domestic house cleaning is to be accomplished, whether by regenerated old or by new-born political parties, by the sudden growth or by the fusion of smaller parties, or by omni-partisan activity, no prophet is wise enough to know and few are rash enough to predict. The signs of the times seem to indicate that no great party will in 1916 oppose National Prohibition, and that by 1920 all of them will loudly endorse it. With startling rapidity the liquor traffic is losing its unsalaried political friends; and it is at last discovering that it can neither get nor keep a majority of America's voters on its pay roll!

The Republican party has everything to gain and nothing to lose by adopting prohibition in its next platform. It is the self-confessed party of freedom, and a second great emancipation is overdue. The only Democrat in captivity

that ever gave the Republican party good advice, I am fully prepared for any disappointment that results in spurned counsel; for in 1920 my Democratic party will be ready to stand for the referendum. The Solid South is at once Democratic ground and prohibition territory; and the rapidly growing prohibition West is mainly in Woodrow Wilson's party. Not always will the people of these sections submit to a political leadership that ignores the main for secondary issues. A persistently triumphant Democracy must be a Democracy over which the National Liquor Dealers' Association has no shred of control. Every other party may as well take similar due and timely notice, and govern itself accordingly. Unless the temper of the American people misinterprets itself, a President favorable to Nation-wide prohibition will be in the White House in 1920 and a friendly Congress will be making sober laws in the Capitol at Washington before that year of jubilee!

And why not? Why should it be accounted a strange thing that a rich, powerful, and presumably intelligent country like ours should prefer to serve the interests of right rather than wrong? Should anybody be surprised that a Nation founded on the hearthstone, as is ours, should banish the one greatest menace of the home? Let this discussion end where it began—the saloon must go or the home will go. Illustrations abound, and are never far to seek. No audience of a few hundred, or as many thousand, people would fail to furnish its quota of wives whom the groggery has humbled; of children whose drunken fathers have left a heritage of weakness or poverty; of men and women whom the bite of the serpent has hopelessly, sometimes vicariously, always unmistakably, scarred.

I saw her fall fainting, into the arms of her friends, the most beautiful woman I have seen since my mother died, for know ye, women, we men do not believe that the most beautiful woman in the world is she in whose cheeks bloom

the roses of youth and in whose form are the suppleness and grace of girlhood. The most beautiful woman in the world to any right-minded man is the old-fashioned mother, around whose glory-crowned head is the halo of true maternity. It was such a woman who, at the close of one of our meetings in California, fell fainting into the arms of her friends. Hastening to her, she said to me, half recovering, "Oh, sir, I am crippled, as you see, because my husband was a drunkard." If you would get justification for the saloon's annihilation, find it in the agonized face and bitter cry of that blessed old vicarious sufferer—and her name is Legion.

Our meeting in a Kansas town had closed when a fine young matron came up to say, quietly, "I too am a Southerner, sir, and I married a Tennesseean." When I would have made playful reply, she silenced me by completing piteously the sentence, "and I have lived with a drunkard for ten years." Yes, skeptic, there is a hell. If you do not believe it, ask any refined wife of sensitive soul, who has lived with a drunkard for ten years.

It was in Wyoming. Leading by the hand a chubby child of four, the little one's care-taking kinswoman, weeping, cried out: "Here is your illustration. This baby's father is in an insane asylum because of drink."

An institution which breaks the hearts of noble mothers, converts a wife's home into a hell, makes a madman of a father, and closes the door of hope to babyhood, has no rights that any self-respecting American ought to respect.

In a far Western city the presiding officer whispered to me, "There comes the worst drunk in town, his wife on one side, his young lady daughter on the other. One of our most influential citizens when sober, but when drunk one of the worst in the community." Forgetting my speech that night, I said:

"In my Southland the man who would not defend with his

life his own home, protecting his wife from disgrace and his daughter from humiliation, would be accounted a craven. The villainous invader of a happy family circle dies on the threshold of the home he would destroy, and no jury has yet been found that would punish the man who thus protects his wife and daughter. But what shall be done with the miserable brute who, going home drunk, destroys his own home, disgraces his own wife, and humiliates his own daughter? He is a cur, albeit sometimes he cannot help himself. His beastiality and his cruelty are often not his own; the legalized liquor traffic transforms the devoted husband into a brute and the loving father into a fiend. To give this traffic the right to make devils of men, the American people become grafters in their greed. For wretched blood-money in the shape of revenue, the people of this Republic have been willing to sell the holiness of homes, the innocence of girlhood, the purity of womanhood, the honor of manhood!"

The saloon is the only institution on earth that can habitually break up homes and live. It drags its slimy serpent length across the threshold of a once happy home to leave it in shame and squalor and grief. Having no virtue of its own, it is never so happy as when it is destroying the virtue of others. With the same ghoulish glee with which it closets domestic skeletons, it buries a hundred thousand victims a year, and robs of their very shrouds these victims, as they are shoveled into unmarked graves. To perpetuate its own worse than worthless life, it ravishes the virtue of the press, silences blind justice, and prostitutes public opinion. It converts courts into courtesans, congresses into serfs, and the ballot box, the holy ark of our civic covenant, into the low and common currency of selfishness and hell.

A highwayman who hesitates at no robbery, a thief who steals with equal glee a character, a franchise or a fortune; a murderer who gloats in bathing his cruel claws in the blood of the innocents, and a rape fiend, in comparison with whom

every black-hearted villain of lust is a philanthropist, the liquor traffic in America richly deserves to die a thousand horrible deaths.

And die thou shalt, oh, King Alcohol! There is no time now for thee to seek peace with either the God whom thou hast blasphemed or the men whom thou hast irreparably wronged. Thou shalt die! Thy death is decreed! Thy doom is eternal! Thou shalt die on or before the Fourth of July, 1920, the public welfare requiring it!

LANDRITH LACONICS.

God is omnipotent, the saloon is not immortal.

The church of God can destroy the saloon of the devil.

The church of God could do what it would if it would do what it could.

If we churchmen had saved all of the ammunition we have fired at each other over water and predestination and foreordination and apostasy and apostolic succession and church government, and a hundred other things that do not mean everything in this world and nothing in the world to come—if we had saved all the bullets we have shot at each other and had turned all our guns on the enemy we'd have had the devil on the run a long time ago.

The line of least resistance is never the straight and narrow way.

Between vice and virtue there can be no conservative, no neutral position; between God and the devil no Hague Tribunal.

It is to the civic indolence of the upright, and not to the political industry of the vicious, that legalized iniquity owes its continued existence.

A preacher is merely an expert in morals, a specialist in right and wrong.

When good meets bad even in politics, the preacher ought to be the first man to be consulted and not the last one to speak out.

The preacher who has not discovered that the saloon is a bad thing ought to exchange his clerical robes for overalls, and go to plowing with a mule, though the association would be no credit to the mule.

Pity the puny pulpiteer who perishes in platitudes; who aims at nothing and hits it; who wastes his energies on the glories of the New Jerusalem or the sins of old Jerusalem, the while that he is diplomatically dumb about the evils of his own city.

The ancient heresy that Christian men, particularly ministers of the gospel, ought to keep out of politics, even when moral issues are involved, has well served Satan to frighten some feeble church folk nearly to death. Exactly the contrary is true. The man who would buy a ballot or sell one has no business in politics, and the honest and unpurchasable voter has no business out of politics, particularly when the issue is one of right and wrong.

He is not quite a man who cannot hold the reins and the whip hand over his own life.

The man who stays away from the polls because he does not wish to lose the time it takes to go and vote sells his ballot for the price of a day's labor.

The man who may vote and won't vote ought to be denied the right to vote—or, better still, ought to be compelled to mind the baby while his wife votes.

The man who buys a ballot is no better than the creature who sells one; and both ought to be summarily disfranchised.

Iniquity is essentially weak. Difficult as this crusade against

the saloon is, the difficulties are vastly over-estimated. Vice is a big braggart, but it is a coward, quick to flee before organized and resolute virtue.

Thirty per cent. of the eligible voters of America never vote. Ask the venal ward boss which thirty per cent. it is. He knows.

Let nobody stand above my rather capacious grave when I am dead and lugubriously whine, "Everybody was his friend," for that would not be true, and if it were true it would not be complimentary. Nobody ever did anything worth doing, or courageously undid anything worth undoing, without incurring the enmity of the vicious.

A man is often better known by the enemies he makes than by the company he keeps, though a politician is best known by the company that keeps him.

When right meets wrong you cannot pray for peace; you can only fight for peace and pray for victory.

CLINTON N. HOWARD

CLINTON N. HOWARD comes of a long line of heroic Quaker ancestry, who were preachers, abolitionists, reformers and statesmen for many generations. He is descended from John Howard, the prison reformer, and Sir John Howard, Lord Treasurer, who commanded the British army at Flodden Field when the Scots were routed and James IV slain. His father was William Howard, Knight of Wiggenhall.

The first ten years of Mr. Howard's early manhood were spent in travel and laid the foundation for his successful career on the platform. He drank deep of the spring that had fired the hearts of his fathers, and by thirty had become widely known as an orator and reformer. He was called from city to city, where he conducted effective campaigns for civic righteousness and became known as "The Little Giant" of the reform platform. Locating in Rochester, New York, he established a Sunday afternoon forum, where he lectured for ten years to record-breaking audiences, enrolling nearly three thousand men in the Men's Christian Union, which, under his leadership for twelve years, became the focal point for civic and moral uplift.

He became such a power in combating public wrongs, and in the prosecution of lawbreakers, that the evil forces of the city united to destroy him, raising a fund of ten thousand dollars, chiefly subscribed by the liquor interests, which he exposed and defeated.

He has delivered over five hundred lectures in his home city in the last fifteen years, his audiences composed chiefly of men, overflowing the largest churches and auditoriums. He is officially related to the New York Civic League, the American Sabbath Association, the National Temperance Society, the American Civic Reform Union, the International Bureau, and others.

Mr. Howard joined the Flying Squadron at its initial meeting in Peoria and continued with it as the leader of the Second

Division throughout its itinerary to Cincinnati, December 20th. Compelled by financial necessities to earn more money than he could hope to receive as a member of the Squadron, he retired at that time to take part in the great temperance campaigns then being inaugurated in western Canada. His services in these campaigns have won high encomiums from the press and people. He has the militancy of a crusader. He is a "Squadron" of himself.

PROHIBITION AND PERSONAL LIBERTY.

PROHIBITION was the world's first enactment, written by the finger of God in the Garden of Eden to keep the way of life, to preserve the innocence and character of man. But under the cover of the first night, "in the cool of the day," there crept into the Garden a brewer by the name of Beelzebub, who told the first man that God was a liar; that he could sin and not die; that the prohibition law upon the tree of life was an infringement upon his personal liberty and that the law had no right to dictate what a man should eat or drink or wear. The devil induced Adam to go into rebellion against the law of God in the name of personal liberty, and from that hour dates the fall of man.

We are hearing something of that same argument in this campaign against the serpent drink, and not only on the part of the enemy. There are many good men who look upon prohibition as an assault upon the personal liberty of the citizen; but it seems to us they do not keep clear the issues involved in this fight. They are not personal at all.

Personal liberty is a matter of personal choice, of personal right to eat or to drink. No prohibitory law ever adopted or proposed attempts to interfere with that right. It does not seek to compel a man to abstain; it does not say that he ought not, must not, or dare not drink. It passes only upon the social right of trade, traffic and sale. Whether a man drinks or abstains is entirely his own affair, so long as he does not poison himself, compel society to cure him, support him when he is unable to take care of himself, lock him up when he is dangerous to be at large, bury him at the public expense when he is a corpse, or interfere with the personal liberty of others when he is exercising his own.

It is a recognized principle of civilized society that no citizen has a right to commit self-destruction or to poison himself in such a way and to such an extent as to become a public nuis-

ance or a public charge. With that exception, whether and whatever a man drinks is his own affair, to be regulated by his own appetite, palate and conscience. I may believe that it is best for him to abstain, but I have no right to force my belief upon him, or compel him by law to regulate his conduct by mine, or the way I think that he ought to regulate his.

This rule applies to any commodity, whether food or drink, irrespective of the liquor question. It is upon this principle that the claim of personal liberty is made. It seems so reasonable and plausible that it deceives even some of the elect—men whose personal habits, and whose sympathies naturally place them upon our side of the contest. Where is the difficulty?

It lies in the fact that these men do not properly discriminate between a personal right and a social act. Personal liberty relates to private conduct. If a man signs the temperance pledge he surrenders his personal liberty or personal privilege to drink; when he votes dry—to prohibit the liquor traffic—it has nothing whatever to do with the question of personal liberty.

To abstain is a personal act; to market, traffic and trade is a social right, limited by the social effect of the thing sold and the place where it is kept for sale.

This distinction between total abstinence, which relates to personal liberty or personal conduct, and prohibition, which relates to social conduct and the State, is perfectly clear.

They do not at all mean one and the same thing.

The one has to do with the drink habit; the other has to do with the drink traffic.

The one is the act of the individual; the other is the act of the State.

Total abstinence is the voluntary act of one man; it recognizes the right of choice of personal liberty. Prohibition is the act of the community, the State, the majority, which is the State, and is a matter of public policy, to conserve social

and civic liberty by denying to an immoral and dangerous traffic the right of public sale.

Do you mean to say that I have a personal right to drink, but that I do not have a personal right to sell? Do you mean to say that you have a personal right to drink, but that I do not have a personal right to sell you what you have a personal right to drink? Exactly!

You have a personal right to eat putrid meat; I have no right to sell it. If your hog dies a natural death, or with the cholera, you have a personal right to grind it up into sausage and eat it, but you have no right to offer it for public sale. A man has a personal right to corn his dead mule and serve it on his own table. You have as good a right to eat your cat as I have my chicken, or your dog as I have my pig. The Chinese in New York have a dog feast at their New Year's celebration and the police have never interfered with their personal right. But if you opened a meat market and skinned dogs and cats or exposed horse sausage for public sale, the meat inspector would confiscate the entire supply, close up the place as a public nuisance and arrest you for selling what you had a personal right to eat.

We have a law against the sale of impure literature. We do not say that a man shall not read it, even though that may harm him, because it is his and it is his personal right to damage his own character and corrupt his own mind; but if he opens a shop for the dissemination and sale of such literature to corrupt the youth of the community, society steps in and interferes—not with his personal liberty to read what he likes, but with his social right to sell that which corrupts public morals. Under this law, tons of impure literature, licentious post cards and immoral books are seized and destroyed every year, without compensation to their owners; indeed, they are prosecuted and fined or jailed for the offense against public morality and decency. That is prohibition.

You have a personal right to drink watered milk, sour milk,

skimmed milk, goat's milk or pig's milk, but I have no right to sell it. I recall that in late life my father was troubled with indigestion. He was ordered by his physician to a milk diet for breakfast, and he was not able to retain it in its natural state. He was obliged to dilute it with water. He would fill his glass half full of milk and fill it up with water. It agreed with his stomach and he grew to like it that way. That was his personal liberty at his own table. No law would invade his home and dictate to him how he should drink his milk. But let us suppose that he was your milkman and he decided that what was good for his stomach was good for his customers and on the way to your house he stopped at the pump and filled up the can. The milk inspector would seize the whole cargo, dump it into the sewer and railroad him to jail.

I have no personal liberty to sell what you have a personal liberty to drink. Men are fond of saying, "The law has no right to dictate what a man shall eat or drink or wear." But the law does. It does forbid your dressing in your wife's clothes or her dressing in yours; the law does forbid a man shooting game in his own woods or fishing for trout in his own private stream or pond on his own farm. The law forbids a man from smoking in his own factory. President Woodrow Wilson exercised his personal liberty and violated the traffic ordinance of Washington by crossing the street in the direction of the White House diagonally. A policeman called him back and the President of the United States crossed the street at right angles, according to the law of "safety first" made by organized society.

The country man's right is the city man's crime. Why? Because all personal liberty is surrendered to the public good in a state of civilized society.

You cannot run your automobile in excess of the speed limit; you cannot build your house out of the material or on the spot on your lot you may choose to build it; you dare not

overcrowd your block; you cannot put your own children to work even though you might need their help; the State says they must go to school; you dare not overwork those whom you employ, even though they may wish to work; you cannot spend your money the way you like—you may wish to spend it on yourself, the law will compel you to spend it on your wife and family; you cannot enjoy the kind of religion you like if your faith leads you to violate the moral code of the State. A Mormon missionary came to New York and was arrested by an Irish policeman. "What's the charge?" said the judge. "Bigotry," said Pat; "he has two wives." Your life is your own, but you have no right to take it, and the law will punish you if you make an unsuccessful attempt. Where is your personal liberty? Gone—in a state of civilized society!

In other words, personal liberty must conform to morality. The public peace, the public safety and the public health prevail over individual rights in any civilized community. You cannot have the one without surrendering the other.

Unrestrained personal liberty would mean social anarchy. There is no such thing in a state of civilized society.

All law, whether prohibitory, regulative or license, is an abridgment of individual liberty and is founded upon the principle that the general welfare is the supreme law of society.

This is the basis of prohibition law.

The liquor traffic is detrimental to the general welfare. It is the enemy of public morality, safety, peace, etc. It has destroyed the units of government, bound heavy burdens upon the people, corrupted society, debauched politics, violated every law, destroyed the public peace and denied the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to millions of men, women and children; and in the name of the common good and the general welfare the people impose upon themselves by a majority vote the prohibition of its manufacture and sale.

How long would we delay to apply this principle if it were the women of the community that patronized the saloon instead

of the men? If the women exercised their personal liberty to drink rum at the bar of the public saloon to the same extent as the men with the same results to society, to the home and the children; if they spent their evenings down town "with the girls" (in the company of immoral men, as most men are who spend their night down town "with the boys"); if they lined up in front of the bar, squandered the wages of the week, to which they are as much entitled as the men, neglecting their homes, learning to smoke and to chew and to swear and to spit and soak themselves in beer, the men of the nation would lose no time in making laws to restrain the personal liberty of the women, not by making it a crime to drink, but by imposing a prohibition upon its public sale. In defense of the home and the women and the children, we demand the same law for the men. In the name of personal liberty the liquor traffic ought to die!

AN ORGANIZED OUTLAW.

THE business of the shoe manufacturer is to manufacture shoes; the business of the clothing manufacturer is to manufacture clothing; the business of the cotton mill is to manufacture cloth; the business of the steel mill is to manufacture steel; the business of the tin mill is to manufacture tin, and the business of the gin mill is to manufacture sin. This would be an appropriate sign over every brewery, distillery and saloon door: "Purveyor to his majesty the devil; manufacturer of sin."

What is sin? "Sin is a transgression of the law." That's the saloon. The saloon is a transgression of the law; the saloon is an institution for the violation of the law; the saloon is an organized outlaw.

They sell for rum whatever they please, whenever they please, to whomever they please, whether sober or drunk, children or women, minors or men.

They have no use for a clock, they seldom if ever turn a lock, and they lose the key as a part of the opening ceremony.

They keep open house for all comers, at all hours, for all purposes, at your own charge, and ask no questions.

They take a lively interest in politics, hold the big stick over the head of the police department, fill a generous part of the public offices, and regard themselves as a privileged class of criminals above the laws of the State and the laws of God.

This is the saloon.

What proportion of the total number of saloons does that description include?

In round numbers, one hundred per cent. Where? Everywhere, in this city and on the outside. Is there, then, no such thing as a law-abiding saloon? If there is, it is like the white rhinoceros that Theodore Roosevelt was looking for in the jungles of Africa; it exists in the minds of superstitious na-

tives on the inside and a few nature fakers on the outside, but no one has ever seen it.

What shall we do with the white rhinoceros when we find it? The same thing that we ought to do with the black, law-defying saloon when we find that; kill it, skin it, tan it, and send its stuffed hide to the National Museum at Washington as a specimen of the extinct, untamable wild beasts once licensed to ravage the childhood, the motherhood, the manhood and the homes of our Christian civilization.

An American saloon that does not violate the law would be a greater curiosity than Theodore Roosevelt brought home from Africa. You can count the saloons of this country that do not violate the law on the thumbs of my right hand and you will have one thumb to spare.

The lawless, law-made, law-making and law-breaking, organized, legalized, demonized, licensed American sin-saloon is an institution of organized anarchy, federated in city, state and nation, bound by ties which only a stronger power can break, intrenched behind the laws of the State and Nation, with its head sheltered in the State capitols and in the National Capitol at Washington. Strike one and you strike all—pocket peddler, blind tiger, blind pig, speakeasy, saloon, hotel bar, high-toned cafe, swell club buffet, bishop's subway, brewer, Beelzebub, distiller and devil. You cannot treat it as an individual occupation. It is mortgaged to the brewer, the politician, the boss, the police, the gambler, the harlot, the criminal and the devil.

The law says it must not sell on Sunday, but it does; the law says it must not sell on election day, but it does; the law says it must not sell during prohibited hours, but it does; the law says it must not sell to minors, but it does; the law says it shall not permit or promote social impurity, but it does; the law says it shall not sell to a man that's drunk, but the only escape that the drunkard has from the saloon is the grave.

and the liquor traffic would rob that if it thought its customer had another dime concealed in his shroud.

We make a tariff law and the importer obeys it; a currency law and the banker obeys it; a pure food law and the grocer obeys it; a game law and the sportsman obeys it; a health law and the expectorator obeys it. But we make an excise law, a law to regulate and restrain the saloon, and this red-handed devil hangs out its red rag of anarchy, spreads its fingers in the faces of the authorities, hires a spotter to sneak in the initiated and a bouncer to kick out the graduated, hangs up an electric buzzer to make a fool of the policeman and says to the outraged public:

"Shut my front door and I will open a side door; shut my side door and I will open a back door; shut my back door and I will open a cellar door; seal me up like a tomb and I will open an annex with a subway to the bar; clean up your ward and I'll open a pipeline from the brewery to my customers' cellars; cast me out of your county and I'll make a blind tiger out of your express office and put on a John Doe jug train; make the State dry and I'll launch a floating poison palace upon the waters that wash your borders, and sneak over the line under the cover of the night with a coffin for a cask. Come on with your officers sworn to enforce the law. I'll string them up to the lamp post, stick them in the back with a knife, resort to torch, dynamite, assassination, set Judge Lynch on the bench. I'm the saloon! I slew Gambrell; I shot Carmack; I dyed the streets of Sioux City with the blood of Haddock!

"I'm the saloon! You can't tame me; you can't muzzle me; you can't civilize me!

"I will desecrate the Sabbath; I will debauch your citizens; I will outrage your sons and daughters; I will wreck your homes; I will break the hearts of your wives and mothers; I will override your laws!"

In the name of God and the sovereign American people, who are you?

And the answer is, "I am the saloon!"

Yes, yes, you old demon, you always have done that, all that; but, thank God, you are reaching the end of your rope! The worm is turning; the people who have been crawling and crawfishing at the crack of this slave-driver's whip are rousing themselves to throw off his yoke, and the hand that wrote the sentence of death upon the walls at that drunken feast of King Belshazzar is writing the doom of this lawless, licensed saloon on the walls of this Christian Nation.

For a generation the cry of broken-hearted womanhood, beggared childhood, and broken and wrecked manhood has been going up to God for a day of vengeance against this curse.

At last the answer comes, like the incarnated voice of Jehovah that flamed from the midst of the burning bush on the desert, "I have seen the affliction of my people, I have heard their cry and I am come down to save them." And forthwith the storm breaks upon the saloon as the hurricane breaks across the deck of the pirate ship. The chariot of the Lord and the horseman thereof are riding down this red dragon; Jesus Christ, our Conquering Master, is walking across the American continent and every place His holy foot is lifted leaves a dry spot. It has but one meaning—the saloon must go! *The liquor traffic must and shall be destroyed!*

"Unite, ye foes of liquordom;
Bid Gog and Magog fly;
In the name of Jesus Christ as King
The liquor traffic must die."

THE OUTLAW INDICTED.

THE liquor traffic is the enemy of "whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and whatsoever things are of good report" on this earth.

It is the enemy of the home, the mother that makes it, the father that defends it, the childhood that adorns and sanctifies it.

It is the enemy of the church, the Christ that founded it and the Sabbath school that sustains it.

It is the enemy of the school, the factory, the store, the farm and the barn; the enemy of God and of Heaven. It is the fast limited Black Demon express that leads to everything in the opposite direction, with the devil's hand on the throttle and hell the destination of the train.

There is not a single department of our American life, domestic, social, economic, civic or religious that has not felt its blight.

Its wrongs upon humanity have been written with human blood. It is the blackest crime in history since Judas Iscariot sold the Son of God.

In the high court of Heaven I indict it as the curse of the cradle, the nightmare of the family altar, the vulture of human society and the populator of the cemetery.

I indict it as the wild beast of our boasted Christian civilization, untamed and untamable, unwashed and unwashable, uncivilized and uncivilizable, unmuzzled wherever licensed on the highways of the city, state and nation, scattering physical, mental and moral hydrophobia among the people, leaping upon our little children, driving its poisonous fangs into the heart and brain and blood of our young men, stealing the roses from the cheeks and virtue from the hearts of our daughters, disappointing the hopes of our fathers, breaking the hearts of our mothers, destroying our homes, corrupting our politics, making cowards of our policemen, perjurers of our public officers

and smiting with the leprosy of perdition the gate of every city and the foundation of every state.

It is a work of the devil; with the blood of our sons dripping from every counter, the wails of beggared children issuing from every crevice, the bones of dead men rattling in every spigot, the tears of the broken-hearted sweating from every ice-chilled goblet; with the barroom in the front, the gambling room in the rear, and the scarlet woman overhead; the trinity of perdition on the highway of a Christian civilization, with a trail of crime, divorce, insanity, poverty, social impurity, political debauchery, bossism and grafting following in its wake, that stands before the cradle of our American motherhood, like the great Red Dragon of the Revelation with seven heads and ten horns, waiting to devour her baby as soon as it is born, laughs at her love, scoffs at her sorrow, mocks at her prayers and blows bubbles with her blood.

In the high court of Heaven I indict it as a modern Herod, that foredooms children to damnation at the hour of their drunken conception, overlays them by drunken motherhood in the night, starves them in infancy, kidnaps them from playground and public school and grinds them up in mill, mine and factory to supplement the meager wages that father brings home after the saloon has waylaid the worker and robbed his pay envelope on Saturday night; marries them to the house of shame in youth, burns them up with unquenchable fire in manhood, and lays them like sheep in the grave.

The liquor traffic is a work of the devil. It paralyzes the love and wastes the wages of our fathers, fires the evil passions of our sons, beguiles into paths of sin our virtuous daughters, steals the milk from the bottle of the baby, strips the home of comforts as a cyclone rapes the forest, and the calendar of perdition dates from the hour of its birth.

It has opened dens of anarchy on the streets of our great cities; schooled our young manhood to a life of licentious indulgence, personal impurity and profanity; sickened the pub-

lic conscience with its daily horrible detail of debauchery, deviltry and crime; blocked the wheels of every righteous reform, paralyzed industry, crucified labor, defeated the church, outraged the heathen; it blasphemes the Almighty and would crucify afresh the Son of God every hour of its legalized life.

It is burning the heart out of our great municipalities, it has filled the public service with grafters, organized the black horse cavalry in our State legislatures and the gray wolves in our city councils, continentalized our Christian Sabbath, defeated our benevolent intentions in our insular possessions, defied the laws under the shadow of the National Capitol and has debauched and made purchasable enough votes to decide a national election.

It is a crime against the State, the State ought to suppress it; it is a crime against Humanity, Humanity ought to rise up against it; it is a crime against the Church, the Church ought to smite it.

It does not spare the cradle, it would murder if it could the Christ child; its claims to benevolence and piety, its appeal to liberty, its promise to obey the law is like the lie on the lip of Herod, when, with murder in his heart, he said to the wise men, "Search for the young child, and when you have found him bring me word again that I may come and worship him also," the while he was whetting his knife for the slaughter of the innocents of Bethlehem. If Herod knew of the slaughter of the innocents by the American saloon, he would turn over in his grave.

If Satan should make into one every serpent in the sea, every snake in the grass, every mad dog in the street and every wild beast in the forest, he could not incarnate the American saloon unless he put himself under the same skin; for the saloon is as mad, sleepless, relentless, pitiless and blood-thirsty as them all.

Like a flame of fire, it shows no pity; it hears no cry for

mercy; it lifts its tongue defiantly to the heavens; it would pawn the shirt from the back of a shivering man, steal the milk from the breast of a weeping woman, take the last crust of bread from the hand of a starving child, rob the cellar of its last bucket of coal, empty the medicine bottle of the sick, deny aid to the dying and strip the coffin from the dead.

It wraps a mantle of crape around the circle of the globe, and while the world staggers under the load of its infamy and weeps in agony over the graves of its one hundred thousand annual victims, the saloon pours oil on the flames, greases the pathway to perdition, enlarges the boundaries of hell to receive its victims and drinks a toast to the damnation of humanity from human skulls in a nectar brewed in tears and blood.

This is the indictment, the liquor traffic is the criminal, the people are the victims, God is the judge; science, reason, religion, motherhood and posterity are the jury, and the verdict is *guilty* in every unprejudiced, unpurchasable and just court. And the sentence of the national conscience is that this mother of all abominations and father of all lies and sum of all villainies, this covenant with death and agreement with hell, shall be carried bound to the place of execution at the Holy of Holies of the temple of the Nation at sunrise of the next general election, and there stoned with Christian ballots until it dies; the execution to take place in the capital city of Washington, with the President of the United States acting as high chief sheriff of the day!

ELLA A. BOOLE

ELLA A. BOOLE was born in Van Wert, Ohio. After attending the graded schools she entered the University of Wooster, graduating in 1878. Her record in college was high, she being among the first in her class, receiving the first prize in the Junior Oratorical Contest.

After teaching in the high school of her native town for five years, she was married to the Rev. William H. Boole, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She dates her interest in temperance work to the time of the Crusade, when, as a school girl in Ohio, she came in touch with that mighty movement. Her platform work began in 1883, and she has given the best years of her life to the prosecution of religious and philanthropic work.

She has been an officer in the New York State Woman's Christian Temperance Union since 1885, having served as Corresponding Secretary, First Vice-President and Secretary of Young Women's Branch. She is now the State President of the W. C. T. U. of New York, which position she has held since 1898.

As a member of the New York City Woman's Press Club, and Chairman of the Woman's Anti-Vice Committee of New York city, she is well known among literary and philanthropic women, while her platform experience extends over half the nation.

Mrs. Boole is intellectual, her mind is clear and logical, yet with all her mental equipment she is a real gentlewoman, of tender and loving heart. Mrs. Boole has won the degree of Ph.D., but in her modesty never uses it, and, like Frances Willard, has refused positions of large salary, where she might give herself to comparative ease and study, but instead is giving all her powers to this her country's greatest cause.

Owing to impaired health and duties in connection with her position as President of the New York State W. C. T. U., which she could not defer, she was able to give but a few weeks to the Squadron campaign, but her name and worth were constant assets.

PATRIOTIC PROBLEMS.

THERE are three important questions that must be considered by every community—Questions of Public Health, Questions of Public Morals and Questions of Evangelism.

Probably at no time in the history of the world have we paid so much attention to the questions of public health as we are doing today. We clothe our boards of health with almost arbitrary authority. They may quarantine a home; they may quarantine a village or city; they may close a business, or they may order a new water supply; they may require the construction of a new sewerage system; they may even forbid trains to stop, or people to enter a city, or to leave it. We believe in this because no matter how much we may want to do things, unless we have health we may be prevented from doing them. We invest large sums of money in the education of boys and girls and we want them to be able to return to the State value received in service when they reach maturity.

At a meeting in New York City of the representatives of forty-three life insurance companies. Mr. Hunter, the actuary of one of these companies, who had been appointed to look into the matter of the effect of alcohol on longevity, stated in his report that a saloon keeper was a bad risk, that a hotel keeper was just as bad a risk as a saloon keeper if he attended his own bar and patronized it; that the life of the moderate drinker was from nine to thirteen years shorter than that of the total abstainer, while few insurance companies would risk issuing a policy on a man who was an habitual drunkard. He further went on to say that if Russia were to keep up prohibition of the liquor traffic for ten years, it would mean a saving of five hundred thousand lives, and they would make up for the losses of the awful war in which she is now engaged.

Now this is not the statement of a fanatical temperance

reformer; it is the statement of a hard-headed business man who is financially interested in having the policyholders of his company live as long as possible. Every policyholder who dies before his time is a financial loss to the company and his death lessens the dividends that would be returned to other policyholders.

The report later announced that women in these days were living longer than men. It was stated that it was because women lived more sheltered lives, because they did not use so much liquor or tobacco and because their lives were purer. Some years ago I took out a life insurance policy—an endowment policy—and they charged me seven dollars and fifty cents more a year because I was a woman. Years went by and I took out another policy; there was no extra premium. Now the life insurance companies say that women are living longer than men, and if the men do not watch out, it will not be very long until they will have to pay the extra premium and we women will get insurance at bargain rates!

The use of alcohol shortens life. It is responsible for many diseases that afflict men particularly in middle life. The disease may be diagnosed as kidney trouble; it may be diagnosed as liver trouble; a man may fall a victim to pneumonia, or an unexpected turn, through inheritance or environment, may develop tuberculosis; if the facts were known, it would be found that in many cases the body was made an easy prey to these diseases because of the use of alcoholic liquors.

We are waging a great campaign against tuberculosis. There was a time when our efforts against tuberculosis were limited to urging our friends to go to the Adirondacks, to Arizona or New Mexico. We rejoice that to so many people have come life and health and hope, but there came a time in the campaign against tuberculosis when it became necessary to get at the producing causes, the breeding places. The State has sent out exhibits and charts and we have been holding public meetings everywhere.

A couple of years ago I was invited to go to one of the public schools in Brooklyn to give an address. It was an evening school and my theme was to be "Alcohol and Tuberculosis." When I went into the principal's office, he said: "Mrs. Boole, have you brought any pictures with you?" and I said, "No, I haven't." "Well," he said, "it is too bad, for three-fourths of your audience is made up of Roumanian Jews and they do not understand any English." "Well," I said, "I am very sorry, but I am here and I have no pictures, and what shall I do?" He thought a moment and said: "Well, if you will talk to them in words of one syllable perhaps they can understand." Now you know it is not easy to talk on alcohol and tuberculosis in words of one syllable. As the company of men and women filed into the room I just breathed a little prayer that God would help me to so present the truth that they could understand. There were about four hundred, in ages from sixteen to sixty, and as I looked into their faces four words came to me as among the causes of tuberculosis: Damp, Dark, Dirt, Drink. Now I did not have to spend a great deal of time trying to prove to them that living in damp houses brought on tuberculosis. The last speaker had told them that. I did not have to place a great deal of emphasis on the fact that living in dark houses away from the sunshine bred tuberculosis; they knew that, too. I did not need to place much emphasis on the fact that dirt bred tuberculosis; the board of health had told them to clean up too many times not to know that. But how was I to prove to them that drink had anything to do with it? This is the way I did it:

I talked to them a little while about the various kinds of alcoholic drinks. I told them there was alcohol in whisky and brandy and beer and rum and gin and cider; that it was the same alcohol only in different quantities. I then talked a little about the food we eat and how we take it into our mouths; it passes into the stomach and from there is made over into blood and nerve and muscle and brain. I told them

how if we take liquids into the stomach a part of the liquids are absorbed by the coating of the stomach and passes into the blood. I then talked a little bit about the blood; how there were two parts to it, the white and the red part, and in the white part there were the little soldiers that fight disease, so that when the germ of any disease comes around, the little soldiers are up in arms and ready to fight and overcome it. I told them about taking alcoholic liquors into the mouth and stomach and emphasized that all these drinks had alcohol in them—how they pass down into the stomach and some of the alcohol is immediately absorbed by the coating of the stomach and passed into the blood and the first thing it does is to make the little soldiers drunk and they cannot fight any more, and because they cannot fight then people take diseases of different kinds. Do you know they acted as if they understood about those little soldiers?

They have been building a new road out in front of my house and there were one hundred and fifty Italians working on the job. I used to watch them every day about their work. I watched them eat their lunch. I do not know whether you like to watch a company of men eat their lunch or not, but I do. I always imagine I can tell what kind of a wife a man has if I see what kind of a lunch he has, and so I watched these men. Every day a beer wagon came around and left three bottles of beer for each man. When the whistle blew at noon they dropped the pick or shovel and sat down on the curb to eat their lunch, which usually consisted of a part of a loaf or a hunk of bread done up in a newspaper, took a penknife out of their pockets, wiped it off on their trousers, cut off the bread and ate it and drank the beer. I wondered what I could do, and then one day when the beer wagon came along they set a case of beer down in my front yard. That was my chance, so I went out to the men and said: "Now, some of my neighbors will think this is a splendid joke on me. I am President of the New York State Woman's Christian

Temperance Union; I do not drink any beer and here is a case of beer right in my front yard. My neighbor is a saloon keeper—he has a saloon over in New York—now suppose you put that case over in his yard." They moved the beer into the saloon keeper's yard, and I asked the men how much it cost, and they said, "Wholesale it is four cents a bottle." Every man had three bottles, and then on the way home he had more beer and after his dinner more beer, and I estimated those men spent for beer and tobacco not less than twenty-five cents a day, and they spent it seven days in the week—on Sundays as well as week days. Remember, I was talking to an audience of Romanish Jews, and I said to them: "If these men spend twenty-five cents a day for seven days in the week for beer, that would mean they spend seven times twenty-five cents in a week, and how much is that?" and all over the room they called out, "One dollar and seventy-five cents." If they keep that up fifty-two weeks in the year it means those men average nearly one hundred dollars a year for beer.

If I had said to them you must not live in dark or damp or dirty houses they would have said they could not afford to pay any more rent, but if added to the amount they already paid for rent they put the one hundred dollars they were spending for beer every year, they would not need to live in dark or damp or dirty houses.

So the use of alcoholic liquors is not only responsible for lowering bodily resistance to disease and hindering recovery, but it is responsible for creating conditions in every community that breed tuberculosis and the health of everybody in the community is menaced because of those breeding places. Such people are notably careless, notably dirty and unhygienic, and drink is responsible for such conditions. The problem of getting rid of the liquor traffic is a health problem, second in importance to no other problem before the American people today, and I ask the co-operation of you who hear my voice

this afternoon in the campaign for National Prohibition as a means of protecting public health and getting out of the community this thing that menaces the health of every citizen.

A second question in which we are interested is the question of public morals. Public morals are a necessity to the welfare of a community. We recognize this fact, for when we are advertising a town we advertise its churches and its schools and its factories and manufactories, but we never mention its saloons. What would you think of anybody who, in advertising a town, trying to get families to move there, would say, "We have one saloon for every two hundred and forty people in this town and we want you to come and make it your home." Nobody would want to go there.

A few years ago a National W. C. T. U. Convention was held in Portland, Ore. We went out on a special train. We stopped at a good many places en route and held meetings. Our convention was about to close when the President of the State W. C. T. U. came in and said that they had an invitation for the official train to stop at a certain town in Oregon. "It is the first time that they have ever appealed to us for help," and then she told us about it. She said that when that town was started it was formally dedicated to the devil. We arranged for our train to stop. I shall never forget that day. We walked through the streets to a hall in the center of that place. There were saloons everywhere. There were drunken men and women in evidence upon the streets. We went into this hall; the two missionary pastors were there—home missionaries they were. Their salaries were paid by Eastern churches, and I wish you could have heard them appeal for help from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union! They said it was almost impossible to do the work they were sent there to do because of the liquor traffic. Last year Oregon voted dry, and when I learned of it and realized that on January 1, 1916, every saloon in that little town in Oregon would be closed, I just said, "Praise God, those ministers

will now have a chance to preach the gospel." They have not had a chance up to this time because the saloon has been there, but now the saloon will no longer hinder them. The people in the home churches are interested, too, in our taking the saloons out of the way, for they are helping to support churches in Oregon.

There is a good deal being said about prison reform these days. We believe in prison reform. We believe that prisoners ought to be so treated that they will come out of prison better men than when they went in.

We sympathize with the man in prison, but I confess to you that I sympathize a good deal more with his wife and children, who perhaps are suffering for food and clothing, and I believe that true sympathy in prison reform means that we ought to try to get rid of the liquor traffic and stop the source of crime. Jurists tell us that the use of alcoholic liquors is responsible for seventy-five per cent. of the crimes committed. If this is true, and I am not responsible for the statement, is it not our Christian duty to try and get rid of the liquor traffic? Not that every man that commits a crime is drunk when he does it, but the use of alcoholic liquors is responsible for the degeneracy which leads to crime. There is seldom a criminal case in court that drink has not played some part in it.

The Governor of New York State has been examining the budget for the coming year and has been trying to reduce it so it would not be necessary to levy a direct tax upon the property of our citizens. I noticed some things in the budget. A new insane asylum, and the State Board of Charities tells us that thirty per cent. of the insane are made so through drink; a new prison—a big prison, because all our prisons are over-crowded. I have just been telling you that the use of alcohol is responsible for seventy-five per cent. of crimes that fill these prisons; a new institution for the feeble-minded, and if I go to the institutions for the feeble-minded and

examine the records, I will find that not less than fifty per cent., and some make it ninety per cent., of the feeble-minded are the children of drinking parents. Do you wonder that some of us feel that it would be a wise thing to try to get rid of the liquor traffic in New York State in order to reduce taxes rather than to levy an additional tax of four millions on saloons, and so make the people of New York financially interested in continuing them?

The prohibition of the liquor traffic is a question of public morals. We are interested in getting rid of the social evil. The Curran Investigating Committee disclosed the fact that there were six thousand five hundred men in the City of New York that are being supported by twenty-two thousand women; they did not say how many men patronized the places, but they did say that the receipts from the traffic in vice in the City of New York in a single year were fifty-seven million dollars. Now those are awful figures, and I do not wonder that you are horrified, but that is not the worst. Those girls do not live very long. The average life of the fallen woman, the woman who lives the life of vice, is from three to five years. She early becomes the victim of disease and drugs and drink, and the awful thing to my mind about the whole business is that in from three to five years twenty-two thousand other girls must take their places, and those girls are not all going to come from New York. They will come from other States and from other Nations, and the drink traffic will be the primary factor in recruiting them.

The Legislature of the State of Wisconsin appointed a committee to investigate the cause of the social evil. Their committee investigated the subject for fifteen months, and they brought in their report that the use of alcoholic liquors was the primary source of the social evil, for they said liquors robbed men of self-control, robbed them of judgment, robbed them of the value of issues, robbed them of a sense of pro-

priety; it robbed women of just the same things, and that the saloon was the primary contributory cause.

I appeal to you fathers and mothers who are trying to train up your boys to be pure and who believe that a man who does wrong is a fallen man just as a woman who does wrong is a fallen woman—I appeal to you to recognize that the use of alcoholic liquors is in large measure responsible for the presence of this social evil and especially of systematized vice in this country, and ask you to help us in our campaign to get rid of the liquor traffic in order that we may get rid of the preventable cause.

The third thing we are interested in is questions of evangelization. No matter what our religious faith may be, we believe that the church is a necessity to the moral life of the community—and the very fact that there are churches in a community has an effect upon its moral life; but has it ever occurred to you that the fruit of the liquor traffic in any community is the opposite of that for which the church stands?

The church stands for saving souls and the liquor traffic hinders soul saving. The church stands for happy homes; the liquor traffic makes unhappy homes. The church stands for good society and around the church there centers the best social life in a community, but around the saloon and the barroom there centers the worst social life in a community. The church believes in the Ten Commandments, but the fruit of the liquor traffic in any community is the violation of every one of the Ten Commandments.

I say it again, and over and over again, that the fruit of the liquor traffic is the opposite of that for which the church stands.

Billy Sunday has taught us that one of the easiest ways to keep people leading a Christian life is to give them some practical Christian work to do. I remember the time when if a church was engaged in special evangelistic services they did not want a temperance address. Many and many a time I have

changed an itinerary when on a trip, because a place was in the midst of gospel meetings and they were afraid it would spoil the spirit of the meetings if a temperance talk was given; but Billy Sunday has demonstrated the fact that he can hit "booze" in every sermon he preaches, that he does not have any bigger crowds any time than when he talks against "booze." Other evangelists are following the example of Billy Sunday. I have just been on a tour through the western part of the State. I found that the evangelists who have been holding meetings in many places have all had "booze" sermons, and that in every one of those towns there had been great additions to the membership of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union as the result of their work; that in every one of these towns a civic club has been formed and that it is getting ready to fight "booze" and fight it all the time. At a big meeting in Geneva a few weeks ago, on a Sunday night after the "booze" sermon, eight hundred men held up their hands and promised before God that they would work for National Constitutional Prohibition. What does that mean? It means that we are beginning to recognize that one way to help evangelistic work and so help evangelize the world is to try to get rid of the legalized liquor traffic, and we just praise God for the wonderful development of these past years. It is a great thing to live in a time when you can see the answers to your prayers. You do not pick up the paper but what you see something bearing on this question. This is of interest:

At a meeting of the Brotherhood of American Locomotive Engineers the other day, eight hundred sixteen engineers were present and unanimously endorsed National and State-wide Prohibition of the liquor traffic. You applaud that because you all know that it is safer for you to ride on the railroad, because the railroads require their engineers to be total abstainers, and you know that if an engineer were to take even one glass of whisky before he started on a run, it might mean a wreck and a good many lives lost.

Then there are the developments of this awful war. Russia was defeated in its war with Japan, every one knows, because its officers and soldiers were drunken, and when this war began, notwithstanding the fact that they were getting an income of thirty million dollars a month from spirituous liquors, in the interest of efficiency they prohibited the liquor traffic. It was like a miracle in Russia—whole villages were changed, they say the men are getting to be as rosy cheeked as the lassies, and the women, though they do not have very much to eat, are happy because their husbands do not beat them any more. The change has been so great that Russia has made it permanent; but that is not all: Notwithstanding the war, Russia has more in its savings banks today than it had at the war's beginning.

Iceland used to be the drunkenest nation in all the world. If you were a guest in a home, they gave you a flask to put under the pillow at night, and if you did not empty it by morning it was an insult to your host and hostess, but Iceland has become a prohibition nation, and the day prohibition went into effect they shipped out of the country all the liquors they had on hand.

France has abolished the sale of absinthe and England's Chancellor of the Exchequer—Lloyd George—said the other day that England was fighting three enemies: Germany, Austria and Drink, and that he thought drink would be the hardest to overcome. When they reorganized their cabinet, they put Lloyd George in charge of the department of munitions and created a large committee to deal with the drink problem in England.

If America does not look out, the other side of the ocean will get ahead of us on this question of prohibition. But we are making gains. For a good many years Maine and Kansas and North Dakota were the only prohibition States and then Georgia voted out the liquor traffic, and Mississippi and Tennessee, North Carolina and Oklahoma followed. For a

good many years there were just eight dry States, and then West Virginia voted dry by a majority of one hundred ninety-two thousand five hundred, and last September Virginia voted dry by a majority of twenty thousand. Then Arizona, Colorado, Washington and Oregon voted dry—fourteen dry States; and then came the developments in regard to National Prohibition.

It was in 1911 when, by a change and overturning in politics, a new governor and legislature were elected in Maine, and the governor called a special session of the legislature which voted to resubmit their amendment for prohibition. When somebody said that was to defeat prohibition, they said, "Oh, no, we would still have statutory prohibition in Maine, but we want to get it out of the constitution." All knew if they got prohibition out of the constitution any legislature, any day, could repeal statutory prohibition. Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, the President of the National W. C. T. U., saw the situation.

The day before the election, they had a great parade of the children in Portland—thousands of children in line carrying their banners. The liquor men tried to break up the parade; they threw dimes and quarters in front of the children; they thought the children would stop to pick up the money, but the children marched right on, marched for prohibition.

That night there was a great meeting in the opera house, and at the close Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens issued her famous proclamation: Whatever might be the result in Maine the following day, she called upon all religious and philanthropic organizations to unite with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in the rally cry, "On to Washington for National Prohibition." Maine did not lose her law, but in December 1911, Mr. Hobson introduced in the House of Representatives an amendment to the constitution to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes. Other organizations began to endorse prohibition, formulate definite plans, and then in 1913 there came the great convention of

the Anti-Saloon League at Columbus, Ohio, to inaugurate their part of the campaign for National Prohibition. For three days no other subject was presented in that convention. The day following, the Council of One Hundred was organized, at which ninety-seven organizations were represented, and they endorsed National Constitutional Prohibition. All the great religious bodies endorsed it. Then came the call for a great meeting at Washington on the 10th of December. I wish I had the words with which to describe to you that great gathering of men and women. A thousand men were called, but more than two thousand came, and the women came. It was a cold, raw day. The men formed in line over at the Hotel Raleigh, four abreast, and marched through the streets of Washington carrying their banners on which were inscribed "National Constitutional Prohibition." The women were in line two abreast and as the men came along, two women stepped by their side, and side by side we marched to the steps of the Capitol. I have always been so glad we did not go tandem; I have always been so glad the men did not go first; I have always been so glad the women did not go first, the men trailing behind, but side by side we marched—and you will pardon me when I say I felt then that it was prophetic of the time when men and women will march side by side to the ballot box.

We marched to the east side of the Capitol, to the steps of the portico where the President takes the oath of office. The steps were crowded with a splendid company of men and women, and there in the presence of representatives of the Senate and of the House, was made the appeal for redress from the evils of the liquor traffic, in accordance with the Constitution of the United States. We then went to the Senate and House and heard reintroduced the amendment to the Constitution. Remember the date, December 10, 1913. December 22, 1914, we are again in Washington. The scene is changed. Instead of the steps of the Capitol, we are in the House of Representatives and an important question is to be

discussed. It is the Hobson amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The House usually meets at twelve. Today they are to meet at ten, for this important business must be taken care of. We sit in the gallery. We hear the House called to order, but first let me describe the scene:

The place is the room in which the House of Representatives meet; the Speaker's desk is in the center. In front of the Speaker's desk is a series of charts showing the evil effects of alcohol. Later these were taken into the lobby. Back of the Speaker's desk, extending clear across the room and hanging down nearly to the floor on either side is a piece of brown manilla paper, pasted on that is the typewritten list of the names of all the organizations that have endorsed National Constitutional Prohibition. They represent the petitions of more than twelve millions of people. They stayed there all that day—a mute appeal.

Speaker Clark called the House to order at 10 o'clock. After prayer by the blind chaplain, Mr. Henry of the Committee of Rules brought in his report, and in it he recommended that the House consider the Hobson amendment for eight hours, that it be subject to amendment, that it be voted upon, and do you know those blessed men talked for two mortal hours as to whether they would talk eight hours on the subject.

There were some great speeches—sixty in all—made that day, and we heard them all. Strong arguments were presented, and the debate lasted eight hours.

About 11:15 o'clock at night the roll was called. There were one hundred ninety-seven votes for prohibition and one hundred eighty-nine against, a clear majority of eight, not enough to submit the amendment, but remember, it was only one year and twelve days from the time the appeal was made, and it was the first time the subject had ever come up in the House. It was a great victory. Since that time four more States have voted to adopt prohibition—Alabama, Arkansas, Iowa and Idaho. Now there are eighteen prohibition States and we are

bound to win. We are going to win because this is a great patriotic question, a problem that God wants you and me to help solve.

I was in Europe the day war was declared, August 2, 1914. We sailed from Naples on the 15th day of August on the first boat to bring American refugees home from Italy. There were accommodations for fifty first cabin passengers and seven hundred second cabin or converted steerage. We came converted steerage, and like some people I know, it was not converted very much.

Somebody made a new definition of an optimist: "An optimist is one that can make a lemonade out of any old lemon that is handed to him." There were a good many handed to us on our way across the ocean, but we lived through it.

One day when we were in the Mediterranean, we saw a cruiser off to the left. We thought, "Perhaps the Germans will get us," but the Germans did not get us. Later there was a lot of excitement, for the English own Gibraltar, and we did not know whether they would let us through, and at last we saw in the distance that great rock. It is a splendid big rock and we kept sailing toward it. It looks like the picture, except it does not have the advertisement of the Prudential Life on it. As we neared the rock we saw a cruiser to the right coming toward us. She came just as fast as she could come. I never saw a cruiser come so fast. She came like a flying machine. I was in the front of the boat. You can just imagine our anxiety. We said, "Is it possible they will not let us through?" I happened to look up. I could see between the cracks in the canvas, and I saw our captain run up the American flag, then I saw that cruiser reverse her engines and in a few minutes she was off in another direction. We passed Gibraltar under the protection of the American flag.

We were a good many days in crossing. We saw a number of cruisers, but we knew all our captain had to do was to run up the American flag.

On the seventeenth day we sailed up New York harbor, to our dock in Brooklyn. The band played "Home, Sweet Home," "America," and "The Star Spangled Banner," and we were so glad we were citizens of a great country. But what did I learn by all this? I learned what it meant to have the protection of the American Government.

On the Fourth of July and Decoration Day and Labor Day and other holidays we see the American flag floating from saloons and barrooms, from distilleries and breweries, and we know that means that the traffic in alcohol has the protection of the American Government. I am resolved to work with all the energy that God has given me to bring about the time of National Constitutional Prohibition, when no flag can float from the brewery or the distillery or the barroom or the saloon, but the flag of the red, white and blue will float over the home and church and the school in the interest of our great country—a stainless flag in a saloonless Nation!

CHARLES M. SHELDON

DR. SHELDON was born in 1857 at Wellsville, New York. His father, Stewart Sheldon, was a Congregational minister, serving parishes in New York, Rhode Island, Missouri, Michigan and Dakota.

He spent his boyhood on a farm in South Dakota, and graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., in 1879; from Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, in 1883; and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1886.

He was called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Waterbury, Vermont, in 1886, and from there to the Central Congregational Church, Topeka, Kansas, in 1888, where he still is. For some years he held the relation of minister-at-large of this church, with indefinite leave of absence to lecture, hold conferences and assist church federations and kindred causes. It was this leave of absence that enabled him to participate in the Flying Squadron campaign.

Dr. Sheldon has achieved wide fame as an author. His greatest book, "In His Steps," has made him well known the world over, this book having been published in seventeen different languages. It has attained a circulation of many millions of copies in the United States and Great Britain.

An earnest exponent of practical and livable Christianity, Dr. Sheldon has won his way into the hearts of the people through his sermons and his books, with his messages of brotherly love, righteous living and true service.

He has been twice abroad by invitation from churches, the last time to hold a temperance campaign of three months under the auspices of the United Kingdom Alliance, an organization in Great Britain corresponding to the Anti-Saloon League in America.

He came back from a campaign in New Zealand and Australia—the other side of the world—to join the Squadron, reaching Seattle in October. From that time on to the close of the campaign he continued with the Squadron, winning the hearts of thousands of his countrymen by his gentle kindliness

and simple eloquence. Five thousand six hundred and ten copies of Dr. Sheldon's books were sold from the literature table of the First Group alone during the Squadron campaign.

WHY NATIONAL PROHIBITION?

THERE are six great reasons why the liquor traffic exists. First: The drinking habits of mankind. Ever since the first man made alcohol, vast numbers of human beings, both men and women, have been drinking it.

Second: The liquor traffic exists on account of the immense profits possible from the manufacture and sale of liquor. This profit is abnormal and appeals to one of the strongest passions of mankind—the love of money. At the heart of all the liquor business can be found the spirit of selfish gain.

Third: The liquor traffic exists on account of a curious delusion entertained by the human race for centuries, that alcohol is a beverage, a food and a medicine. Alcohol is neither of these things, but a dangerous drug. But the human race has believed that alcohol was good for the body. This belief has kept the traffic going.

Fourth: The liquor traffic exists on account of another delusion held by business men that while the saloon is awful and the liquor traffic is bad, there is a money revenue from the saloon license. No saloon ever paid a dollar into a city treasury of real revenue, but business men have believed it did; this has kept the traffic alive.

Fifth: The liquor traffic exists on account of its power in politics. The most shameful chapter in our American history is the chapter which the liquor interests have written. They have been able to dictate city politics, elect mayors, city councils, state legislatures, governors, and more than once put a man into the White House.

Sixth: The liquor traffic exists because of the cowardice of otherwise good people. For ages men and women calling themselves Christians have been afraid of the liquor traffic; they have been afraid they would lose money if they opposed it. It has been a great social and political terror.

These are great reasons for the existence of the great wrong,

but the world at the present time is in the midst of a revolution against the liquor traffic. This revolution is based on three reasons. These are:

First: We have found out the truth about alcohol; scientifically, the chemist now tells us that alcohol is a dangerous drug to put into the body. It is the cause of disease, idiocy and insanity, and hastens along all great diseases. On account of this the world of men and women who have been using alcohol as a beverage, thinking it was harmless and even beneficial, are now rising up against it. It is the greatest foe to the human body that the world contains.

Second: The second reason against King Alcohol is the stand taken by the industrial world. Great corporations are making rigid rules against the employment of men who drink. The Illinois Steel Company puts up over the gate where men go in to work at night these words in electric lights:

"Did booze ever do you any good?"

"Did booze ever contribute anything to the happiness of your family?"

The stand taken by the industrial world is a tremendous aid to the prohibition cause.

Third: The world has found out the truth about alcohol as a source of revenue for the city and State and the Nation. Business men are learning the cost of the saloon is a hundred times more than any revenue from it. As a business proposition, it is a failure in the long run; the city, the State and the Nation must pay the bills which alcohol creates in taking care of the army of dependent and incompetent, in paying the bills for the crimes which flow out of it.

The historic steps which have led up to the reason for National Prohibition are these: Free manufacture and sale of alcohol with no restrictions; a low license system; a high license system; moral suasion, local option, which is splendid when two things go together—the law and its enforcement; State-wide Prohibition.

The next logical step for the American people is the total prohibition of the manufacture of alcohol. This is the only real and lasting remedy.

The reasons for National Prohibition are as follows:

First: It is a national issue and requires national legislation. Uncle Sam is in the business for the entire Nation—he takes revenue out of the liquor traffic and protects it. It is not simply a matter for individual States. It's a matter for the Nation.

Second: National Prohibition is demanded by the Prohibition States in order to protect their state rights. Kansas, for example, enforces its law as well as it can, but liquor States that surround Kansas make it difficult for Kansas to enforce its laws. The state rights of Kansas need to be enforced by national statute, forbidding liquor States shipping liquor into Kansas, and that is difficult to enforce until liquor ceases to be made.

Third: Another reason for National Prohibition is the need for uniformity of law. Eighteen States at the present time have declared for State Prohibition, making the sale of liquor in these States a crime, and the man who makes and sells liquor is on the same footing with the horse thief or the burglar. That which is a crime for eighteen States should be a crime for forty-eight States. If a man makes and sells liquor in Kansas he is sent to jail. If he makes and sells the same thing in some other States he is sent to the legislature. This is a legal absurdity.

Fourth: The greatest and best reason for National Prohibition is the human reason. Humanity is worth too much to be destroyed. The smallest child in the biggest city on this continent is worth more than all its buildings. We cannot wait for the liquor States or the big liquor cities to take action. Before they will do anything thousands of people will be destroyed, body, mind and soul. Humanity is worth more than property. National Prohibition of the liquor traffic is as necessary and as logical as the sunrise after the night.

The greatest need in America today is the need of a religious revival. This is fundamental. The people will not enact these laws until their hearts are right—until they love MAN more than they love MONEY. The greatest prayer that an American can offer at the present time is the prayer for national righteousness, based upon a religious vision of God and man. That is fundamental to everything else. National Prohibition would come tomorrow if the people of this country were real lovers of God and man!

FOR A BETTER WORLD.

AMONG all the problems that face us in America the problem of the saloon is the simplest and easiest to solve. We face many great problems. The big city is a great problem for us to work out. Then there is the problem of child labor. I brought along with me all that is left of a little wreath made by a little girl three years old as she stands in a New York City sweatshop working with her little fingers late at night—a little three-year-old Italian girl, little Marietta, and there are six hundred thousand little girls at work in America today making things—for money. That is a problem to be worked out by the American people. But we are not going to solve that problem or any other problem of the American people until we learn how to get together.

I found myself the other day preaching in a Presbyterian Church where the Baptists had united with the Presbyterians and called a Congregational man to be their minister. When the Baptists and Presbyterians can do a thing like that almost anything is possible. (Applause.) They never had such a good time since they were born. They worship in one building and work in another. They have united their young people's societies, and they united their choirs, and they have the most beautiful music; they united their prayer meetings, and they have fine prayer meetings; they united their preacher, and they pay one man a living salary, and they baptize people any way they wish. (Laughter.) Things like that are going to happen all over this country very soon, and we will get our Christian religion together. When we unite to do God's work we can do wonderful things. That is a great problem to be worked out by us in the future. Out West, where I live, they killed over sixty people in a mining camp and destroyed a lot of property, and the Governor of the State asked the President to send troops to quell the riot. And that is another problem to be worked out, the great industrial problem. It would

seem impossible that a certain group of men could get so greedy for money and want more than their share, so much so that they would have to be guarded by law from being greedy in the market-place. Then, there is the race question. After we have solved the liquor problem and got rid of the saloon, the next thing that will confront the American people will be the question that centers around the racial feeling of the world. That feeling seems to be general. I have never had it myself, but I know it exists, and it is a terrible thing. We have ten million black people in America. We cannot kill them, and they will not die; we cannot deport them, and they will not go away. They are not African any more; they are American citizens. Out in Kansas we have all the peoples of southern Europe. It is a mistake to think that we have only one or two nationalities in Kansas. The Medes and the Parthenians, the Elamites and the dwellers beyond Mesopotamia have come to us, and we must learn to live on good terms with all the people of this country, black and white, brown and yellow. That is the way we are going to work out God's wonderful will. We must learn how to live with them as Christians should. I recently heard a Christian defined as a man who loves people he does not like. We do not find it hard to love people that are lovable. I do not find it difficult to love my wife; she is a very lovable and beautiful person, if you could see her. I wish I could see her now. I do not find it hard to love my son; he is a handsome fellow, just through college. And I can love most of my relatives without much effort; but when it comes to loving the multitude, that is different. That is the highest mark of Christian character, to love the multitude; it is what we all ought to do if we call ourselves Christians, and we must do it when we come to solve the race problem.

But among the many problems the one that is easiest to solve is the liquor question, because it is all bad. There is not a good thing to say about the liquor question; it is all bad from

top to bottom, from center to circumference, and when a thing is all bad we know what to do with it.

I was brought up on a farm. My father broke down after he had preached forty-five years without a vacation, and the doctor told him he would die if he did not live outdoors, so he moved out to South Dakota, bought a span of mules, a lumber wagon and a breaking plow, and took up a quarter section. He paid twenty-nine dollars for it, lived on it five years, and then it was ours. On these one hundred and sixty acres of prarie land there was nothing but grass and sunshine. We built a log house, and when it was done it had two rooms—upstairs and downstairs. Then we broke the sod and planted three acres of cottonwood trees. One day my father sent me to the potato patch to get some potatoes, and as I went along in happy, care-free boy fashion, looking at the landscape (most of which was in the sky), I almost placed my bare feet right in the center of a great big rattlesnake. My foot was up in the air, ready to come down. I looked down (I do not know why) and I jumped back about as far as a twelve-year-old boy could jump, and then I began to look for something to kill the snake. I wanted a stone, but stones were very scarce on our farm. Finally I went up on one of the knolls and found there some stones bigger than my fist, and with one of these stones I went back to the potato patch, hunted up the snake and killed it. That snake was not something to be regulated; it was not something to be put in a cage and admission charged to see; it was something to be killed.

I say to you, good men and women of Indiana, the Flying Squadron is bringing to the American people the stone with which to kill this snake called the liquor traffic. It is National Prohibition of the liquor traffic, and we are going to kill that snake. (Applause.) That is the reason the problem is a simple one.

At this point may I say a few words about Kansas? Kansas has tried the experiment of killing this whisky snake as thor-

oughly as any State in the Union. I am giving it as a concrete example of what can be done with the saloon people even though we face this question under tremendous difficulties, for we have not had a fair chance in Kansas to carry out our experiment. As far as we could go we have gone. Kansas is four hundred miles east and west, two hundred miles north and south, four thousand miles straight down, and as high up as you can go; and our motto is "To the stars through difficulties." Within the boundaries of Kansas live a million seven hundred thousand people of all kinds. If you want to hear the Messiah, do not go to Chicago or New York, Pittsburgh or Philadelphia, or the large cities, go to the little country village of Lindsborg, out in Kansas, and hear it given by Swedish boys and girls in Kansas, and you will say you have never heard it before. Over in the next county they all speak German, and in the next county you must speak four languages. We have a lot of different people out there, and we have had to educate them to our ideals. We have had a prohibitory law for thirty-four years; we began to think about it sixty years ago.

A man once sued another man for libel because the man called him a rhinoceros. He brought the case to his attorney, and after talking it over the attorney said: "You say this man called you a rhinoceros three years ago?" "Yes." "Well, why are you bringing suit against him now? Why have you waited all this time?" "But," the man replied, "I never saw a rhinoceros until yesterday." (Laughter.) The people in Indiana do not have to have a diagram to know what that means. There are some States and cities where the people seem to be in ignorance of the hideousness of the saloon. I saw ninety men in a saloon in Philadelphia the other day. It looked very ugly to me, but these men seemed utterly unconcerned.

Kansas began to get anxious about this matter sixty years ago, and with four things together we got the law. That is

what we must do—get together. We got the political factions together; then we had the help of the churches of the State—they all came together on that proposition; then we had the help of the newspapers, and that was exceedingly rare sixty years ago. I tell you, men and women of Indiana, the time is coming when the journalism of this country should take a stand on this question, when the proprietors and editors of newspapers ought to take out of their sheets liquor advertisements. (Applause.) That is negative, and the next thing is to step out in the light with us and help us, and if they had done that ten years ago we would not be here tonight—it would be done. I call on the newspapers in this country everywhere to come out and join us, using the tremendous influence of the public press. We had them in Kansas; and then we had the help of the women, who could not vote then, but they could pray. They prayed short prayers, but short prayers can go a long way, so the women prayed while the men wielded the ballot. The women can vote in Kansas now, and that makes me think of a story of a very ardent suffragist who was going to march in the forefront of a parade, but when the day came she was ill. So she asked her husband if he would not take her place and carry a banner in the parade. Now, this man was a quiet sort of fellow; he came home from his business at night, got into his comfortable coat and slippers and took up a book; he was not much concerned with public affairs, indeed, sometimes did not take the trouble to vote. But he loved his wife, so to please her he consented to march. The day of the parade came, and the wife watched from the window for her husband. At last he came, head down, shoulders drooping, his banner trailing in the dust—never even looked at the house. When he came home his wife said: "What in the world was the matter with you, George? Why didn't you hold your head up? And your banner was trailing along." "Mary," said he, "Do you know what was on that banner?" "No," she said, "What was it?" "Well, that banner had on

it these words, 'Any *man* can vote, why can't I?'" (Laughter.)

The women in Kansas kept asking that question of the legislature for a long time, and finally the men in Kansas got tired hearing them ask it, and they gave them the right of suffrage two years ago, and if the men in Kansas want to bring the saloon back into the State now (which they do not), the women wouldn't let them, and I want to live long enough to see every woman in every State in this Nation have the right of suffrage. (Applause.) My mother went to the polls, my wife goes, and my sisters go, and they very often tell me how and what to vote for. (Laughter.) We never have any trouble about it, and the pies and cakes and bread are just as good as ever, and the babies are cared for just the same. And the woman has a right to this, she has the inalienable right of a human being to have a voice in the government of which she is a part when she brings children into the world, and in Kansas it is settled on that basis alone. And saloons have gone out of the State forever. (Applause.)

Just in a few minutes, what we have got out of this thing for ourselves: We are the second richest State in the Union tonight; North Dakota is the first State on this proposition. We send forty thousand boys and girls to high school, and twenty-one thousand men to universities, because the farmers have money to spend for educating their children. Missouri, with all her saloons, only averages twenty dollars apiece in her savings banks, while Kansas, without saloons, averages one hundred dollars apiece in savings banks. In Missouri only one farmer out of every hundred has an automobile; in Kansas one farmer out of every five has a good machine—and they are not all one kind of machine, either. (Laughter.) I went to a little country schoolhouse in the middle of the State to give a lecture, and I counted twenty-nine automobiles and only nine horses and buggies. More farmers in Kansas own automobiles than in any other State. We doubled our

bank deposits in ten years; we put into one savings bank five hundred and sixty thousand dollars the first six months after the State went dry. I can take you into one town in Kansas of ten thousand people, a railroad intersection point, and in that town there is only one policeman to keep order, and he is asleep half the time. There is not a drop of alcohol in the place. I live in a city of fifty thousand people, the headquarters of the Santa Fe System; it is the capital of the State. We have not a saloon in the place, and where the saloons used to be are brick buildings occupied as stores and factories and employing four or five times as many people as the saloon ever did. That is what will happen to your Indiana cities when the saloon gets out.

I cannot begin to tell you what we have got out of this law—the tremendous advantages, because you cannot put some things into words. But come to my town and see the city. Fifty thousand people live happily there. I do not know where you would get a drink if you were sick; we do not allow it to be sold in drug stores. If you asked a drug store man for a drink, saying you needed it, he would say, "You must be a stranger here. Go out and get yourself some buttermilk." (Laughter.) We have six hundred and fifty paupers in the poorhouse, all told; seven hundred and twenty-four in the penitentiary, but only one hundred and fifty-two Kansas-born men. A tremendous change has taken place. Ask the supreme court judges, the governor, the members of the legislature, ask the business men, the men in charge of the one hundred and thirty-six banks in the State, and they will tell you that the value of every acre of land has been increased by the prohibitory law. Ask the commercial clubs and the newspaper men—not a newspaper prints a liquor advertisement. Thousands of young men have been born and reared in Kansas who have never seen a saloon or a saloon bar, and never tasted alcohol. When we stop making the stuff the thirst for it will

die out of the human race, and we will have such a race as God's sun never shone upon. (Applause.)

It is not buildings we are trying to save, it is human beings. I spoke this afternoon of your beautiful monument. I stopped to look at it as I passed, one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen. I have traveled a good deal, seen beautiful things all over the continent, in Australia and New Zealand, but all these beautiful things are not to be compared with the value of one boy that I saw going into a saloon tonight. He made me think of my son; his face was still young and innocent. I go into the saloons sometimes to see what they are, and I find always the same thing—I find human beings being robbed—our young men, almost boys—they were boys, and I cannot help thinking of my son and of how much I would take for him. You will protect your beautiful monument from injury, and I hope you will protect your boys. You could put up another monument, if through some upheaval it should be destroyed, but how are you going to replace the multitude of boys that are destroyed every year? Little Marietta is a three-year-old Italian girl: What of that? She is a human being and worth more than all the buildings in New York. I try to send postcards to my son from the different places I visit, but I can only find pictures of buildings. Why do they not put the faces of people on these cards instead of buildings? I do not care for buildings. A human being is worth more than the Woolworth tower. But here are human beings robbed by the liquor traffic. Little Marietta has to work because her father is a common drunkard. He cannot step out of his sweatshop without passing a saloon, and it is what the saloon gets from him that makes it necessary for little three-year-old Marietta to work.

I showed that wreath the other day to the people in a penitentiary. They sat there, stolid and upright—half of them no worse than a good many people outside who have never been caught—and when I was through one man got up and

said, "Can I speak to that man?" He was given permission and came down to the table and put down a little purse and said, "Please send that to little sister." There was only forty cents in it, and he is in prison for life, and yet he had a heart full of sympathy for "little sister," and I thought of the well-fed, well-clothed, well-cared-for men and women who have no thought for these little children—the victims of the liquor traffic.

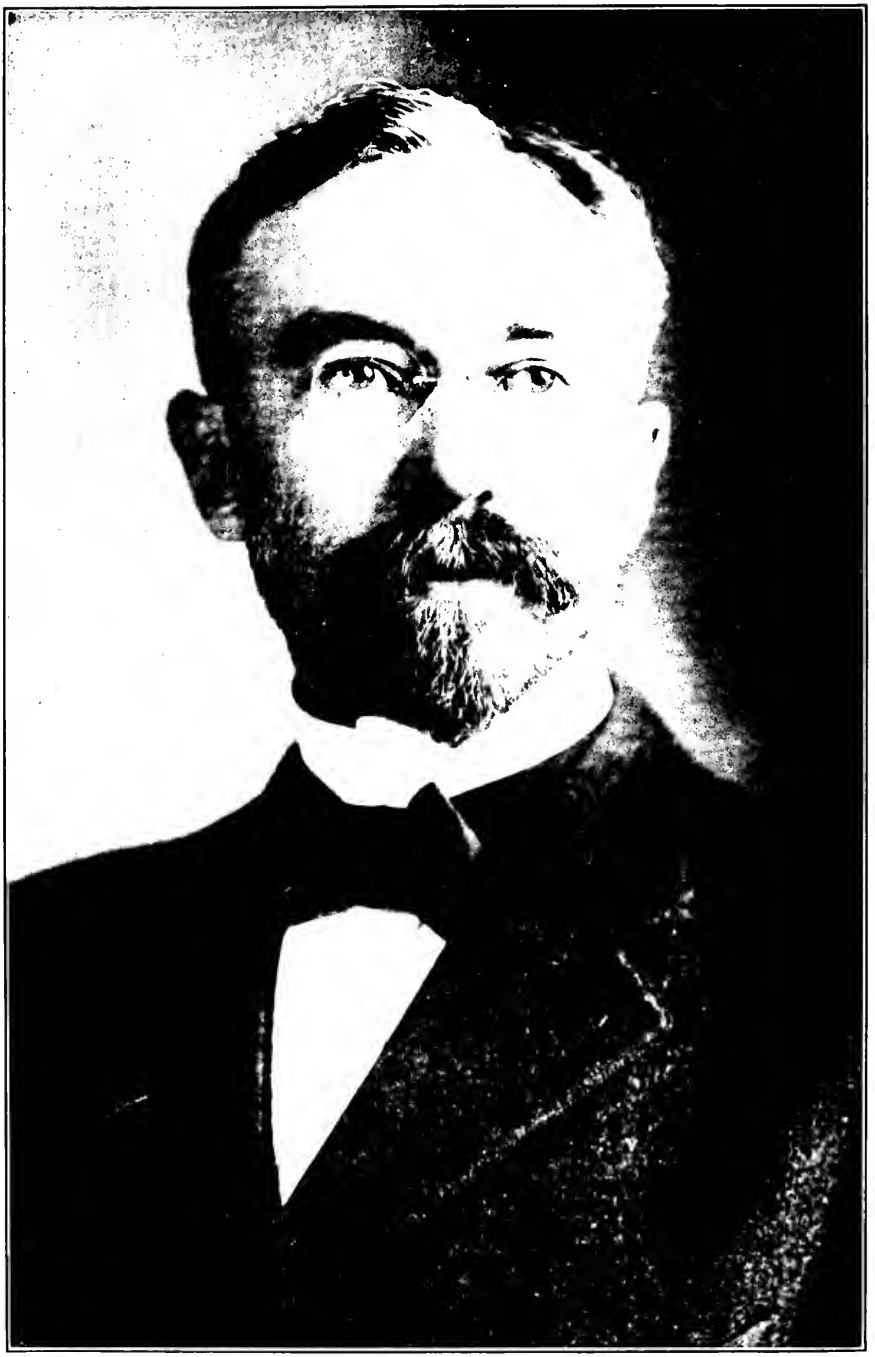
God give us tonight a vision of the Brotherhood of Man! I think that is what we need more than anything else in this gray old world, here and in Europe, a vision of the Brotherhood of Man!—the thing the Master saw as he stood in his carpenter shop making things for the people of Nazareth, when he heard the voice calling, calling him to come out and tend the sheep without a shepherd. If we could have that vision, Oh, men and women of Indiana, we could do this mighty thing, and free the people from this great wrong!

If I could hold within my hand
    The hammer Jesus swung,
Not all the gold in all the land,
Nor jewels countless as the sand,
    All in the balance flung,
Could weigh the value of that thing
Round which His fingers once did cling.

If I could have the table He
    Once made in Nazareth,
Not all the pearls in all the seas
Nor crowns of kings or kings to be
    As long as men have breath,
Could buy that thing of wood He made—
The Lord of Lords who learned a trade.

Yea, but His hammer still is shown
By honest hands that toil,
And 'round His table men sit down;
And all are equals, with a crown
Nor gold nor pearls can soil;
The shop at Nazareth was bare—
But Brotherhood was builded there.

CLARENCE TRUE WILSON



DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON, General Secretary of Temperance Work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born in Milton, Delaware, April 24, 1872. He was educated in St. John's College, Annapolis; received the degree of A.B. at the University of California; B.D. at McClay College of Theology, Los Angeles; Ph.D. at San Joaquin Valley College, and D.D. at St. John's.

He was ordained a deacon of the Methodist Episcopal Church at eighteen and an elder at twenty, and became pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Seaford, Delaware, in 1889. He has also served churches at Seacliff, L. I.; Pasadena, Cal.; San Diego, Cal.; Newark, N. J., and Portland, Ore. He became National Secretary of the Temperance Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1910.

From 1906 to 1908 Dr. Wilson was President of the Oregon Anti-Saloon League. He is widely known as a platform lecturer and temperance orator, and also as an author, some of his best works being: "The Things That Are to Be"; "Prohibition versus High License"; "A World Vision of the Temperance Reform"; "Dry or Die—the Anglo-Saxon Dilemma."

A man of distinguished appearance, a deep thinker, a forceful speaker, Dr. Wilson commands attention and respect everywhere; his addresses are the result of exhaustive research and clear thinking, and are worthy and effective contributions to the temperance cause.

Dr. Wilson started with the Flying Squadron at its first meeting in Peoria, and continued with it from there to the Pacific Coast and back to Omaha. He came to fill the place of Dr. Sheldon, whose absence at the beginning was occasioned by his inability to reach America earlier than October.

Dr. Wilson's work as a member of the Squadron was effective and commanding.

POT SHOTS AT LIQUOR FALLACIES.

Cracked Chestnuts.

Your memorable sayings are proverbs of ashes,
Your defenses are defenses of clay. Job 13:12.

There are some chestnuts that have been carried around and worn until they are smooth. I do not expect to get any kernel out of them even now, but I propose to crack a few of them for the same purpose that my Irish friend cut a hole in the cellar wall. When asked why he dug the window through, he replied: "To let some of the dark out."

"SALOON KEEPING IS A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS!"

CHRISTIAN civilization is supported by four pillars, without which it could not stand. They are: Business integrity, Sabbath observance, purity in home life, and sobriety among the people. There is an institution, which, like a frowning fortress of perdition, fires its volleys against these four corner posts. Against business integrity it fires the gambling mania. Against Sabbath observance, Sunday desecration. Against purity in home life, it licenses the place of shame, and against the average sobriety it sends forth a stream of drunkenness.

The first thing to make clear is that this liquor power is not a business, but a crime. All human activities are divided into three classes—business, charity, and crime. Business is commodity or service for profit. Charity is the same commodity or service without profit. Crime is the profit without the commodity or service. The average man spends his money anyway, but if he spends it in the butcher shop he has a beefsteak on the table to show for it. If he spends it at the grocery store he has good provisions in the pantry. If he deposits it in the bank he has a bank account laid up for a rainy day. If he spends it in the millinery store his wife is a well-dressed woman, with a hat you can't see over. But one may spend his money every day for thirty years in the saloon, and he will have nothing but a red nose to show for his cash.

If business must give adequate value for money received, then the saloon is not a business, but must take its place with the gambling den and the place of shame, as a crime against society.

Some one may claim that the saloon helps to pay his taxes, but this is a great error. Can you squeeze water out of a sponge? If you think you can, go down to the drug store and buy one—buy one and squeeze it and see how much water

you will get. The only way you can get water out of a sponge is to bring the water in a basin, put the sponge down in it and let it absorb it, then you can squeeze some of it back. If you want to get money out of a saloon, the only way is to put the saloon down in the community and for every twenty-two thousands dollars it takes from the pockets of the people you can squeeze one thousand of it back in the form of revenue. To pour a golden stream of revenue, the saloon must pick the pockets of the poor. If you add to the twenty-two thousand dollars thus taken from the people for every one thousand dollars paid back the sum it costs the people to take care of its results in courts, jails, almshouses, depreciation of property, withdrawal of money from circulation, it would be another twenty-eight dollars for every one dollar gotten back. This whole license system by which we legalize a great wrong is a colossal blunder, lame in logic and a failure in practice; wrong in principle, and powerless as a remedy; foolish as a financial investment and a Judas Iscariot deal in morals! It has coined buzzard dollars to lay on the closed eyes of our Nation's dead conscience. Every cent of it is the price of our shame.

This continued rum traffic is a standing insult to every wife and mother in our land; it offers to take their sons to ruin them; their daughters, to destroy them. There is not a flower in the hat of a rumseller's wife that did not cost roses from the cheeks of some other man's wife, nor a flashing diamond in the bosom of a bartender or brewer that was not purchased at the cost of jewels of manhood from our American homes. For you can't run a sawmill without logs, nor a gristmill without grain, nor a rock crusher without feeding it rocks, and you cannot run an American saloon without turning these mothers' boys into drunkards and their daughters into drunkards' wives. Will you join me in pledging high Heaven that you will stand against this thing any time and anywhere?

"THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC HAS A NATURAL RIGHT TO EXIST AND CARRY ON BUSINESS!"

THE Supreme Court has declared that no man has a natural, inherent, or constitutional right to engage in the sale of intoxicating liquors, and that the only way he can acquire this right is to secure a license which is of the nature of a permission issued by the local authorities. The right of the local authorities to permit implies the right to prohibit. This was the decision of our Supreme Court that puts the responsibility for the licensing of the liquor traffic upon the sovereign States. But a later decision, which makes it impossible for a single State to control interstate commerce, makes the regulation or prohibition of the liquor traffic within the state borders an impossibility and widens the issue to rum rule for all the Nation, or National Prohibition by a constitutional amendment, and raises the slogan: "On to Washington!"

It is a piece of folly for temperance reformers to center their fire on the two hundred and fifty thousand saloons of the Nation when four or five thousand breweries that manufacture this liquid poison could easily be closed down, and the traffic would cease through the cutting off of its source. Give us a dry law with a dry administration emanating from Washington, and having the moral backing of national authority and power, and the traffic will cease. The people who think prohibition cannot be made to prohibit must remember that it has never had a fair trial. To prohibit an institution having the whole weight of our national administration and laws on the other side, to be whacking at the mere outshoots of the evil, the saloons, instead of the root of the evil, the manufacturers, has been our colossal blunder. What we want is National Prohibition of the manufacture of intoxicants, of their sale and interstate commerce. We have tried a wet law and a wet administration, and we have had things wet;

we have tried a dry law and a wet and dry administration, and found things damp; but a dry law and a dry administration will make them dry as Kansas. We have trifled long with alcohol. Has the individual, the family, the church, or the State gained anything but sin and shame from the legalized outlaw, the deadly upas which is planted in the soil of the great Republic and has spread out its roots and branches over all the land? There is no such thing as a natural right to do wrong, nor can there be a legal right to injure society. The people themselves cannot confer such a right, much less their representatives. The court decision of Samuel R. Artman, of Indiana, will one day be the law of Christendom. Law may pronounce what is right, but it cannot make rights, much less make them out of wrongs.

"WHY STIR EVERYBODY UP ON THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION?"

BECAUSE the license system by which we perpetuate the iniquitous liquor traffic is eternally wrong and can never be settled until it is settled right. Unsettled moral problems have no mercy on the peace of nations. And secondly, in church and state, agitation is better than stagnation. Two frogs down a well jumped into a pail of cream. One said: "Partner, it's no use; we are gone", and settled down to drown, but the other started such an agitation—hitting and kicking—that when he stopped to catch his breath he found himself standing, monarch of all he surveyed, on a little island of butter.

Two different ministers go into the same community. One feels himself surrounded and surrenders; the other hits and kicks until he has churned indifference into public sentiment for moral decency to stand on.

There are some passions that you had better not stir unless you want to get into trouble. The one is love of home and the other love of country. And the drink traffic has put his hand down on both of these; and when the Anglo-Saxon realizes this he will rise up in his wrath and destroy the drink traffic.

Those who constitute the vicious minority have always been active, while the righteous majority, like their churches, were found too often "closed for the week." When not closed up they have often been asleep, dreaming that a giant wrong of the magnitude of the liquor power would abdicate for the crooked little compromise of our license system.

Of course no law can give good government automatically, but given a prohibitory law and the saloon is on the run, and a dozen righteously aggressive men can bring in a reign of righteousness anywhere. Law enforcement is easy when you have the man. Every joint keeper in Kansas found that one woman was too much for them.

"BUT ISN'T THIS SENTIMENT A MERE SPASM?"

IT IS the culmination of causes that run back into the years and must run on forever. I shall name some of the causes that contribute to the effects we now see.

Thirty years ago the International Sunday School Lesson System prescribed a quarterly temperance lesson, and for thirty years every Sunday School boy and girl has studied and been impressed with Bible teaching on the evils of strong drink. The children then ten years old are now thirty and forty. The impressions of their youth are the settled convictions of their manhood. These convictions will be registered.

Twenty years ago the public school system began the systematic instruction of our children upon the nature of alcoholic liquors and their effects upon the human system. They learned from scientific text-books that alcohol is never a food, but always a poison; never to be put into the healthy body, and though useful as a medicine, always dangerous as a beverage; stimulating, not as a strengthener, but as an irritant.

I have mentioned but two causes. There are others. The life insurance companies, the great railway corporations, looking for sober men, the secret societies that will take neither liquor sellers nor liquor drinkers into their membership, the voice of the church, the decisions of the courts, the police records, all unite to point out the saloon as the people's Supreme Foe.

Whatever may be said about the divided churches and the warring denominations, it will be found that we all stand together when the time comes to close in on the liquor traffic. For every man engaged in Christian work soon learns that the one institution that blocks his work and destroys what he is trying to build up is the saloon.

No man ever labored for the youth of his community without getting a secret dread of the counter influence of the saloon and looking upon it as his chief rival. And then I can speak for preachers, Y. M. C. A. workers, Sunday School teachers, day school teachers, who are more interested in the welfare of their scholars than the salary suggests, all mission workers and parents, when I say we are not going to vote much longer for our worst rival. We have other plans for our young people than feeding them to the saloon.

If we do not give the ballot to the women to speak for themselves, then every man who has a spark of manliness in him will remember that when he comes to vote he is there in a representative capacity and must represent the interests of wives and mothers at home, and there is not an open saloon anywhere that is not a standing insult to every mother and wife in the State.

"TEMPTATION MUST NEEDS COME!"

THIS is the scripture selected by the liquor dealers and put on their placards in a recent campaign. As if we had to side with the devil in order to make the Lord a true prophet. They did not, however, quote the balance of the verse:

> "But woe unto the man by whom the temptation cometh. It were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he be drowned in the midst of the sea than that he should cause one of the least of these that believe on me to stumble."

What a peculiar thing that some folks should try to quote the scriptures when you think of the side they advocate!

"Prohibition attempts to remove temptation from man, while God's plan is to permit temptation to exist in order to strengthen the moral power of man. Therefore, prohibition is not in accord with God's methods." The fallacy involved in this is due to the supposition that the object of prohibitory law is to make men moral by compulsion. But criminal law, and this among others, is not for this purpose. We don't punish theft to make either the thief or his victim moral. And we propose to forbid the sale of liquor, not to make the liquor-selling or the liquor-seller or the liquor-drinker moral, but to stop a traffic that injures every one in the community by disturbing public order, by endangering personal safety, by increasing public taxes for the support of paupers and criminals, by demoralizing legitimate productive industries and by cursing the homes, on which, in the last analysis, a nation is built, and in which its future citizens receive their bent toward virtue. It is to prevent this injury, positive and

enormous, to the community as a whole, and to every individual in it, that prohibitory law is advocated.

Is it the State's duty to supply temptation so that men's moral nature will be tested and strengthened? That is what the objection involves, for no saloon can be legal unless the State protects it with its courts, its police, its militia, if necessary; nay, may even summons any citizen to take arms in its defense.

If the supplying of temptation is an important aid to the development of virtue, then why is not the keeping of a saloon as important and beneficial to the community as teaching a public school or preaching? If it is God's method of increasing men's virtue, then why should not you and your son keep a saloon, or conduct a gambling house, or publish obscene literature?

But the objection involves much positive disrespect to the devil. It implies that he is not equal to the task of supplying the world with sufficient temptations, and the development of virtue requires that we go into active partnership with him. We believe in giving the devil his due, and there is little cause to call in question his activity or ability in our times.

Temptation is the devil's job, not ours. The average saloon as a character builder! Such a suggestion is enough to make a half-way decent man blush up to the roots of his horns.

"YOU CAN'T MAKE MEN GOOD BY LAW!"

THIS is a bit of folly we do not try, but you have made men bad by law. What we quarrel about is the latter attempt, whether the other can be done or not. The law is a great sentiment maker. Besides, it fixes the environment of many absolutely.

But is it true that men cannot be made good by law? The supposition of criminal laws is that they do have some restraining influence among men. They not only serve to punish bad men, and to protect good men, but to keep many individuals out of a life of crime which they would have entered if there had been no such laws. I apprehend that we are a great deal better under law, and by reason of law, than we would be without any law. No doubt there is a good deal less of crime in the State than if we had no criminal code. By so much are men made better by reason of the law. A good prohibitory law, reasonably enforced, would serve to improve the character and lives of many people. Saloon keepers would be forced to go into some decent business, which would make them, their wives, and children better. Many a young man who has been subjected to temptation and has just started on the road to ruin would be saved by a law shutting up saloons.

"CAN'T MAKE MEN MORAL BY COMPULSORY LEGISLATION!"

PROHIBITION is not an attempt to make men moral. We recognize the fact that you cannot strengthen the man's will nor weaken his appetites by statute law. But what is any criminal law for? Do we send a thief to jail in order to make a moral man of him? Do we hang a murderer in order to make a moral man of him? Do we imprison a forger in order to make him good? No, criminal law is not enacted to make men moral, but to protect the community against wrongdoing. The saloon breeds crime against the person, against public order, against life itself. Two-thirds of the arrests made are for drunkenness—either "plain drunks" or "drunks and disorderlies," every one of which signifies at the very least a public nuisance, and in very many cases a menace to life. The community has a right—it has a positive duty—to protect itself from these forms of wrongdoing. The purpose of prohibitory law is not to make the drunkard moral and the saloon keeper virtuous, but to protect the public against wrongdoing. We ought to stop making men immoral by law. Men may get liquor if they hunt it, but we ought to stop the saloon from hunting men. We want a law that will shield and protect the young, the habit-bound and the helpless, and not become a snare to entrap the unwary.

"BECAUSE ONE MAN OUT OF TEN MAKES A FOOL OF HIMSELF IS NO REASON WHY THE OTHER NINE SHOULD BE DEPRIVED OF THE PLEASURE OF DRINK!"

YES, but it does not stop with one man's making a fool of himself. The trouble is that he makes, too often, a wild beast of himself. The trouble is that in that condition he is liable to make a corpse of somebody else. If one man out of ten, or one out of fifty, turned out by a saloon is for the time being a maniac, it is about time to shut up the saloon and let the other forty-nine men gratify their appetites in a less hazardous way. If one coat out of every ten made from South American wool were found to engender insanity in the wearer, would the public do right to pass a law, if necessary, preventing the manufacture or sale of such coats?

If one man out of every ten that ate ice cream was found to be afflicted with an incurable disease that made him a danger to passersby, how long before the law would throttle the ice cream factory? If liquor were an entirely new thing, just introduced into the country, and the effects were at once ascertained to be what they are shown to be, a prohibitory law would be passed by acclamation. If a business makes one man out of ten a wild beast, or even a common nuisance, the other nine have no right to ask that the business continue in order to gratify their appetites at the expense of public order and personal safety.

There is no law against drunkenness, and as there is no penalty no man is afraid to get drunk. This would be a proper policy if individuals all lived apart, but every man is a part of the social compact, and where we allow him to put himself in an irresponsible condition, to disturb the public peace and menace the public safety, we blunder. If one is

going to live in society his standards of liberty must be different from those of some one who lives a Robinson Crusoe life alone. If he goes to a desert, mountain or island, he can plant an orchard, make apple brandy and drink himself full, where the wolves will get his body and the devil will take his soul, he is within his legal rights, but if he is going to live in society, there can be no true liberty but in steadfast obedience to righteous law. They talk about "blue laws". Why, all laws look blue to one who does not intend to obey them. "No rogue e'er felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law."

"IT IS CONTRARY TO THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN LIBERTY TO DICTATE, BY LAW, WHAT A MAN SHALL EAT OR DRINK."

THIS is the "personal liberty" argument. It is based on a double misconception: (first) As to the nature of personal rights, and (second) as to the purpose of prohibition. Personal rights are, properly, rights that pertain to one's own person. Nature assigns to me the right to control my own muscles, nerves, appetites and passions. The will to govern my passions is lodged in my head and not in any other man's head. If I misgovern I am the one that suffers most. I have a natural right to control my own person. But if that is my personal right, what is yours? Precisely the same. You have the right (as it is your duty) to rule supreme in the realm of your own person. No one else can do it for you. But when I use my power over my muscles to constrain or injure you, then I am beyond my realm and am usurping authority in your realm. My right is supreme so long as I alone am affected. When some one else is affected my right stops. I can eat whenever I please and yet I cannot eat my neighbor's bread. I can drink what I like, but not my neighbor's wine. I have a right to stand and swing my fist, but that right ends just where your nose begins.

The right of barter and sale is not a personal right at all. I cannot barter with myself. "It takes two to make a bargain." There must be some form of social organization in order for the existence of trade or traffic. The savage is in a "state of nature" and has an appetite for meat. But when he begins to trade with other savages, then and there is the germ of social organization. All traffic depends at every step upon the protection of civil laws, statute or common.

The right to eat or drink what I please (if I do not infringe my neighbor's equal right) is a personal right. But the right to control a public traffic is a social or civil right. To drink

a glass of wine, if it is mine, may be a personal right. That is to say, it is an act of personal liberty, even though it may be an unwise exercise of that liberty. But the right to keep a saloon, or to manufacture liquor for sale, is not a personal right at all. If a right at all, it is a social or civil right, conferred and protected by law. I may drink a glass of wine or beer and no one else be affected by it. But I cannot conduct a saloon without any one else being affected by that.

Prohibition deals with the traffic in liquor. It says that one shall not sell, or make for sale, not that one shall not make for himself and use it for himself. Under prohibition law any one has the right to set up a little kitchen distillery and make his own whisky as he bakes his own bread. The personal right is undisputed. The right of traffic alone is interfered with. If it were the business of the Government to prevent a man's injuring himself, then it might prevent a man from even drinking liquor. But that is not the business of government. Its business is to keep each man from injuring others. Its province may be larger than that, but it certainly is that large.

The whole argument for prohibition rests, therefore, on this basis: That the liquor traffic is a public menace, a public nuisance, a public curse. It forbids, therefore, the public act of traffic, not dealing with private appetites and personal habits. The opening of saloons is a public act which affects everybody and the right only comes by the consent of the majority.

I am in favor of liberty enlightening the world, but that doesn't imply a liking for a goddess with a red nose to illuminate the path of progress.

"IT IS A BAD THING TO HAVE LAWS THAT ARE NOT ENFORCED."

YES, but a worse thing to have laws which decent people cannot respect. Laws which, instead of reflecting the sentiments of the best classes, only mark the level of morality among the lowest and vilest. Shall we go around among horse thieves, train robbers, safe breakers, and thugs, and ask them what kind of laws they are willing to obey? Shall we put on our statute books only the laws that can be enforced without difficulty? And if we find something particularly favored by these classes, something which will make a great deal of trouble if we attempt to enforce it, shall we legalize the thing and encourage it, no matter how much mischief it will work among men? If not, we ought not to do so with reference to the sale of liquor. Liquor selling is more dangerous to society than gambling, more dangerous than making counterfeit money, more dangerous than any one thing now placed under the ban of the law. Why not be consistent and treat liquor selling as we treat other dangerous things?

But the temperance reform is the only one which is reversed when it proves its case. We start out with charging the brewer and saloon keeper with anarchy, saying they violate every restrictive law on the statute books. When we vote them out and they come back and violate the prohibitory law, instead of rebuking them or the perjured scoundrel who is under oath and salary to enforce the law, you go back on us and vote the law breakers a new lease of life. Whenever you have blind pigs you have blind officers, and when you have a blind officer he is taking something to keep his eyes closed. Why, a puppy gets his eyes open in nine days; we might get our officers' eyes open sooner if we would go to electing pups. I don't mean any reflection on any respectable dog, remember.

I only mean: If you want to get rid of blind tigers you must elect officers who have *eyes*.

But, in passing, let me inquire why we have named them "blind pigs" and "blind tigers"? I never saw the significance. If we must name an illicit rumshop for any animal, I propose we call it a skunk; that is the beast that dispenses strong liquor without a license!

"PROHIBITION DON'T PROHIBIT."

THE logic of this objection is as bad as the grammar! If Prohibition doesn't prohibit, what will? If it doesn't prohibit, it isn't Prohibition. If it is Prohibition, it does prohibit. We have tried moderation, but the appetite increased. We have tried total abstinence, but it managed the private appetite and let the public traffic go unrestricted. We have tried license, but license is permission, not prohibition. We raised the price, and high license intrenched the traffic. We tried restriction, but the legalized outlaw was stronger than any restrictive measures. It is easier to kill it than to confine it. There is only one mode of dealing with intrinsic evils—with that which is evil in all its results—the divine method must become the human method, Prohibition. This has been tried with dueling, slavery, polygamy, cannabalism, lotteries, gambling, bull fighting, prize fighting; it will work as well on rum selling. It does it now. All the States have tried it with success once a year—on election day. Most of them run Prohibition quite successfully once a week—on Sunday. If Prohibition can be made to prohibit one day a year and as easily one day each week, the same legal system and the same legal officers could make it prohibit on every other day.

"THE BREWERS HAVE AGREED TO REFORM!"

THE citizens of Oregon were promised a few months ago one of the most noted spectacles ever seen in the world. Curiosity and hope became rife. Barnum & Bailey's circus never produced such high expectance as when it was announced that the Brewers' Association was to introduce certain reforms in the liquor trade. No more saloons were going to be thrust into residence sections. Women were not to be permitted to frequent any of them. Observance of the Sunday law was to be strict. They were to close promptly within legal hours. But this was all just before election. When the election was over, all these pre-election promises, like some New Year's resolutions, folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away.

Once the great American showman remarked, "The American people like to be humbugged." To illustrate how easily the thing is done, he secured the bust of a young lady from the morgue and the tail of a codfish in Massachusetts Bay, properly adjusted them, and exhibited the combination at twenty-five cents a head as the one genuine mermaid of the whole world. Preserved in alcohol for many years, he made a hundred thousand dollars on it. When constant jolting finally separated the two bodies, he put the price up to fifty cents per head and showed the thing that had fooled so many people, making more money than he did before.

The ease with which our liquor friends fool many good citizens by their pre-election promises somehow reminds me of this experience of Barnum's, and of another philosopher's comment on human nature, "There is a new sucker born every minute."

The liquor trade will never be reformed so long as alcohol dwells in whisky. It is not the reputation of the man behind the bar, nor the color of the saloon, whether it is gilded or whitewashed; not the amount paid for license; not the resolu-

tions of the Liquor League, that decides the character of the saloon. It is the nature of the beverage it deals over the bar that goes to a man's head and dethrones his reason, saps the integrity from his conscience and strength from his character —leaves him an unbridled beast, and leaves us to take the consequences and pay the damages. The only way to reform the trade is to turn every saloon into a store, every groggery into a grocery, every drinkshop into a dry goods establishment, every winery into a wagon shop, every dive into a drug store, every brewery into a manufacturing plant, and make mills out of stills.

"A HALF LOAF IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD!"

THAT all depends on whether the half loaf is poisoned. It is better to work for a whole loaf and miss getting it, through no fault of ours, than compromise on a half loaf that has been poisoned, and stain our hands with the blood of our children and our neighbors' children, who drink their degradation and their death in the saloons our license has intrenched. It is better to vote for what you want and not get it than to vote for what you don't want and get it.

"You can't get prohibition now; why not work for something you can get?"

Meaning what? A reduction in the number of saloons, probably. It is such an easy problem in mathematics to say that to reduce the saloons from two hundred to one hundred will reduce the evils one-half. Unfortunately, it is not true. Experience shows that the reverse is true, and that a mere reduction in the number of saloons, those that are left being free to do business as before, is followed invariably by an increase in the evils. It seems like a provokingly unreasonable fact at first, but on examination it is, after all, easily explained.

Where the patrons of two saloons are thrown together into one saloon the treating and drinking increases. Let two men sit down to drink and each treat the other, making two rounds of drinks. Now come in two others, acquaintances, and nothing will do but there shall be two more rounds of drinks. What is more, each saloon, having now nearly or quite twice as many patrons as before (when there were twice as many saloons) can present twice as costly attractions to lure their customers. There is no case on record, so far as we know, where the mere reduction in the number of saloons has—unless for a very brief period—reduced the evils of drink. Where, then, is the half loaf of bread?

The saloons that are left do about twice as much business at far less expense than before, when the saloons were twice

as many. When the Western Union Telegraph Company bought out the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph Company, where there had been before two telegraph offices, with two rents to pay, and two forces of clerks, there soon came to be but one doing the business of the two at far less expense than it was done before. That didn't hurt the telegraph business any, did it?

"BUT WHY NOT WORK FOR THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE RESTRICTIVE LAWS ALREADY ENACTED? THAT WOULD BE A HALF LOAF WORTH GETTING."

THAT also looks reasonable until you come to try it. We Prohibitionists have among ourselves, however, a sort of axiom to the effect that the very surest way known to make a man a Prohibitionist is to start him in the attempt to secure the enforcement of the restrictive laws we have. That is the precise way most of us got where we are. Why is this? There are two reasons for it:

First. If a saloon is allowed to run at all, it must be continually watched to see that it observes the restrictive laws; and

Second. The laws can be enforced only through the public officials. If they don't of their own will enforce the laws, you may depend upon it there is some reason for their action. This reason is a political one generally.

Now, when you start in to enforce the laws, you must, at every step, work through these officials. You soon conclude that you need new officials. If your pluck is good, you persist, but find the law was made in favor of the liquor trust. You have no advantage; they have all. The liquor men, so long as they stay in the traffic, will violate any restriction you place upon them, and having the inside track, and the means, they will beat you at law. The best way to reform a saloon is to close it up and then start some other business there. Do not these saloons all violate the present restrictions? Would not the new law do better than the present one? It could not be worse. Why don't you get to work at this saloon improvement? We can't improve the trade; we are not in the liquor business. Crime should be prohibited; wrong cannot be right.

"BUT OF TWO EVILS YOU MUST CHOOSE THE LEAST!"

OF TWO evils there is no choice for me. You can go into a refreshment store and call for an egg in your soda. The clerk informs you that he has but two eggs left. "One is rotten, the other spoiled. Which will you choose?" You would say, "I will take the spoiled one." But I should say, "I will wait till the hens lay." Of those easy folks that, in every contest for better things, allow the enemy to fix up a concoction for them as a substitute for prohibition, I have no uncharitable remarks. A great deal depends upon the taste! As between low license and high license there is no choice for us. For our license system is not a restriction or a prohibition, but a legal permission to do a wrong act, detrimental to the public good, for a price. The archway of triumph through which the trade expects to march triumphantly into the future is supported by two pillars, Respectability, to entrap the youth, and Revenue, to bribe the voter, both erected by our infamous license system, the sale of Souls for Revenue.

"BUT IF THE BIBLE FAVORS PROHIBITION WHY DOESN'T IT SAY SO IN PLAIN WORDS?"

MY BIBLE does. It points to the tree of knowledge of good and evil and says: "Thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day thou eatest of it, thou shalt surely die." It contains ten commandments, every one of which is prohibitory. The mind that conceived them was that of a Prohibitionist.

"Thou shalt not" is even sumptuary legislation. The Jewish people were raised on these doctrines, and to this day they recognize the right of the law-giver to forbid the use of certain meats. The hog and certain other animals are prescribed as unclean. There are deeds, words, and even thoughts which are prohibited.

But when you come to the New Testament this principle fairly blazes forth. John stands at the threshold of the new era, declaring, "And even now the ax also is laid at the root of the trees; every tree, therefore, that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." Our Lord decreed: "Every plant that my heavenly Father has not planted shall be rooted up," and "by their fruits ye shall know them." This refers to saloon plants and brewery plants and distillery plants, and every other plant that produces bad fruit. If hewing it down, rooting it up and burning it in the fire isn't Prohibition, what is?

"THIS IS NOT A NATIONAL ISSUE."

UNDER the American scheme of government there are state questions and there are national questions. For instance, the question of woman suffrage is at least technically a state question, simply because the State can exercise complete and controlling authority in regard to this issue.

If Illinois wishes to enfranchise its women, can it do so? Certainly. Is this enfranchisement either blocked or limited by the Federal Constitution or by any powers given to the Federal Government by the Constitution? No. The women of Illinois can vote for every office from dog catcher to President, if Illinois says they may. If the Federal Congress should attempt to say that Illinois women shall not vote or shall exercise their franchise for certain offices only—if, for instance, Congress should say that Illinois women shall not vote for President—such a Congressional law would not be worth the paper on which it was written, for suffrage is a matter belonging to the States and not to the Nation, excepting as constitutional amendment may alter the location of this power.

But can any State exercise such complete and controlling influence over the liquor traffic? No. The State controls state license and but little else. The Federal Government controls Federal license, interstate commerce, navigable waters, the mails which carry advertisements, treaties, imports and exports, the testimony of Federal revenue officers, all territory belonging to the Federal Government, even within the bounds of a State. The liquor problem is a Federal question because the Federal Government only can exercise a direct and conclusive control over this question.

CHARLES SCANLON

CHARLES SCANLON, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is the General Secretary of the Board of Temperance of the Presbyterian Church. He was born at Three Churches, Hampshire County, West Virginia, October 5, 1869, of the marriage of Michael Scanlon and Mary E. Garrett.

From the public schools he entered Valparaiso University, at Valparaiso, Indiana, receiving the degree of B. S. in 1895 and the degree of A. M. in 1899, taking a post-graduate course in the University of Minnesota in 1901.

Dr. Scanlon was married to Mary A. E. Walker, of Browningsville, Md., April 2, 1894.

After teaching in the public schools of West Virginia, he became a teacher in the State Normal School of Virginia, remaining there four years (1890-94), and retiring to accept the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Wheaton, Minn., in 1895. In 1899 he was transferred to Minneapolis, continuing in a pastorate there until 1903. From 1899 to 1901 he held a chair in McAllister College, St. Paul. Upon his retirement from the ministry in 1903 he became national lecturer for the Prohibition party.

In 1902 he was nominated for Governor of Minnesota on the Prohibition ticket. In 1908 he was elected Permanent Chairman of the National Prohibition Convention. He was a member of the twelfth International Congress against Alcoholism, which convened in London in 1909; also of the thirteenth convention of the same Congress held at The Hague in 1911, and of its fourteenth convention held at Milan, Italy, in 1913, representing the Government of the United States in each of these conferences.

At the present writing Dr. Scanlon is Secretary of the Temperance Commission of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, Treasurer of the International Prohibition Confederation, member of the National Temperance Society, member of the National Prohibition

Trust Fund and of the Scientific Temperance Federation. His home is at 401 South Rebecca street, Pittsburgh, Pa. His office is in the First National Bank building.

Dr. Scanlon joined the Flying Squadron at Wichita, Kansas, and continued with it throughout the Pacific Coast campaign, and until it reached St. Paul on its return trip. He came to take the place of Eugene W. Chafin, who was unable to join the Squadron at the beginning of its campaign because of his candidacy for United States senator.

Few, if any, hold a higher place among the temperance millions in America than Dr. Scanlon. His contribution to the campaign of the Squadron had a distinct and peculiar value. The message he gives in this volume speaks for itself.

LIQUOR VERSUS BUSINESS.

THE liquor traffic has long since lost all claim to right of existence either on moral or on social grounds. Almost its sole plea for toleration today is that it helps business. The purpose of this address is to deal with that phase of the question, omitting entirely for the time other phases.

The four great staple products of our lives are food, clothing, shelter and tools with which to work. Business is always helped when the demand for these commodities is increased, when the cost and the difficulty of production is diminished and when the purchasing power of the people is enlarged. Business is always injured when the demand for these staples is decreased, when the cost and difficulty of production is increased, and when the purchasing power of the people is diminished. In the light of these few simply accepted principles of political economy let us examine the liquor traffic.

What is the effect of the liquor traffic upon the demand for food? Other things being equal, do the families of drunkards have more food and better food than the families of sober men? No; the contrary is true. Therefore, the liquor traffic is the enemy of the grain grower, the miller, the flour merchant, the stock raiser, the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the fruit grower, the fruit dealer and of every man who produces or handles any article of food, because it lessens the demand for what that man has to supply.

What is the effect of the liquor traffic upon the demand for clothing? Other things being equal, do the families of drunkards have more clothing and better clothing than the families of sober men? Not at all. Then the liquor traffic is the enemy of the cotton grower, the wool producer, the manufacturer of fabrics, the dry goods merchant, the clothier,

the tailor, the hatter, the shoe maker, the shoe dealer and of every man who handles or produces any article of clothing, because it lessens the demand for what that man has to supply.

How does the liquor traffic affect the demand for houses? When young people are married and establish a home, and build a house, they give business to teamsters and hod-carriers and stone-masons and brick-layers and carpenters and plasterers and furniture dealers and hardware merchants and glaziers and shingle makers and upholsterers and carpet weavers and men in other lines of trade and industry. Suppose the young man is a drinking man. He will commonly go from a poor house to a poorer one, and finally it may be to the poor house itself, where those who are dependent upon him are supported at public expense. Now he has paid no wages to others, but has taken the wages of others to care for those whom he had the right to support.

What is the effect of the liquor traffic upon the demand for tools? By this we mean anything used in the production of a livelihood. The stock and the implements of the farmer, the library of the professional man, and the utensils of the household are all included under this head.

Other things being equal, do drunken farmers have more and better stock, more and better machinery than sober farmers? Not at all. Then the liquor traffic is the enemy of the horse market, cattle market, sheep market, hog market, poultry market; it is the enemy of the manufacturers of plows and seeders and wagons and rakes and mowers and reapers and harness and of the dealers in agricultural implements, because it lessens the demand for all such things.

How does it affect the demand for books? Other things being equal, do drunken professional men have larger and better libraries than sober men in the same lines? Not at

all. Then the liquor traffic is the enemy of the paper manufacturer, the printer, the book binder, the book seller and of every man whose capital, or labor, or genius enters into the use of the production of a book or a paper or a magazine, because it lessens the demand for all these things.

Do the wives of drunkards, other things being equal, have more and better utensils with which to conduct the duties of the home than the wives of other men? By no means. There is no wiser or higher economy anywhere than the preservation of the health and the strength of the wife and the mother. There can be no greater extravagance than the needless expenditure of the strength of the wife and the mother. The measure of Christian civilization must always be the measure of love and confidence and respect shown to womanhood. We can no more elevate a nation while degrading its womanhood than we can strengthen a rope by weakening its strands, or enrich a nation by impoverishing its people.

The liquor traffic is always and everywhere the enemy of womanhood. It degrades her physically, morally, socially, intellectually and spiritually. Every day a multitude of men are spending for liquor that which would otherwise be spent in the home, and when so spent would preserve the health and strength of the wife and the mother.

Here, then, is a traffic which lessens the demand for food, for clothing, for houses, for tools with which to work. A thing which does that must always be an enemy of business, for wherever there is suffering in America today it is due to under-consumption and not to over-production. As long as there are children who cry for bread, there is not too much grain; as long as there are those who are clad in rags, there is not too much clothing; as long as one and two and three and even four families live in one small room, as they frequently do in the larger cities, and then

some of them take in boarders, there are not too many houses in this country. We need to enable our people to build their homes and live comfortably in them, and it could be done with less than goes into the liquor traffic.

If it be asked if this traffic is not here to supply a demand, we answer that primarily it is here to create a harmful, unnatural demand that it may supply it.

If, as we have shown, the liquor traffic lessens the demand for the great staples of life, how does it affect the cost and the difficulty of production? Ames & Company, the shovel manufacturers, found that when their men were abstainers they produced fourteen per cent. more goods than when they were drinking.

Mr. Mosley, an Englishman of means and public spirit, brought to America a commission to ascertain the reason for the larger productive power of the average American workman. Going to different parts of this country and making their investigations independently of each other, the commission gave as its judgment that the superior productive power of the American workman over his British brother was due to his greater degree of sobriety.

The Vice-President of the American Sugar Factory at Rocky Ford, Col., told me that when saloons were there, Monday was often a day to be dreaded. The men came late, they were unskillful, they spoiled the product, they broke the machinery, they injured themselves and others and often their wages were attached. After the saloons were banished, Monday was often the best day in the week. The men came back refreshed after the rest of the Sabbath, and except in case of an accident none of the things before complained of occurred. It was a rare thing that the workmen's wages were attached, and that eighty per cent. of the business men of Rocky Ford would vote against the return of the saloon, for they sold more goods and found it easier to collect their accounts.

At Ida Grove, Iowa, some years ago a bank was in process of erection when I visited the town. Everything seemed in readiness, but no one was at work. Inquiring the reason, I was told that there was but one man in the place who was sufficiently skilled to turn the noble arch over the main doorway and that he had gone on a spree. The other workmen were therefore necessarily idle. At the end of the week or month when they were paid, did they not all have less money than they would have had had the work gone forward in a normal manner on that building? Did not the contractor make less money than he would have made if the men could have worked regularly? Did not the man who was having the building erected lose money by delay in its completion? Did not the merchants of that town do less business than they would have done if all the men had remained sober and employed?

At Taylorsville, Florida, I was told by a man who had large mercantile and turpentine interests that he had just contributed one hundred dollars to the prohibition campaign. Inquiring his reason for doing so, he replied, "Keep liquor away and I can manage a thousand negroes in this camp, but put liquor among them and I don't guarantee to manage one of them, nor a white man either."

At St. Petersburg, Florida, as the throng left the place of meeting, a man standing near the doorway said as I approached, "Most people would suppose that one in my line of business would favor the liquor traffic, but I don't." Inquiring what he did, he said, "I'm an undertaker." "Well," I said, "why do you not favor the liquor traffic?" He said, "Because an old drunkard's wife dies, and I bury her, and he never pays me for the coffin—or he dies, and I put him away, and I never get anything for it. I'm against the liquor traffic."

Out from Niagara Falls, in the apple picking season, the farmers told me that they favored prohibition. Asking

why, they replied, "We cannot gather and market our fruit with drunken help."

It is slowly but surely dawning on the whole world that the man with a clear eye and a keen ear and steady nerves and firm muscles and an unclouded brain is a better workman, a better citizen, a better neighbor, a more dependable piece of machinery than a man with a dim eye, a dull ear, unsteady nerves and flabby muscles and a befogged brain. In other words, that a man in the possession of all his powers is a larger asset of the Nation than a man shorn of a part of his powers. The merchants do not want drinking men, the manufacturers do not want them, the life insurance companies do not want them, the railroads do not want them, the banks do not want them, the farmers do not want them; in fact, there is nobody who does want them, unless it is here and there a foolish girl. She will sometimes take such, but that is about all.

I, who have sisters and a wife and children of my own, say, with all reverence, I would to God that the young women could see as clearly before marriage as they so soon and so plainly see after marriage, the folly of linking their lives with drinking men.

If the liquor traffic lessens the demand for the necessities of life, and increases the cost and the difficulty of production, how does it affect the purchasing power of the people?

Under normal conditions, a man cannot buy unless he has the money, and he cannot have the money unless he works for it, or is a member of some city councils better unnamed. There stands a factory ready for operation, the workmen with their families are gathering. A grocer establishes himself nearby, and I ask where he expects to get a living for his family. He replies he expects a part of the wages of the men who work in the factory. I ask what right he has to any part of their wages, and he says

that unless he were there, or some one to take his place, those men would have to go singly or in groups to get their supplies, but by bringing the supplies to a convenient point he economizes their time and increases their productive power, and is thus entitled to a portion of their earnings. This is an honorable business proposition of advantage to all concerned.

There stands a sawmill owner, and I ask him how he expects to get a living. He replies that lumber is worth more than logs, and that everything which comes to his hands is worth more when he is done with it than when he got it, that he is creating value in the community, and he is.

There stands a carpenter, and I ask him how he justifies his trade. He replies that houses are worth more than lumber in the pile, and that everything which comes to his hands is also worth more when he is done with it than when he got it. He, too, is creating value in the community.

The miller tells me that flour is worth more than wheat in the kernel, the baker says bread is worth more than flour in the barrel, the butcher says dressed beef is worth more than cattle on the hoof, the dairyman says that butter is worth more than cream, the blacksmith says that iron fashioned into useful instruments is worth more than ore in the hills, the tailor says clothes are worth more than goods in the bolt, the shoemaker says shoes are worth more than leather in the roll—they are all creating value.

I go to the milliner and ask her what she is doing. She replies that she is taking a little ribbon and feathers and felt and converting it into something the like of which is not seen in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth, and if you men don't believe that she is creating value, wait until you get a bill for that hat.

There is no yoke under which the average American husband and father bows so joyfully as that which is formed by the arms of his wife, or his daughter, when they put them up and seal them with a kiss and say, "I need a hat." If there is a dollar on the place, she will get the hat, and there will a scene of happiness occur that would make an old bachelor pull his hair—if he has any. Colonel George Bain so truthfully says that he never sees a rose swinging in the hat of a saloon keeper's wife that he does not know that it is the rose out of some other woman's cheek, and it is.

Then I turn to a minister, a teacher, a physician and a lawyer, and ask how they can justify their occupation. One of them lives by the sins of the people, one on their ignorance, one on their pains and the other by their quarrels. The answer is that it is an accepted principle of political economy everywhere that healthy, intelligent, moral people doing business in an orderly way are always better producers than ignorant, unhealthy, immoral people doing business at haphazards. Therefore, the minister, the teacher, the physician and the lawyer have a place in the industrial economy of the community, because they increase the productive power of the people.

Now, I turn to a liquor dealer and say to him, "What are you doing—are you creating value? Will that which comes to your hands be worth more when you are done with it than when you got it? Will there be more children in the public schools and Sunday schools, and will they be better clothed and better fed because of your traffic? Will the men of the community be better husbands, fathers, sons and brothers? Will the women be truer and nobler in their lives? In short, will your traffic elevate the moral, social or spiritual condition of the community?" If he tells the truth he will say, "No, sir; I am not here to create value, but to destroy value; that which comes to my hands will

not be worth more, but infinitely less, when I am done with it than when I got it. There will not be more children in the public schools or the Sunday schools, nor will they be better clothed, or better fed, because of my traffic. The men will not be better husbands, fathers, sons or brothers. I am here," he says, "to take sons from mothers, fathers from children, husbands from wives, brothers from sisters. I am here to breed idiots and paupers and criminals and lunatics and spread pestilence among the people."

Some one says, "No, that is unfair; these things may occur, but they are a by-product, they are merely incidental, they are apart from his main purpose. He desires simply to get the money." Very well, here is a burglar who breaks into the house at night, he does not really desire to commit murder. Probably not one burglar in a hundred really prefers to commit murder. If ever a burglar gets into your home, lie still and he will probably not harm you at all. It takes a great deal of self-restraint to lie there with your hands folded and look peaceful and happy, while he is working around and gathering up your watch and pocketbook or rings and other things of interest to him and to you, but if you will lie still he will probably not harm you at all. Burglars have been in my house twice. Of course, they got badly fooled, but they have been there twice and never harmed me—I was away both times.

But, a burglar goes to the house with the expectation, at least, of getting money or property. If it is necessary to commit murder in order to accomplish his purpose and escape, he stands ready to commit murder. Now, is not that the spirit in which the average burglar plies his trade? Here is a liquor dealer who says—and many of them could no doubt truthfully say the same thing—that he does not desire to commit murder, nor to break up homes and separate families and blast hope and ruin life and spread pes-

tilence among the people, but he desires the money, and if all these evils must follow in the wake of his work he stands ready nevertheless to get the money. Now, is not that the spirit in which the average liquor dealer plies his trade?

Please observe that I am not abusing liquor dealers. Abuse is not argument. If all the liquor dealers in America were placed on shipboard and sent to sea, and the license system allowed to stand, there would be another company of men tomorrow morning to take their places—that would not settle the question. I am not abusing liquor drinkers—I pity them. If all such were likewise on shipboard and sent to sea, and the license system allowed to stand, there would be another crop of drunkards next year to fill the ranks. That would not settle the question.

If we would dry up this moral ulcer of the nations, if we would heal this open sore of the world, we must stop the manufacture, the importation, the sale and transportation of this iniquitous thing. There is no ultimate, permanent and final solution for the liquor traffic but annihilation. To aim at anything nearer or easier as a permanent solution is to ignore history and invite defeat.

Here, then, is a traffic which lessens the demand for the helpful things of life, increases the cost and the difficulty of production and diminishes the purchasing power of the people. To claim that such a thing is beneficial to business is to do violence to language, logic, history, economics and common sense.

WILBUR FLETCHER SHERIDAN

WILBUR FLETCHER SHERIDAN is the General Secretary of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and one of the big men of his denomination. In the active ministry for years, he has held some of the highest pastorates in the country. He has signal ability as an orator and is in constant demand by two very intellectual classes of audiences—the colleges and the large ministerial gatherings of the country. His work with the Squadron began at Peoria, Illinois, September 30th, and ended with Jacksonville, Florida, March 6th, the duties of his official position requiring his attendance at the spring conferences of his denomination.

Dr. Sheridan brought to the Squadron the active support of the Epworth Leaguers of the Nation, and, in conjunction with Dr. Daniel A. Poling, gave it a grip upon the hearts of the young people of the country which it could not otherwise have secured. His part in the great movement has endeared him to the hearts of thousands.

UNEXPECTED RE-ENFORCEMENTS.

ON the 18th day of June, 1815, at a quarter of four o'clock, Napoleon Bonaparte took out his watch, and, with that grim smile of his dictated a despatch to Paris. It read: "The Battle of Waterloo is won for France."

But a little later, out of the woods at the northeast, burst the Allies' re-enforcements under Blucher. The impact of that fresh body of troops caused Napoleon's "Old Guard" to stagger, gave Wellington's crumbling iron squares on the hill a chance to re-form; the French were driven back, at first in confusion, and then in rout. And the sun of Napoleon set that night in endless gloom. It was the unexpected re-enforcements that turned the almost defeat of the Allies into glorious victory.

So it is the unexpected re-enforcements to the cause of prohibition today that is changing the almost defeat of a few years ago into glorious victory.

For be it understood we are having such victory today as our cause never saw before. You can start in at tidewater, in old Virginia and cross that Mother-State of Presidents into West Virginia, and across the latter into Tennessee, and across Tennessee to Arkansas, and across it to Oklahoma and Kansas, and through these to Colorado, and across it, diagonally, to Idaho, and across Idaho to Oregon, and across Oregon and Washington to the sea—and it's dry all the way. You can cross the Continent from ocean to ocean without getting your feet wet!

Now, when we remember that an area equal to all the eighteen Prohibition States is dry through the operation of local option, we begin to see what rapid strides prohibition is making—and most of it in the last two or three years. I used to live in Kentucky. That was ten years ago. I lived there when the State was wet from rim to rim. I lived there

long enough to learn to love the old Blue Grass State. Every once in a while I find myself singing softly:

"Take me back to old Kentucky,
To the State where I was born;
Where the corn is full of kernels,
And the Colonels full of corn."

But that song has gone out. For today ninety out of one hundred and six counties in Kentucky are as dry as Kansas. And it was just the other day that nine counties went dry, including old Bourbon County, the home of Bourbon whisky! Why, it is enough to make a lot of those old Kentucky colonels turn over in their graves when they get the news by subterranean telegraph that old Bourbon County has gone dry.

Then, there is my own State of Illinois, for I live now in Chicago, that the past year put out of business more than a thousand saloons—put them out through the votes of the newly-enfranchised womanhood of Illinois. And why shouldn't the women have a right to vote upon this greatest of all moral and domestic questions? Or upon all questions, for that matter? For when God made woman, as Dr. Talmage once phrased it, He took her not from man's side, to be his slave, nor from his head to be his master, but from his side. And she should walk by man's side in all the ways of life, his companion and equal.

By such victories as these the area of dry territory is expanding, until we have a grand total, including county and State dry territory, of two-thirds of the area of the Nation, and three-fifths of the population, under prohibition.

I feel concerning local option and State prohibition a good deal as Johnny did when he was invited out for dinner. His mother said: "Now, Johnny, remember to be very polite. And when the maid serves the last course and asks you whether you will take pie or ice cream, you must answer:

'Thank you, ma'am, I like both and will take either.'" "Never fear, mother," said Johnny, "I'll do it right!" And when the maid asked him he promptly replied: "Thank you, ma'am, I like either and will take both."

I'll take local option pie and State prohibition ice cream. But I am on my way to the Nation-wide prohibition watermelon, and I'll never rest until we get it.

This recent amazing growth of prohibition in the United States has been made possible by the arrival of unexpected re-enforcements.

First, there is the re-enforcement that has come from the exigencies of war. The vise-like grip of a great necessity compels European nations to keep their soldiers at their best. Hence the English Government puts liquor for soldiers under the ban and restricts its sale and use at home. Lord Kitchener has issued an appeal to English soldiers to abstain wholly from liquor, in which he is joined by the Surgeon-General of the English army and a score of the leading physicians of the realm. They base their appeal on the following grounds:

First. Liquor confuses the mind when clearness and promptness of action are needed.

Second. Liquor increases fatigue.

Third. Liquor increases the septic danger in wounds and lessens the power of resistence of the body.

Fourth. Liquor increases the susceptibility to disease.

Fifth. Liquor lessens the accuracy of aim in firing.

But England has not been alone in her opposition to liquor. France has abolished the sale of absinthe throughout the Republic. And so eminent a paper as The Figaro, of Paris, advocates the prohibition of the sale of all intoxicants.

Emperor William made the statement at the outset of the war that the Nation that used the least liquor would win. So pronounced has become his attitude against liquor drinking, according to reliable report, that he sends a letter to the mother of every new-born child in Germany urging that mother never

to permit liquor to pass the lips of her child. While the use of the lighter forms of liquor is permitted in the German Army the official pressure for its discontinuance is very strong.

Most striking of all is the complete wiping out of the liquor trade in Russia. The Czar's proclamation abolishing its sale will take its place, in my judgment, among the great charters of human liberty of the ages. It will take its place alongside the Magna Charta of King John and the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln.

A second re-enforcement to the cause of prohibition has been the greatly increased use of the principle of eminent domain. More and more the State and municipal governments are exercising that right for the benefit of the common mass of the people. The taking over of property or land by the city for public works; the exercise of sanitation restrictions; the enlargement of the police powers of the State and the like. All these mark the recognition of the right of society to exercise a certain control of the individual for the sake of the common welfare. And this re-enforces in marked degree the sentiment for the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Still a third re-enforcement is the attitude of science. A distinguished professor of Harvard University said recently: "Science has set her face like a flint against liquor."

Where the medical profession even a few years ago encouraged a wide use of liquor as a medicine and treated lightly its use as a beverage, now medical men by the thousand are treating its use as a beverage as a grave peril and as a disease, while an increasing number of them have reduced to a vanishing point its employment as a medicine, and a considerable number will not prescribe it under any circumstances whatever. Among the last named is Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, who in the forty-five years of his great sanitarium, has never once made use of alcohol.

Within the past ten years the employment of alcohol as a therapeutic agent has decreased from fifty to eighty per cent.

in Bellevue Hospital, New York, in Cook County Hospital, Chicago, and in the Massachusetts General Hospital.

It is cause for rejoicing that leaders of scientific investigation in Germany are taking the same position. Such men as Doctors Kraepelin, Meyer, Bergman and Prinz have published extensive data, gathered after the customary exhaustive method of German research. These experiments show that even a little alcohol decreases a laboring man's muscular power. The ergograph—"work-register"—of Prof. Kraepelin shows over and over the same results—beer, as well as the stronger liquors, weakens the strength of day laborers. Prof. Prinz found that it took him one-fourth longer to climb a mountain when he had indulged in one glass of beer. "There is a seven per cent. decrease in the working efficiency of the accountant or desk-worker after imbibing one glass of beer." Mathematical processes—even the most simple—become more difficult and the errors more numerous after the use of even a little liquor. The power to distinguish colors is greatly lessened, and often entire color-blindness ensues. The ratio of accidents in mills and factories as between drinkers and abstainers is as twenty to eight.

Science has joined in the war against liquor and her influence is incalculable.

The fourth re-enforcement is from the world of sport.

Formerly we thought of sport and liquor as inseparable. It is not so today. Here again the requirement is for brain and brawn at their best. Hence the fiat has gone forth, "Liquors must be barred."

The foot-ball coach says: "No drinker need apply."

Such baseball managers as Hughey Jennings and Connie Mack and a score more of the great baseball leaders say to their men: "You'll have to cut out booze if you play ball with us."

Johnny had appendicitis. His mother was a Christian

Scientist, his father a surgeon. His mother said: "Johnny you must forget it." But his father said: "Cut it out!"

This is true of all lines of athletics. Swimming, running, jumping, hammer throwing, and the rest—all utter the same word of banishment for drink.

Tom Sharkey, ex-pugilist, now saloon keeper, complains that the thing that is killing the saloon business is the fact that every high school boy is being taught that he cannot make good in athletic sports and drink.

Jesse Willard, the new champion in pugilism has never drunk a drop. He says that drink is the cause of the going to pieces of most pugilists. He said a few days ago that New York sports used to make all manner of fun of him because he would not run around with them to the saloons; and that now those same fellows are trying to borrow money of him. John L. Sullivan, one-time champion, declares that it was liquor that broke him down.

In the world of sport it is "Thumbs down" for John Barleycorn.

The fifth re-enforcement is the changed attitude of the press.

Ten years ago one scanned the larger American dailies in vain for one good word for prohibition. Now many dailies in large cities support the principle. Such papers as the Philadelphia North American and the Kansas City Star, for instance. According to recently gathered figures six hundred dailies, large and small, have come out for prohibition. And a still larger number, including the Chicago Tribune and the Herald, the Philadelphia Ledger, etc., have eliminated liquor advertising from their columns. Such great weekly papers as Collier's and the Saturday Evening Post have taken a similar attitude. And when the liquor advertising goes it is amazing how quickly the facts concerning the ruin and misery caused by drink get into their columns.

The enormous sums thus voluntarily surrendered by these

newspapers are in themselves patent proof of the grip that temperance conviction has gotten upon the Nation's mind.

A daily in the central west came out a few weeks ago with a rabid anti-prohibition editorial. A friend of mine wrote a letter of protest to the editor, and received a reply which I was privileged to read. It ran something like this:

> "Your letter received. I am frank to say that since writing the aforementioned article, I have heard from the owner of this paper and to my surprise find that he has adopted views similar to your own. I can assure you that the utterances of this paper on the subject of liquor will be modified."

The whole situation in the case of the public press is full of promise. It is true that there are still many daily papers whose utterances on this subject are dictated by the breweries and distilleries. Poor old St. Louis and Cincinnati and San Francisco are still in Egyptian darkness. Many newspaper editors throughout the country eat out of the hands of the big brewers—are owned by them body and breeches. But the number who have thrown off the chains of serfdom is delightfully large and is growing larger every day. May the time hasten when all the press shall scatter abroad "leaves for the healing of the Nations," instead of for their debauchment and ruin.

Greatest of all the re-enforcements to the cause of prohibition has been the change of front of "Big Business."

The railways, the mines, the big manufacturing enterprises, the great mercantile houses and the life insurance companies —practically all of them have aligned themselves against liquor. Over the gate of factory and shop and railway yard and mine enclosure are the words "No drinker need apply."

The railways are enforcing rigid rules against liquor drinking by employes, and, to make their enforcement easier, are building club houses or Y. M. C. A. buildings, where their men may have all the social and refreshment advantages of

the saloon without its curse of rum. Mines, factories and the like are following in the same line of procedure.

The reasons are not far to seek. The accidents in mill and mine and railway are traced usually to drink. For instance: One on a road in the East two years ago where fifty people were killed and double as many injured, was shown, under official inquiry to have been caused by the engineer running past three danger signals—and he had taken two glasses of liquor before he started on his run.

When Andrew Carnegie testified before the Government Industrial Commission a few weeks ago in New York he said his rule has been to employ no man who drank. On the first violation of this rule, warning was given; on a second violation, suspension; on a third violation the man was discharged.

The Edison Works, at Orange, N. J., the International Harvester Company; the Interborough Traction Company; the Sheffield Car works; the Sherwin-Williams Paint Company; the United States Steel Corporation, and a great number of similar gigantic enterprises, have similar stringent anti-drinking rules. Indeed, the bigger the business, the surer it is to have anti-drinking rules in force.

Some one asked Mr. Edison: "Don't you drink, Mr. Edison?" "No, sir!" emphatically answered the wizard of Menlo Park, "I have better use for my brains."

A high official of the United States Steel Corporation, Mr. C. L. Close, Commissioner of Safety, recently declared that the combined industries of America would destroy the liquor traffic in this country within ten years.

The liquor traffic is doomed. In many sections brewers are adding soft drink manufactories or fruit refrigerator plants to their breweries to be prepared for the inevitable change. Within the past few weeks, a leading distiller of Peoria, Illinois, has declared that the business cannot last more than ten years. There is a steady depreciation in the

value of existing breweries; some have gone into the hands of receivers and many have quit business. Some months ago the Consumers' Distillery Company, of Louisville, Kentucky, sent letters to the Keeley Cure at Dwight, Illinois, and in Chicago, offering them its list of forty thousand names of customers at ten cents a name. The letter went on to say that the distillery's present customers were the Keeley Cure's prospective ones and that all of them undoubtedly would like to break the habit of drink. Hence it was an opportunity for the liquor firm and the Keeley Cure to both profit by the proposed deal as the distillery company was going out of business.

The Consumers' Distillery Company did not state what was undoubtedly the underlying fact—viz., that with nearly all of Kentucky dry and all of Tennessee and West Virginia and Arkansas dry, its immediate patronizing territory was getting very circumscribed indeed, and that it was time to run for cover.

A Kansas City, Missouri, saloon keeper, advertised his saloon for sale and explained to his friends that it was not because he had all the money he needed nor was it because his conscience hurt him; but that he wanted to "get out while the getting was good, before the roof fell in on him."

At a recent saloon men's convention in Boston a delegate said at the close: "Two years ago we gave ourselves twenty years of life. Today we agreed we should be lucky if we have ten."

A group of fourteen traveling men were together in a New England city during the past winter. One of them asked how many were total abstainers. There was only one. But when it was asked how many of them would vote for State prohibition of the liquor traffic all except one said they would vote for it; and that one said if there was a chance at Nation-wide Prohibition he would support it.

The saloon is fighting this losing fight not only because of

the unexpected re-enforcements that have come to the cause of prohibition but because it cannot place a single witness on the stand in its own behalf in the court of modern civilization. It has an army of paid advocates but not a single witness.

A colored man was brought into court for alleged chicken stealing. The presiding Judge asked: "Have you any lawyer to defend you?" "No, suh," was the reply. "Well, I will be good to you," said the Court, "and will appoint Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones here to defend you." They took the culprit over to one corner of the room and the Court could overhear "alibi" and "alibi." Presently the darkey came back to the Judge with a perplexed look on his face and said: "Jedge, dat was mighty kind ob you to 'pint dem two gemmen to defend me. But, Jedge! I'd like to swap one ob dem lawyers for a good witness!"

This is exactly the condition of the liquor trade today. It has an army of paid advocates—lawyers to burn! And, confidentially, I think a lot of them are going to burn! But it has not a man, woman or child to stand up in any court under Heaven and testify "The liquor traffic has been a blessing to me;" or "The liquor traffic has been a benefit to my home, to my friends or to my community."

Oh! there are witnesses enough concerning the business! Here is the ragged urchin who sells papers down on the street corner, holding up his tattered coat sleeves and crying in shrill, piping voice: "Dis is what de saloon has done fer me!" Jane Addams says there are one million seven hundred and fifty thousand children working in America, two-thirds of whom are working because drinking parents fail to provide them means of support.

"Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers;
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are playing in the meadows,
The young birds are twittering in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blooming toward the West;
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
They are weeping bitterly.
They are weeping in the playtime of the others
In *this country of the free.*"

Yes, there are witnesses enough concerning the liquor traffic. I sometimes walk down to my office in Chicago by way of South State street, between Harrison and Eleventh. There you see the "finished product" of the liquor traffic. Men with dishevelled hair, bloodshot eyes, bloated faces, slouching gait, and ragged clothes—men with an undescribable hopelessness about them—men that you would not want to meet in an alley on a dark night. And as they shuffle past me they seem to mutter: "That is what the liquor traffic has done for me!" They are the social misfits, the human derelicts, the flotsam and jetsam of a great city, converted into so much human junk by the liquor trade.

Over here is a scarlet house. By the table in an idle hour sits a young woman. She looks as if she were thirty-five, yet she is only twenty-two. She is driving memory's chariot over the roadway of the past. It stops by a cottage gate in a distant village. Honey-suckles and morning-glory vines climb over the windows. A sweet-faced woman stands in the open door—a woman whom once she called mother. The memory of it all sweeps over her as the cold mist sweeps over the moors from the sea, and burying her face in her hands

the hot tears flow through her fingers as she sobs: "Oh, this is what the liquor traffic has done for me!"

In every city the social service experts and vice commissions report the same thing—from two-thirds to three-fourths of the women leading lives of shame attribute their start to drink.

In the court of morals, in the court of health—as all the insurance companies are certifying—in the court of industry, in the court of humanity, it is the same story of ruin through drink. The saloon has been indicted and convicted in them all. Modern civilization pronounces the drinker a nuisance and the liquor traffic a crime. The enormous wealth of the brewer and distiller has secured the postponement of sentence in the large cities and in some other sections. Judges and executives here and there have succeeded in thwarting the will of the people, as in Utah recently. Influential men at the bar and at the editorial desk have used their brilliant gifts to obscure the truth, and have succeeded temporarily in throwing dust in the eyes of the people; and legislators in many cases have turned Judas and betrayed the constituents who have elected them. But this is only a postponement. Their time is short. The people have made up their mind. The liquor traffic that for so long a time has been far-reaching as commerce and as remorseless as the grave, dictating politics and terrorizing trade, subsidizing newspapers and city councils and State legislatures and even National congresses, and bidding open defiance to all law, both human and divine, has reached its Judgment Day. It is compassed about on every hand by the advancing armies of right. The sentence of doom is prepared in the words of Holy Writ itself: "And I saw a woman sitting on a scarlet-covered beast, full of names of blasphemy. And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet and decked with gold and pearls and precious stones, having in her hand a golden cup full of abominations, even the unclean things of her fornications; and upon her forehead

a name written, *the mother of harlots and of the abominations of the earth.* And her merchandise was gold and silver and wine and slaves and souls of men. And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. Her sins have reached unto Heaven and God hath remembered her iniquities. Render unto her even as she hath rendered, and double unto her the double according to her works. Therefore in one day shall her plagues come—famine and mourning and death; and she shall be utterly burned with fire. And the kings of the earth who committed fornication with her and lived wantonly with her, shall weep and wail over her, when they look upon the smoke of her burning, standing afar off for the fear of her torment, saying, 'Woe, woe! For in one hour is thy judgment come. For strong is the Lord God who judgeth her!"

"A better day is coming, a morning promised long;
When girded right and holy might
Shall overthrow the wrong:
When Christ the Lord shall listen
To every plaintive cry,
And stretch His hand o'er every land
With justice by and by."

The liquor trade sees the handwriting on the wall and is in fear. I have been interested and amused in reading liquor organs to observe their attempts to retrieve their condition. They are preaching to their trade and urging all sorts of reforms. They might as well cry on the seashore in the teeth of a hurricane. For the liquor trade is inherently and essentially immoral. Its very nature is lawless. Several years ago a flood occurred in India. The waters spread over a great valley from hill-top to hill-top. A man with a rifle strapped on his back took refuge on the one island that rose above the flood. As he climbed to the crest of the island

he found it covered with animals—wild animals and domestic animals, that had taken refuge there from the waters. And right before him stretched a great Bengal tiger, spent from a long swim, panting and whining with fear. But the man knew tiger nature; he knew that that mood of the tiger would pass in an hour and the old blood-thirsty passion re-assert itself. He knew there is but one good tiger and that is a dead tiger. So unslinging his rifle he placed the muzzle to the beast's head and shot it dead.

The liquor traffic is whining with fear today. But I ask you to remember that there is only one good saloon—and that is a dead saloon.

"God hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat.
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment seat.
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant
my feet!
His Day is marching on!"

CULLA J. VAYHINGER

MRS. CULLA J. VAYHINGER, widely known as a convincing public speaker, a successful evangelist and a writer on economic and social questions, was born in Bennington, Indiana, in which State there are few women who are better known or more beloved. Her father, Charles W. Johnson, was a Lincoln volunteer in the Civil War and her mother is still active in religious work and interested in all efforts for the betterment of society.

Mrs. Vayhinger was reared in an atmosphere of piety and patriotism. She was educated at Moore's Hill College, and shortly after her graduation was married to Monroe Vayhinger, now President of Taylor University at Upland. In 1914, Mrs. Vayhinger received the degree of A.M. *pro honore* from her alma mater.

When but seventeen years of age she became interested in the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and gave her name as a member of that organization. From that day her devotion to the cause has been constant and unswerving and her service continuous in local, county, state and national work.

Since 1903 she has been President of the Indiana Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which, under her efficient leadership, has become a power for righteousness and a recognized factor in the moral development of the State.

In public addresses her distinguished appearance, winsome personality, and her thoughtful and convincing argument make a powerful appeal.

Mrs. Vayhinger joined Governor Hanly and Mr. Stewart in the preliminary campaign of the Flying Squadron in April, 1914. Mrs. Ella A. Boole spent the summer of 1914 in Europe. The outbreak of the war delayed her return, and upon her arrival she found the duties of her position as President of the New York Woman's Christian Temperance Union such that she was unable to join the Squadron until it reached Rochester. Mrs. Vayhinger filled her place at no inconsider-

able sacrifice. Participating in the initial meetings at Peoria, she continued as a member of the Second Group to Rochester, New York.

Her work was efficient and of high value.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC A CHALLENGE TO THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

TO ALL MEN in all ages the rythmic, stately tread of the conqueror has been attractive. Even the child looks with admiration upon the man who has met an opposing force and mastered it, no matter whether it be a rival ball team, some known law of science, or a nation. God himself puts his seal on the spirit of mastery when He puts into the mouth of John the Revealer the promise, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out forever." Again, when he saw the opening of the seals of the book he said, "I saw a white horse and he that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto him, and he went forth conquering and to conquer."

Men have braved dangers of air, sea and land, in order to wear the laurel wreath of the conqueror.

Hamilcar, the Carthagenian, took his nine-year-old son, Hannibal, to the altar of Baal, placed his tiny fist upon that altar and had him swear eternal enmity to Rome. When twenty-six years of age Hannibal was made commander-in-chief of the army, and decided to carry the war into Italy. In the year 218 B. C. he set out, through hostile tribes, over the swift Rhone, and pressed his way to the foot of the Alps. The mountaineers hurled huge stones upon his men as they wearily toiled up the steep ascent. Snow blocked their way. They came to places where the sharp crack of a whip or a loud voice might start the avalanche from the impending heights. Men and horses slipped on the ice-fields and rolled over the awful abyss. Roads must be cut through solid rock by hands benumbed with cold and weakened by hunger. When at last he reached the sunny plains of Italy there marched with him twenty-six thousand of the one hundred and two thousand with whom he had started five months before. In the eighteen months that followed, one-fifth of all the Roman

citizens able to bear arms, had fallen in battle, and all of this in order that Hannibal might return to Carthage, a conqueror.

Years later, Napoleon called his engineers together, and asked if it were possible to carry his men with the munitions of war across St. Bernard's Pass. They answered that it was within the realm of possibility. "It is enough," he said, and began preparations for the march. The old generals of England and Austria laughed him to scorn. To attempt to transport an army across the Alps, where no wheel had ever rolled, consisting of sixty thousand men, ponderous artillery, tons of cannon ball and baggage, with all the bulky munitions of war, was fool-hardiness and the vision of a dreamer. But besieged Massena was starving in Genoa, victorious Austrians were thundering at the gates of Nice. He would go. He inspected with rigid care everything carried by the army. Worn shoes, old coats, damaged muskets were discarded, and the column swept forward. High on those craggy steeps bands of army men appear like phantoms. The eagle, which had soared above him, now wheels and screams beneath the marching men. The mountain goat flees before the strange spectacle. Whenever they come to a hard place, Napoleon orders every band to play, and they pass seemingly insurmountable barriers to the strains of music. After four days of marching the twenty miles of men led by this dauntless leader, marched into Italy. Napoleon's mastery of circumstances and conditions, challenges the admiration of every reader of history.

Alexander's tread shook the known world as he sought to mould into one empire the divers nations of the globe that he might rule over it all.

We admire the conqueror in the intellectual realm. The man who by the light of the pine knot, studies himself into a statesman; or standing by the forge attains mastery of a foreign language, or the man who burns the midnight oil that he may solve the intricate problems of mathematics and science; these are the men whom the world delights to honor.

The man who harnesses nature and compels her to do his bidding, receives our generous applause. The statesman, who catches a glimpse of the need of the whole country, and frames a law to meet that need, is honored by every true patriot. The man who by close application and hard work, overrides poverty and misfortune and attains success in the business world, is held up as an example to every boy in like circumstances. These advances are all hailed as harbingers of a higher civilization.

We today are proud of being Americans. Our broad fields produce enough to feed our own and the thousands who come to our shores daily. Our mountains carry in their bosoms coal to warm us and our little ones, drive our wheels of industry and carry us and our products to the remotest nations of the globe. We have the greatest inland water-way and the greatest network of railroads in the world. Our school system is the pride of every American. We tax ourselves yearly two hundred and sixty millions of dollars in order that every boy and girl, black and white, rich and poor, high and low, may have an education. No community is left unchurched. Every State cares for its unfortunate, delinquents and dependents. Some of the greatest inventors, educators, and statesmen, the world has ever seen, have been cradled in our log cabins. Many of the greatest questions pertaining to the human race have been settled on American soil. Every flag on the high seas dips to "Old Glory," for she has never been hauled down in defeat. But listen! We may conquer every element in nature, we may master the learning of every land, we may open our store-house of material wealth and bid the nations enter and enjoy with us these riches, and yet we may fail to meet the world's sorest need and accomplish our God-given mission.

The greatest need of the world today is not more education, nor more material wealth, but it is crying out for a conquering religion; not Mohammedanism, which must be propagated by

the sword; not Brahmanism, which depends upon the credulity of the people for its growth; not Buddhism, which appeals to the inborn selfishness of men; not Confucianism, which is purely ethical and political in its teachings, but a religion which combines a belief in the true God and His Son Jesus Christ, with the practice of the principles laid down in His revealed word, and taught by the Son in the three years He walked with men as their teacher. In other words, Christianity applied to every phase of human life.

Constantine, marching against Maxentius, the rival Augustus at Rome, saw in the sky at midday a flaming cross with the inscription, "By this conquer." The Cross of Calvary, which is the emblem of Christianity, is the banner which the army must carry which is to drive back the darkness of ignorance and sin and bring light and peace to the world; which is to strike the shackles from slaves of greed and avarice, and destroy the evils which endanger our national life.

Four and a half centuries before Christ, Nehemiah was serving as cup-bearer to the King in Shushan, the palace. A wanderer from Jerusalem came down and Nehemiah asked him concerning the condition of the Jews. He replied that the remnant that were left of the captivity there in the province were in great affliction and reproach. The walls of the city were torn down and the gates burned with fire, and they were an easy prey of enemies within and without. Nehemiah prayed to God to send some one to build again the walls of the sacred city, and God answered by calling him to do the work. Nehemiah went to Jerusalem and began his task. First the enemies of the enterprise despised their feeble efforts and laughed them to scorn, but when they saw that the wall was rising, near completion, and that the breaches began to be stopped, they conspired to come and fight against the workmen, that the work might cease. But Nehemiah had been called and sent of God to repair the wall and it must be built even though it be built on the dead bodies of the enemies of the

enterprise, so he called the workmen together and instructed them. From that time, "they which builded on the wall and they that bear burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, every one had a sword girded by his side and so builded." Just so Christianity—conquering Christianity—must be dual in its nature. It must be both constructive and destructive. It must bear the trowel for building up the wall of Zion, but it must bear the sword which signifies warfare. It must teach and preach and bring the world to Christ, but on the other hand, it must strike to destroy every enemy of the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus.

We have done a magnificent constructive work for the Kingdom. Our churches reach out the helping hand and bring the Tidings of Hope to men in every condition of life. We are bringing the transforming power of the Gospel of Christ to bear on the dark corners in our own land, as well as to the remotest Isles of the Sea, and I would not minimize the importance of this work. It must be done and a Christianity without this constructive, missionary element in it, would be no Christianity at all, but we must not close our eyes to the fact that there are enemies to our great work, who would not only hinder the building but who do not hesitate to tear down what we have already builded at the cost of both gold and blood. The liquor traffic is the Sanballet arrayed against the Church of Christ.

Today in many of our States the saloon herds men and drives them to hell in droves. It murders helpless babes at the mother's breast, and robs our children of their sacred right to be well born and well trained. It chains these little ones to the tread mill of toil and brings them prematurely to old age and the grave. It takes from the home the son, for whom the mother has gone down into the valley of the shadow of death, and sends him back to her a maudlin idiot, robbed of reason, love and virtue. It fills our jails and penitentiaries

with the flower of American manhood which has been blighted by its hot, poisoned breath. It stretches on our gallows and thrusts into our electric chairs, men who were made criminals by its cruel hand. It peoples the red light district with girls who have been caught as flies in a trap in its gilded wine rooms and "ladies' dining rooms." The laws on our statute books are trampled under its unholy feet as it marches defiantly under the red flag of anarchy which it has hoisted and on which is emblazoned the words, "Prohibition don't prohibit." And yet in every State there are enough church members to break up forever this traffic in death. Bishop Berry, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, said at one time, "The saloon would kill the church if it could, and the church could kill the saloon if it would." If this be true, surely God will not hold the church guiltless in the great day of reckoning, when all those damned because of this curse, stand before Him in judgment.

We are confronted with the fact that the saloons and brothels dictate the policy of our average city. Respected men, even some church members, live on the income from dives and saloons. Leaders of churches vote for men in public office who connive at law-breaking. The police, chosen as the city's guardians, guard these human devils and protect them as they prey on our boys and girls. Girls rot in rooms within reach of the ear of the police. The easy church member sits in his pew on Sunday morning and sings:

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the Cross,
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
'Til every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed."

The preacher preaches on some archæological discovery, or explains the miracles of Jesus Christ, by natural methods. The Christian Scientist says, "All evil exists in your mind," and the devil laughs, and the awful tragedy goes on.

But these easy guardians of the peace of the church tell us, "It is not the church's business to array itself against these powerful organized evils." As well may the gardener excuse himself from weeding his garden, or the stock raiser from making war on the mites that suck the life-blood of his stock, or the nurseryman from spraying to destroy the death producing germs on his orchard, as for the churchman to attempt to excuse the church from leading the crusade against these organized evils on the ground that it is not the church's business. When God thundered the law from Mt. Sinai, when Jesus of Nazareth taught by the sea and on the mountain side, they with one stroke swept away all middle ground on which the Christian might stand in his relation to sin. They raised the black flag which meant no quarter to the liquor traffic and its allies, and woe to the so-called Christian man, who attempts to haul it down and to run up in its stead the white flag of truce and rest inactive beneath its protecting folds.

Luther's denunciation of the sale of indulgences was just as much a part of his work as the preaching of that beautiful doctrine, "The just shall live by faith alone." Huss, Savonarola and John Knox, found it necessary to attack sin in both church and state, while they were proclaiming the great truths of the Gospel. In fact, Christians came into existence as rebels. They believed in Jesus Christ, but growing out of this belief, was opposition to the national religion of the empire, refusal to offer sacrifices to other gods or to worship the emperor, absenting themselves from games, feasts and festivals, and finally gathering themselves together in secret at night, for all of which they were persecuted. Some were crucified, head down. Some were cast into boiling cauldrons of oil. Some were covered with the skins of animals and worried to death

by dogs. Some were thrown to tigers and lions. Old men were forced to meet the gladiator in the arena, and then Nero consummated that crime of crimes when he lighted his gardens with the burning bodies of the Christians—why? Because they believed in Jesus Christ? No, not because of their belief, but because they dared attack falsehood in the church and sin in the nation. For this reason Jerome was tied to the stake. The fagots were piled high about him, the executioner came up from behind to light the fire. Jerome turned his head about and said, "Light the fire in front of me, please; had I feared fire I should not have been here!"

They might have believed in Jesus Christ from that day to this and never suffered persecution, but it has ever been the blood of the martyrs that has been the seed of the church. The martyr spirit has been the conquering spirit. When the church sheaths the sword which should be wielded against the enemies of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, and refuses to cry aloud against the prevailing sin which is destroying the people, she exchanges the proud tread of the conqueror for that of the cringing coward, and loses her power over mankind.

If the church does not destroy these evils, to whom shall we look for this work? I do not expect the brewer's heart to soften, nor the distiller to change his attitude, or his business, and I fully expect there will continue to be men who will reach out to filch revenue from the till of the saloon keeper, but I do not believe your Master and mine expects His followers to be in this crowd. Christ, the world and even the liquor traffic itself, expects the church to destroy this evil. Let us not disappoint them!

I want to be understood on two points. First, our fight is not against the saloon alone, but against the liquor traffic. The saloon is the eruption on the surface, throwing out the pus and poison produced by the brewery and distillery beneath. The saloon is the delta through which the brewery and distillery throw their liquid fire and damnation upon the people.

The saloon is the smoke stack belching its black cloud of pollution, produced by the brewery and distillery engine beneath, out upon social, religious and political America. You might as well expect to cure a boil by scratching off the top of it, to eliminate the Mississippi by damming up its delta, or to destroy the factory by covering up its smoke stack, as to expect to get rid of the liquor traffic by putting out a saloon here and there and leaving the brewery and distillery in operation. Any law that does not strike at the manufacture of liquor, as well as its sale, will fail to accomplish our desire.

In Indiana we have tried every method in dealing with this evil, except the right one. We first had a law by which we remonstrated each month against each saloon keeper who applied for license. Under this law we kept out a few saloons. After two years it was amended and the remonstrance was made to cover all applications in any township. With this new law other saloons were closed. Later we were given the county option law, and under this we voted the saloons out of seventy of our ninety-two counties. Then we came before the Legislature, asking for State-wide Prohibition of both manufacture and sale of liquor. Instead of getting it, we got the repeal of our county option law and in its stead a township and city option law. Under this we voted the saloons back into more than thirty of our dry counties. All of these years we have been hoping and working to decrease drunkenness with its attendant evils in the State, but we have used a method that affected only the saloon, and that in spots, and of course have largely failed.

It reminds me of a young doctor who was walking along a country road at midnight. In the course of his walk he passed a cemetery. In front of the cemetery gate stood a large automobile. "How strange," said the doctor, "an automobile in front of a cemetery gate at midnight can mean only one thing and that is body snatchers. There was a hedge fence on the other side of the road, so the doctor went over, crawled under

the fence to watch what would go on. After a little while out of the cemetery came two men, and sure enough, they were carrying a corpse between them. They came to the car, dragged the corpse into the back seat, put him into a sitting posture in one corner of the seat, put a hat on his head, pulled it carefully down over his eyes, tucked a laprobe round about him, and after they had him fixed up so they thought he couldn't get away, they went back into the cemetery to fill up the hole where they had dragged him out. The doctor came from under the hedge fence, dragged the corpse out of the back seat and took him over to where he had been lying, then he climbed into the back seat of the automobile, put the hat on his head, pulled it down over his eyes, tucked the laprobe carefully about him, crossed his hands in front of him, and waited the return of the men. They came back in a great hurry. One of them jumped into the back seat, snuggled up close against the corpse, put one arm about his shoulders to hold him in position, while the other took the wheel, and they started at a lively rate toward the college. They had not gone far when the man holding the corpse said, "Say, Jim, this is the warmest corpse I ever felt in my life." "A warm corpse! Now who ever heard tell of a warm corpse? Sam, you're getting cold feet." They rode on for a few moments in silence. Finally Sam could stand it no longer, so he said, "Jim, if you don't believe this corpse is warm just reach back here and feel of him." The driver carelessly threw one hand back and touched the hand of the corpse. Just then the corpse said, "If-you-had-been-where-I-have-been-for-the-last-three-days-you'd-be-warm-too." The men never waited to hear the corpse describe the place where he had been, but jumped out of the car and left the doctor the possessor of it, and he owns it to this day.

Many times in Indiana we have thought we had a corpse in the saloon, but every time we found we had a warm corpse, and I will tell you why. The saloon draws its heat from the

very same place the corpse indicated he drew his, and it draws it by means of the brewery and distillery. Until you destroy the engine you have not killed the liquor traffic.

The manufacturers of alcoholic liquors would have us think the disreputable saloon is the cause of all this outcry, and that the poor innocent manufacturer is having to suffer because of the sins of this class of saloonists; that if saloons were law-abiding, kept good fixtures and a semblance of respectability, the agitation against them would cease. But we have learned that the so-called respectable saloon is the most dangerous one in our community. Clinton Howard says, "If I meet the devil I want him to look like the devil, act like the devil, and smell like the devil. If there is a saloon which does not look, act and smell like his majesty, that is the most dangerous one."

In the second place, I want to be understood as speaking for the prohibition of the traffic. The Flying Squadron of America is not a temperance society, but is advocating a definite policy for the State and Nation in dealing with the liquor traffic, and that is, TO PROHIBIT IT BY LAW.

There is much confusion in the minds of the people today because of the foggy thinking about "temperance," and "prohibition." The words have been used interchangeably for so long that we are prone to look upon them as synonyms, and yet it signifies little in these days for a man to class himself as a temperance man. The liquor advocates themselves claim to be temperance men, but we have never heard of them favoring prohibition. The railroad company would make a temperance man of each employee, but it does not seek to make of him a Prohibitionist. In other words, temperance is an individual question, prohibition is a social one. A man may drink in his own parlor, and so long as his habit does not affect any other man, woman or child, the State may have no right to interfere; but when a man opens a brewery, distillery or saloon and consummates a sale, that is a social act,

and the State has a perfect right to regulate or even prohibit it. Temperance is a matter of private habit, prohibition is a matter of public policy.

Temperance deals with the dram drinker, prohibition deals with the dram maker and seller. The liquorites raise the cry that you have no right to say what a man may eat or drink. A prohibitory law is not directed primarily against the man who drinks any more than the law against the sale of tainted meat is directed against the man who enjoys eating a spoiled steak, or the law against the sale of watered milk is directed against the man who finds watered milk better for his digestion than pure milk. These laws are directed against the unscrupulous seller who for the sake of a few paltry dollars would endanger the health of the whole community, and so the law prohibiting the sale of alcoholic liquors is directed against the man who for the sake of a few paltry dollars would not only endanger the health of the community but would steal every joy from childhood, wring the last drop of blood from the heart of womanhood and destroy the manhood of every mother's son in that community.

Temperance is a moral question. It is promoted by moral suasion and if directed against brewers, distillers, and saloon keepers, it is a failure. Prohibition is a legal question. It is promoted by legal compulsion, and if directed against these same gentlemen it is a success. No cause ever had more faithful, consecrated Christian workers than did the Woman's Crusade, started in Ohio in 1873. These women, with mighty faith in God, visited the saloons, praying and urging the saloon keepers to go out of the business and close up their saloons. Some of them did go out, but other men bought these places and started other saloons, so no permanent decrease in the number of saloons followed this mighty wave of consecrated effort. The women saw the futility of such methods and organized the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, with

the slogan, "Total abstinence for the individual, and prohibition for the liquor traffic."

Temperance would keep a man away from these temptations, prohibition denies the right of the maker and seller to place temptation in the way of any man.

Temperance recognizes the right of individual liberty and freedom along right lines, prohibition is based on the right of society to protect itself against acts of individuals who work harm to others.

The temperance agitation which has been carried on through the public schools, the public press and from the pulpit and platform, has been a gathering storm, increasing in fury with each succeeding generation. Prohibition is the mighty deluge of waters bursting in all its fury upon a trade which has polluted American life and made our religion a hissing and a by-word among heathen nations.

The church has always stood at the back door of the saloon and tried to catch some of the human drift cast out by it, but it is time for her to change her position in relation to it. It is not enough, living as we do in the effulgent light of scientific teaching on the effect of alcohol on past, present and future generations, that we seek to rescue these wrecks and if possible lead them to our Christ for salvation. No more bitter sentence is pronounced upon man in the word of God than the one pronounced upon him who causes his brother to stumble. If I stand by and see men and women stumble to their death over an obstacle which I might be able to help remove, I am responsible before God and in the eyes of men for that loss of life. But you say, "I am only one and cannot remove the liquor traffic." You may never be able to close a single saloon, brewery or distillery and yet you, as an individual, are responsible for doing a man's part, a woman's part toward bringing about what you know to be the ideal condition in this country.

Not only should every Christian work and vote for prohi-

bition, but every true patriot who loves his country's flag should find his chief joy in striking to kill this, her deadliest foe. Let others sing the praises of England's Union Jack, of Turkey's crescent and star, Italy's crown and shield, of Japan's rising sun, and of China's dragon, but none of these can compare with the Stars and Stripes—

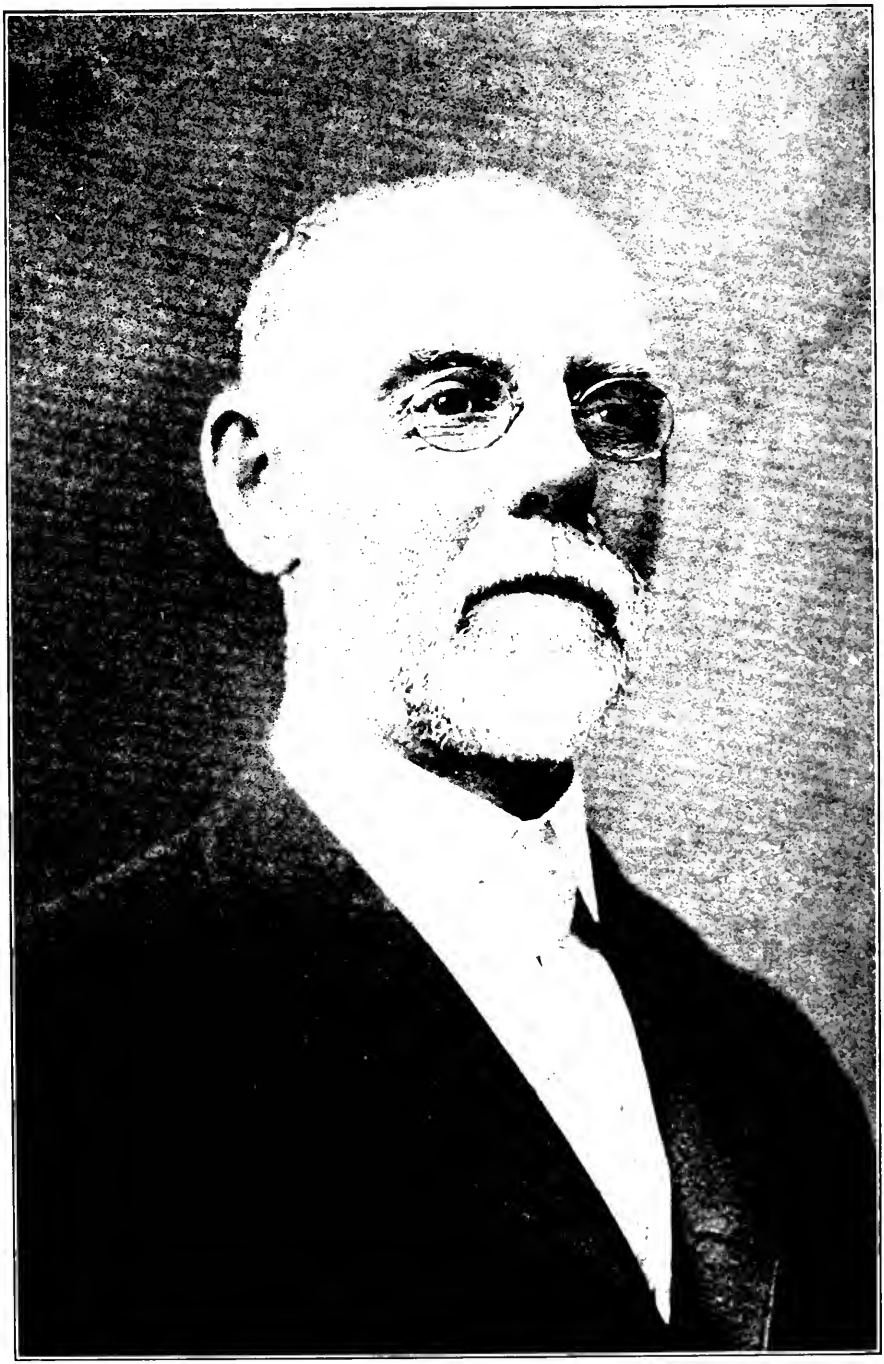
"With her red for truth, with her white for law,
With her blue for the hope which our fathers saw."

That emblem which proclaims to tyrants the great truth that they cannot forever oppress their subjects; that all government is founded on certain eternal principles of right, and that no one man, no body of men, no, not even a majority, dare trample under feet these divine principles.

Today this emblem which has cost the best blood of three generations to dye, is prostituted to protect a trade which is un-American because it makes impossible the exercise of rights guaranteed by the constitution and anarchistic because it defies every law written for its regulation.

Nothing but Nation-wide Prohibition will take the flag from the rendezvous of the liquor traffic and put it where it ought to float, on the home, the church and the school. For this purpose the prohibition clans are gathering and even now the death struggle is on. With Dr. Dickie, "I am not here with blanched cheek and quavering voice and trembling limb, to tell you that one or the other must go down. I am here with my feet on the solid rock, Christ Jesus, my front to the foe and my eyes on the stars, to tell you that the cross of Christ will prevail, civil liberty will live, and the liquor traffic will die." You ask, "When?" When those who believe in prohibition stop compromising, awake from their indifference and strike through the ballot box. "In the theater of man's life God and the angels only should be lookers on."

JOHN B. LEWIS



JOHN B. LEWIS is a native of Wilmington, Mass. He is a self-made man, his parents having been in somewhat limited circumstances. After graduating from high school and serving as a volunteer in the war, he engaged in the manufacture of shoes. He was credited with selling more shoes to the retail shoe trade of the United States than any other Boston manufacturer, and was a pioneer in the sale of American shoes abroad. Retiring from active business a decade ago, he has since been the "busiest" retired man in Massachusetts, devoting much of his time and means to philanthropic work, his especial interests being temperance and patriotism as exemplified in good citizenship.

Mr. Lewis has many temperance affiliations. He is Vice-Chairman of the Prohibition National Committee, Treasurer of the Massachusetts State Prohibition Committee, Vice-President and Trustee of Prohibition Trust Fund Association, one of the Managers National Temperance Society, Trustee New York Civic League, Director and Member Executive Committee Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, and a Director of the Scientific Temperance Federation. He is a life member of the World, National and Massachusetts State W. C. T. U. and of the National Temperance Society. He is also life member of the Boston Y. M. C. A., the Baptist Home Missionary Society, the New England Sabbath Protective League, and the National Geographic Society. He is a member of Edward W. Kinsley Post No. 113, G. A. R., of Boston, and has served two years as National Patriotic Instructor of the G. A. R. He is the founder and President of the National Association of Patriotic Instructors.

He gave ten thousand dollars to the Flying Squadron, and acted as its Treasurer throughout the campaign to Jefferson City, Mo., from September until April, accompanying it throughout its itinerary. In April he resigned the treasurership and returned to his home in Boston.

Mr. Lewis is not an orator, but his wide and varied experience as a business man and a man of affairs, enables him to make a clear and forceful presentation of any cause he wishes to present. He was not a member of the regular speaking battery of the Squadron, but spoke constantly, almost every day and evening, throughout the campaign from Peoria to Jefferson City, giving daily, devoted and unremitting service.

A traveler in many lands, visiting most countries of the world, he is thoroughly familiar with conditions at home and abroad.

THE SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM.

IF I were offered a choice of all the past ages of the world in which to live, I would refuse them all, preferring to live today. Never in all history were greater movements for social uplift in progress than those of the present.

When we consider the vast amount of poverty and suffering on every hand which is due to the saloon, can we call ourselves true American patriots unless we vow to fight this monster to the death? Shall we not say, like the color bearer who was asked if he would carry the flag into battle, "I will, or report to the throne of God the reason why!"?

Glory to God in the highest! A change is taking place. The public conscience is awakening. Measures are everywhere being urged for the destruction of this curse, and there should be no cessation of effort until it is stamped from off the face of the earth. Only the finest and highest and purest of patriotic effort will bring success.

It seems almost incredible that with the universal knowledge we have of the destructive character of this foe of God and humanity that the majority of our citizens, men who would rally to the defense of our country if it were threatened by human enemies from without or within, will vote to legalize the saloon. Knowing the inroads which the liquor habit is making upon even the flower of American manhood, is such a course in any sense patriotic?

We cannot ignore the heartbreak of the mothers and fathers, the wives and innocent children, nor the misery and deprivation of those who are dependent upon the patrons of the saloon. There is also the economic aspect, as exemplified in the care by the State, at the expense of the sober and industrious portion of the community, of these alcohol drinkers and their dependents.

It is true that among our varied American activities we find scientific research, economics, morality and efficiency standing for the prohibition of the saloon, but these must be animated by the spirit of true patriotism if they are to succeed in their object.

EUGENE W. CHAFIN

EUGENE W. CHAFIN was born in East Troy, Wisconsin, November 1, 1852, being the ninth in a family of thirteen children. Mr. Chafin's father died October 14, 1865, which left the care of the farm largely in his hands.

He attended the district and graded schools and was graduated from the University of Wisconsin at Madison in 1875, with the degree of LL.B., and the same day was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin.

While practicing law at Waukesha he was elected justice of the peace and held the office three terms of two years each, and was then elected police justice for two years. He served two terms as State President of the Epworth League of Wisconsin.

No kind of temperance work has escaped him. He was a delegate to the National Prohibition convention in 1884 and every one since then, and was chairman of the Committee on Platform in 1900. He was a member of the National Committee of the Prohibition Party for Wisconsin from 1888 to 1896, and is a member now from Arizona.

The National Convention of the Prohibition Party met at Columbus, Ohio, July 15, 1908. On the 16th, when names were being presented for the presidential candidate, without the knowledge or consent of Mr. Chafin his old friend, A. G. Wolfenbarger of Nebraska, in one of the most unique speeches ever made in a nominating convention, presented his name as "the choice of Nebraska." It took! On the third ballot out of 1,070 votes Mr. Chafin received 636 and was declared the nominee of the Prohibition Party for President of the United States. In 1912 Mr. Chafin was again nominated by acclamation for President, at the Atlantic City National Prohibition Convention.

Mr. Chafin was among those who first conceived the Squadron campaign. He was present when the enlistment pledge was formulated, assisted in drafting it and assented to its terms. Owing to his candidacy for the United States senator-

ship he did not join the Squadron in its campaign until it reached Lincoln, Nebraska, November 15th. He continued with it from Lincoln to Cincinnati, December 19th, when he retired because his financial needs were such that he could not go on for the meager compensation the members were receiving. He was not in accord with National Prohibition by constitutional amendment. He knew, however, from the beginning that such an amendment was to be advocated by the Squadron and agreed he would not speak against it in the campaign. He was not to speak for it. He was simply to remain silent. This restriction grew irksome to him and had much to do with his withdrawal.

After his retirement there was perfect accord among the members of the Squadron and the campaign was waged with increased vigor and devotion.

When asked to furnish a copy of the address used by him while he was with the Squadron he refused to furnish it, but offered to furnish one in which he vigorously attacks National Constitutional Prohibition. That, the editors of this volume could not accept. No such speech had been delivered under the auspices of the Squadron. It would be in direct opposition to the purpose for which the Squadron was organized and in flat contradiction of the campaign it conducted. There is, therefore, no complete address of Mr. Chafin's in the book. The brief address used is made up of excerpts from newspaper reports of addresses actually delivered by Mr. Chafin at different points while speaking under the auspices of the Squadron. They are substantially accurate, however, and very well illustrate his force as a speaker and the character of his oratory.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. CHAFIN'S ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT ERIE, PA.; MANCHESTER, N. H.; CHESTER, PA.; LINCOLN, NEB., AND BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

YOU can never settle any great question in America of a moral nature without adopting a single set of standards. My text, if I can be said to speak on any text, is "One Standard of Morals." Men, you cannot settle a moral question by submitting it to the people and letting them vote on it.

History has taught us the futility of attempting to decide once and for all any moral question by a double set of standards, people in one section doing one thing and in another portion doing something just the opposite.

In 1850 California asked to be admitted to the Union. In the Senate a great controversy arose. Southern senators said they would pass the bill if the State be admitted as a slave State, and Northern senators were equally emphatic in their demands for a free State. It was then suggested that the matter be referred to the people of the territory, and that they decide it for themselves. You will remember that the State was admitted under a compromise, (acts of 1850). Later, in 1854, when Kansas and Nebraska were divided as territories and the question of their admittance was before Congress, Stephen A. Douglass suggested that the territories decide whether or not slavery be allowed by referendum. Buchanan, who later became President, endorsed this grand old Jeffersonian principle of popular decision of the slave question.

When Lincoln faced Douglass in that great senatorial fight in Illinois, he said: "Slavery is either right or it is wrong. I believe that slavery is wrong. I deny the right of a majority of the people to rule that a slave must be put back where once there was no slave."

Here is the situation: A man, a candidate for United States senator, standing up before election and denying the

right of the people to decide their own moral questions. Lincoln practically refused the senatorship from Illinois if he had to take it under circumstances which opposed his principles. Men, it's a long slide from Lincoln to Billy Lorimer.

Lincoln, who wrote the purest English since Shakespeare, summed up the whys and wherefores of any attempt to settle a moral question by popular vote in just three sentences:

"One portion of the country believes slavery is right and that it should be extended. One portion believes slavery is wrong and should not be extended. That is the only substantial difference between them."

The slavery question was not settled until there was but one standard of morals for all the territory. The history of the Mormon trouble in Utah also shows the same thing. It was not a question of local government. It was a moral question and it did not end until the same set of morals applied to every State in the Union. The history of the lottery system, open gambling countenanced by the United States, was similar. Lottery was wrong in every State in the Union with the exception of Louisiana; with the National Government offering no objections lottery tickets were mailed to all parts of the country. When they were prohibited from entering the mails the express companies carried the tickets. The crime was not stopped until the Government refused to let them pass from one State to another, not until there was one standard of morals for all States.

Since Lincoln challenged the right to settle moral questions by popular vote, you have all been more Lincoln Republicans than Douglass Democrats. You would not tolerate slavery under the American flag. No, it is wrong. You would not tolerate gambling or polygamy under the protection of the American flag. No, it is wrong.

How about tolerating the sale of liquor? If it is wrong to sell liquor in one township it is wrong to sell it in the entire country. The single standard of morals applies as perti-

nently to this problem as to these earlier moral questions. For seventy-five years we have been trying to settle it by any number of moral standards. The Yankee is known the world over for trying to do a thing ninety-nine ways before trying the right way. Let's apply the lesson of the two standards of morals to this live question now before us.

We are only asking that the liquor problem be faced from the same standpoint. Many people are inclined to put their morals into cold storage until after election. We have tried all kinds of legislation, local option, regulation, high license, and so on, but we will not have prohibition until every county in every State in the Union is dry. If only one county remained wet the liquor forces would reorganize and you would soon be having the entire country wet. I would make a saloon keeper move his saloon across the street if I could for no other reason than to cause him trouble. The only way to do it is through Congress and the President.

You've got to put your belief on the liquor question in the ballot box. We have fourteen States now. I see no reason why we shouldn't have the entire country dry inside of fifty months. In the fifteen hundred years of Anglo-Saxon history we have never lost a great moral battle. It has often taken time, but we have usually come out ahead. It has taken a thousand years to settle most of the questions which have arisen. Look at the Mosaic laws, the Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation. In each case we ultimately won out. We can just as well put every saloon out of the country. The cry now is, "On to Washington."

It took seventy-five years to free the slaves, and they never would have been freed if the Federal Constitution had not been amended. For years the separate States fought lotteries until every State in the Union had abolished them except Louisiana.

Finally the Federal Government took a hand and forced

the lottery out of the country. The same action is needed in the fight against the liquor traffic. State-wide Prohibition helps; so does county option. But the real need of this country is National Prohibition.

We must make Congress pass a law that will wipe the liquor business out of existence. We must fight the liquor traffic as we fought slavery, for it is at the root of a slavery more terrible and more permanent than that which existed in the South.

The West seems to lead in the fight against alcohol. There are nine Western States which are prominent in this battle which means so much to the Republic. The East seems to be waking up, however, and it is our hope to see East and West with joined hands battling for a common and glorious cause—the defeat of the liquor traffic and all it represents. Arizona is the greatest State in the Union. We disfranchised seven thousand foreigners because they were unable to read or write and we granted the franchise to twenty-two thousand women. You people here in Pennsylvania are too conservative. What you want to do is to become radicals. Conservative people are not mentioned in history—it is always the radicals.

In the next campaign we want to get five million people to vote for prohibition. Friends, do you know that science has outlawed liquor. They know that out in Arizona. We are radical out there. Let us do things because there is a reason for doing things. Pennsylvania has a long record of crimes. Here in this State, the good old Keystone State, you hang more people than any other State. Why the crime? There must be a reason, and you can trace that reason, in most instances, to the liquor traffic. Let Pennsylvania become radical. I feel that out in Arizona the women are responsible for the State being dry. Three-fourths of the women voters cast their ballot for Prohibition. We are here for National Prohibition and we are going to win the fight.

There never was such a chance for great achievement in

all the world's history as now, and God has placed within our reach everything with which to do this. After we got started on our great career as a nation God sent us inventive geniuses who gave us means of rapid communication and transportation, so that we can get knowledge to all the people of the world. It used to be said we never could reach the people down in central China—millions of them—who are uncivilized at the present day, and if you wanted to take the world for Jesus, you never could get there. Well, we have gotten there!

God has given us everything by which we can destroy the liquor traffic and take the world for His truth—given us everything but one—courage enough to face a righteous ballot box. The man who votes to keep the liquor traffic in our nation today votes against the salvation of the world.

YOU cannot afford to be out of this fight, the most glorious battle for righteousness in all the history of the world. And when we have achieved these things, and accomplished this great feat for which we were preserved as a race of God's chosen people, we can truly sing the sentiment and words of that great Battle Hymn of the Republic,

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
His cause is marching on!"

CAROLYN E. GEISEL

CAROLYN E. GEISEL, physician, surgeon, educator, philanthropist, is a devoted lover of little children, and sincere servant of her sex. Born in Michigan of German parentage, her father was her first tutor, and to him she owes the love of science as well as the large humanitarianism which led her into the study and practice of medicine.

Dr. Geisel is a regular physician, a graduate of the medical department of the University of Michigan, and, in addition to a liberal academic education, has received two other medical diplomas and has pursued advanced medical studies in the schools and laboratories of Europe.

In 1895, in the very first years of a successful practice, her health failed and she was taken to the Battle Creek Sanitarium "to die." Her recovery was no less than a miracle, and, in gratitude for her life she gave herself with redoubled zeal to the service of humanity.

In 1895 she accepted a place on the staff of the Battle Creek Sanitarium—which had given her back her life—and has continued with that institution through twenty years, going out from there to "service for souls."

From 1897 to 1900 she devoted herself to rescue work in the slums of the world's largest cities.

She began her lecture work in 1900, and for fifteen years has given herself—literally body and soul—to the task of showing people how to live healthier and happier lives.

In 1912 she again added to the scope of her work by establishing in a Southern college for women a chair of health, to which she was called by the college.

She is in some respects the most remarkable woman on the American platform. She came to the Squadron to "voice the woman's appeal, and the babies' cry of protest."

Her work on the Squadron made a profound impression. "A perfect dynamo of power" she is "the biggest little woman in the world"; "a womanly woman, a powerful speaker, a crystal clear soul."

A WOMAN'S APPEAL.

I AM the President of the largest woman's club in the United States. I am the President of the A. M. K.—"Antique Maidens' Klub" (Laughter)—and my club is getting bigger and bigger and bigger. Why? Why is this club getting dangerously big? The American woman is staying out of the American home and the American home is threatened with destruction. Why? There is a connection between the size of my club and this prohibition movement, for the American woman has discovered that she cannot be home-maker and mother and at the same time do the man's part of the job. She cannot be provider and protector and carry her responsibilities as home-maker. The American home is threatened with destruction because the American man is failing in his obligation. The Liquor Dealers' Association says so. I take their paper, and I read it very carefully, and what are they saying? They say in the next to the last issue that the drunkard is a defective. We all know that. If drunkards are defectives, the American saloon is the reason, but the thing that puzzles me is that the brewers should put that statement in their own paper. Is it any wonder then that the woman who might take upon her shoulders the responsibilities of home-making and motherhood backs out of the job because she knows she cannot carry his part of the work and him, too?

J. Dewitt Miller used to have a trick of saying that the reason my club is so very large is because the American woman has the good sense to prefer a fifty dollar job to a five dollar man. I never said a drunkard was a five dollar man. He is not worth five dollars when the saloon gets through with him! But look you! The brewers have said with great definiteness that the drunkard is a defective. You cannot have a home without a man in it—a strong,

capable man—any more than you can have a home without a woman in it. The responsibility is quite as much his as hers. And the thing I would have this audience understand is that the American home is not the cornerstone of the government, it is the whole blessed foundation. If then the American home is being threatened with destruction because the American man is not doing his share, something more is happening—the foundations of the Government itself are being broken up, and the danger that faces us is a danger of a very real sort.

The drunkard is a defective. Why do they say that? If they are trying to tell you that he is a defective or he would not be a drunkard, then that means that they take the poor defectives of this world and give them something that makes them more defective, and you and I have a right to call the organization or the individual that would do that a coward. And another thing, you are going deep into your pockets to support organizations and charities for the amelioration of suffering defectives. You are supporting schools for the blind and deaf, and for the feeble-minded, and hospitals for the sick, because you are a great, big, generous-hearted people and want to help the poor fellow who is a defective. But here is a so-called "business" that takes the defective (they boast that he is a defective) and gives him something to make him more defective.

If they are trying to say that God made these people defective, look you, read in this Book: "Made in the image of God." That does not sound like a defective. "Just a little lower than the angels." "Joint heirs with Jesus Christ." "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." God's highest creation, and yet this business, which the United States of America supports, of which the United States of America is a part, takes that image fresh from the Creator's hand

and makes it into a defective and then boasts that he is a defective.

I have a notion to introduce to you a father and mother up here in the golden grain belt. The father fought through the Civil War, and carries a bullet around in his body as a reminder. I used to know them, and if you said anything to this man about his service in the war, he would say, "That is nothing. I never did anything for my country. But mother and I are doing something now," and he would point to his boy. That boy was his pride and joy. "Doing something now for our country; we're raising a man, and when America wants a man she will know where to get him—right here in the golden grain belt." And let me tell you that is a right good place to get men, a splendid place to raise men. So this boy grew on up through childhood, through the grade schools and the high school, and one day the father said to his mother, "Come on, Sarah, we will put on the finishing touches. He knows all the high school can teach him, and we want him to be ready for anything—maybe the White House might want him—so let's send him to the university." And to the university he went. Can't you see that father and mother working for that boy's education? No side trips, no vacations, no new gowns or bonnets for mother—every dollar they could save or get their hands on was put aside for that boy's education, because they were finishing a man for America! That is the basis of the home, and this audience well knows that my America needs just that kind of men, men that have faith in Old Glory, not faith in the saloon—better men. America does not need defectives; it needs better men.

Look you, the boy is ready to go to school. Look at him! Not a defect in that family tree, not a drunkard, not a criminal, everybody all right. Four statesmen worth while, two governors, a number of lawyers and preachers,

and two literary men of national reputation. A fine ancestry back of that boy.

And the boy goes away to a *wet* university town. Every ounce of blood in that boy's body was as clean and pure as heredity could make; all his surroundings and environment had been right; he had a Christian father and mother; the best stuff on earth was in that boy. And he goes to a *wet* university town. It is full of saloons. There are five saloons in that town which are run for the "benefit" of the college men, they are called *"college saloons," "college men's clubs."* Can you not see them making everything attractive for this boy—and others just like him? Can you not hear them saying, if the boy does not come as regularly as they wish, "We missed you for several days. We can't keep up this place unless you support it." And so the boy goes, and bad reports come home the first year. His father came up to talk to him, and the boy did better for a few days. But the second year was worse, and the third year was worse yet, and the fourth—well he just got through by the skin of his teeth. This part of the story was told me by Wilbur Wright. He said the boy came home from college, came into the living room, and the father rose to greet him; but he sank back in his chair, horrified. What was the matter? The boy was drunk, so drunk he staggered—staggered into his father's presence with his diploma in his hand. Can you think what that meant to that father? After all his work and planning and his high hopes of training up a man for Old Glory, then to get just a good-for-nothing drunkard after four years. It took just four years for the university to ruin him,—that splendid American lad,—to turn him into a defective. My brethren that is why we stand on this platform and plead for Nation-wide prohibition. What though you may live in dry territory—you send your boy out into wet territory

to be educated, and at the end of four years you get back a drunken debauchee.

That old man rose from his chair, shut his hands together, and said: "Go! Go! I tell you! My country has no use for drunkards!" Do not call him an unnatural father. He loved his country and his flag, but he could not stand the disgrace, so he took even his name away from the boy. He bought him a ticket in another name and sent him to Paris, and that is where I saw him, staggering up and down the streets of Paris, not able to earn his bread. I was interested in the boy, and I tried to keep track of him, but my fellow students would say to me, "We'll get your American brother some day," for France gives the dead bodies of paupers to the La Grande clinic. And I will never forget the morning when I walked into that clinic, and there lay the haggard, dead body of that American university graduate. And Oh, how I plead for that body. I told them I knew his father and mother; I wanted to bury him so that I might tell them where we had laid him; I wanted to say a prayer over him and wrap the flag around him. But they pushed me away and said, "No." Besides, there was something there they wanted to see—something in his brain cells. So they took his brain out and separated it into single cells that they might see the effect of alcohol.

The first effect of alcohol on the human brain is to stimulate the conductors to the brain. Perhaps I had better in a hurried way tell you something of the brain. It looks just like my hand—only more so—for the brain cells are so small that eight hundred of them could be put on a ten-cent piece. Going out from the body of the brain are branches like the branches of a tree, but here in the body of the brain the mental records are kept, like Victrola records. You write them two by two there. But you need not have any fear that you may write up all the

blanks in your head. But one thing is necessary, or the brain is as useless as a Victrola record in a book. You must put that record in touch with the Victrola, you must set that needle down on the record, and then you hear Schumann-Heink and all the great ones. So it is with the brain. It must be kept in touch with these conductors that stretch up here; they must come together, and the current flows exactly as your voice over the telephone. The first effect of alcohol is to make these conductors move more rapidly. They used to teach us to use alcohol as a brain stimulant. But that does not tell the whole story. They do move more rapidly; a man under alcohol thinks fast, but he does not control his thoughts, and they finally lead him to murder and to crimes of all kinds. And the judge says, "He is a defective,—made so through drink,—but drunkenness is no defense for crime."

The second effect is inflammation, and following inflammation these conductors become sclerosed, and they snap off exactly as the dead branches of a tree. Coming back to that dead boy, we found cell after cell in that dead boy's brain with every single conductor broken off. What did it matter to him or to the world that his mental records had been written during a four year university course? He could not earn his living. He begged for his daily bread, for he did not have sense enough to earn it. What did the four years at the university amount to? The result was a defective brain—and this dead boy in the La Grande clinic.

If that was the only way alcohol makes a man defective, that would be enough. But sixty-two per cent. of Bright's disease is caused by alcohol; forty per cent. of the arterio sclerosis, and eighty-two per cent. of cancer of the stomach; forty per cent. of apoplexy. These are incurable diseases. Then I would have this audience know that the middle-aged man is the man worth while. You do not

want a doctor just out of college. What he thinks he knows when he is just out of college! I know, because that is the way I felt. (Laughter). What I thought I knew then is only equalled by the much I know I do not know now. But we want the man with education plus experience. And you do not want a lawyer just out of law school; you want a lawyer that has tried a case just like yours. Education plus experience! The middle-aged man is the man worth while. Last year in Amercia we lost fifty-six thousand more middle-aged men than ever before, and they died of heart disease, apoplexy and Bright's disease. (Heart disease it is thought often calls for alcohol.) Is it worth while? Defective all the way round. But yet I believe if men knew—"My people perish for lack of knowledge." I believe if men knew the terrible danger they would let alcohol alone. Oh, I cannot understand men! (Laughter). Now will you notice these blessed men folk—every one of you can go to sleep, this is for the women—you women have been looking up to these great, big six-footers of yours, thinking they had no limitations, that they just knew it all. But will you notice this—these men, with all their power, have voted in man-traps, and then they walk straight into the man-traps, and the fellows who run the man-traps openly boast that the finished product of the saloon is a defective—and then these men go and vote in more man-traps, and walk into them as they did the others.

Now you women, I am talking to you. Let me read you what the Bible says about you. It says that the Lord gave man a helpmeet. The Lord never would have given him a helpmeet in the world if he had not needed it. He never gave us any. (Laughter). If God called us helpmeets of these great, big, splendid men, then it is time we measured up to our high calling. If there is a woman in this room who is not willing to do her duty for Nation-wide

prohibition; if there is a woman in this room who is not willing to take the ballot, if need be, to put the saloon out of business, out of the way of these poor men with their limitations, then I say you have not lived up to your high calling. (Applause). This is a woman's fight as well as a man's; it is a woman's fight for the protection of the men. (Applause). More seriously, it is a woman's fight, for to her straight from the hand of God came man in his beginnings. That blessed man-child for whom you almost gave your life—and you did almost die to give him life—and then you stand aside while the men, these men with their ballots, vote in the saloon to rob you of your boy. What are you going to say to God when the roll is called? He gave you a spotless soul. What are you going to say when your boy is not there and your hands are empty? I am asking you women to rise up and do your duty now. You have stood back long enough. But if you will not take the ballot and try thereby to get rid of the saloon, then let me take you and go farther even than the ballot.

If you do not rise up and put the saloon out of reach of the boys, this Nation is going to fail. The American home is ours, and it is threatened with destruction. That is not quite all. The American home is that upon which rests the American government. Please notice that a nation or a country is not great because of its great mines, minerals or money. It is great only because it has great sons, and if this American government is ever to go farther in the years that are to come, and preserve peace for the world, it will be because the American home has been preserved, a safe place for the American man to grow up to the splendor of his mature manhood. Then look you, here I am pleading not only for the American man, but the American government, and I am begging you women to measure up to your high responsibility. If you have shirked, then shirk no longer. You take the ballot if you

must, and use it as God directs you—use it for the protection of your home. The brewers say the truth—the drunkard *is* a defective,—*your defective.*

Now let me tell you about a little instrument that Kraepelin, of Munich, invented. It is called the ergograph, and is meant to measure the work done by your muscles. Let me strap this ergograph around your stomach muscles, and then put two thousand calories of bread and butter into your stomach. Then come on out and follow the plow, and let me prove to you that you are one hundred and twenty per cent. a man. You are twenty per cent. better with the two thousand calories of bread and butter in your stomach; you are twenty per cent. more a man than without it; you are a man plus the bread and butter. Now, you may take three drinks of whisky instead of the bread and butter. Then go out and follow the plow on three drinks of whisky, ergograph still in place. Now do you know what happens? You are taking twenty-three per cent. right out of yourself; instead of being one hundred per cent. *plus,* you are one hundred per cent. *minus* twenty-three per cent., or seventy-seven per cent. of a man with the whisky inside. I did not say that. Kraepelin said it. I thought I would go over and see his work, but there were some reasons that I thought thoroughly good for not going this year. But, you say, I do not live out in the country, I make my living as a bookkeeper. All right, let me put this little instrument on your arm and prove to you that you are seventeen per cent. better with the bread and butter inside of you. You are one hundred and seventeen per cent. a bookkeeper. You raise your efficiency by what you put inside. Now, you may take one single glass of beer, spread out your bookkeeping work, have this little instrument on your arm, and you will find you have cashed in seven per cent. of yourself for that

single glass of beer—you have lowered your efficiency that much.

The Czar of all the Russias said: "Kill them, the Germans! But you are only three-fourths men. You were whipped once by the Japanese, you must be whole men to fight the Germans, and vodka must go!" And my friend Slabinski says you could see the difference in the peasantry in exactly two weeks. Russia never in all her drunken life had saved more than fifteen millions a year, but when prohibition went into effect her manhood was so much more efficient that in the midst of the worst war Russia ever had any part in, she was able in one month to save thirty millions,—twice as much in one month when she was sober as in one whole year when she was drunk! (Applause). If Russia needed four-fourths men to carry on the war with my Germany, then, my America, what part of manhood is necessary to preserve peace in this old United States of ours? If we need four-fourths men to go to the forefront of battle, what do we need for the heroic battles of peace? Should we not have whole men?

The time is short, and there are many things to be said; but I am remembering that we have been deceived by people who have insisted that alcohol was better than food. Atwater used to think that. But did you know he had gone mad? We were deceived for a long time by the belief that it was necessary as medicine. I am proud of my profession, for they have found that alcohol is not necessary as medicine, has no value as food, and is a habit-forming drug. The medical institution with which I have the honor to be connected is forty-eight years old. It has an international reputation for curing incurables,—people who go there as a last resort. They try everything else, then they go there. I went there on a stretcher myself, with my will made—never expected to see home again, supposed of course I was dying. I did not die, thank you.

This institution now treats a daily average of one thousand patients, and it knows that alcohol is not necessary as medicine, so they do not use it. In forty-eight years it has never used one single ounce of alcohol as medicine. (Applause). Why not? Because it is not necessary and does more harm than good.

Not long ago the Interstate Medical Society met in the Southland, and this great body of medical men in council assembled passed a resolution, and every member signed it, to the effect that alcohol is not necessary as a medicine, that it is harmful to the human body, and that therefore we, the undersigned medical society, will not use it in our practice. It is a habit-forming drug.

Look me straight in the eye and tell me, did you ever spike the punch? Then God forgive you, if He can, for very few drunkards go to a saloon for the first drink; they get a taste of it some other place, and then another taste, and finally they do not care much where they get it so they get it. Have any of you women taken patent medicine? The worst case of delirium tremens I ever treated was a Peruna drunk. Alcohol is a habit-forming drug, and whether the victim gets the first taste at a social function or in patent medicine, it is too often an easy way from there to the saloon.

Turn back with me and let me give you an instance out of my own life—back there in the years when my profession believed in that falsehood that alcohol is necessary as a medicine. We were taught in the great university from which I graduated that we should use alcohol in the crisis of disease. Back there I had a chum, a dainty little woman, not as large as I, but frail. She came to Kansas City, and there she married and became the mother of a boy. Let me introduce you to the father of that boy. A Christian lawyer, superintendent of a Sunday school,—the coming man we called him. The community was already begin-

ning to consult him on important things, and they were talking of him for Governor. It was then that he was suddenly taken with typhoid fever, and naturally I was called, for I was both physician and friend. I was there in that room myself with a bottle of so-called "best" brandy on the table, when the twenty-first day came, and we gave it to him. Can you imagine my feelings when the nurse told me that he had reached for it in the night, although he did not know it was there; but he answered the call for more, for that stuff calls for more. Three weeks after I dismissed him as cured, he came home in a cab, drunk. That was repeated again and again and again. Please remember that he was a Christian gentleman, headed for the governorship of his State. Over and over he did that thing, until two years had passed. His wife walked into my office one morning, and I will never forget the look on that beautiful face, the cheeks sunken, the dreadful pallor! She had her boy with her, and she said, "We must go. George has threatened to kill baby." She did go, for safety's sake, and that meant a divorce. Another year passed, and just three years from the time I dismissed him we made a narrow bed out there in the cemetery and laid in it that poor, dead defective. Hear me while I tell you that all through the haunting years that lie between the sound of the sod as it fell on that grave and this day, I have known what I am. I know that although that what I did was done innocently and in ignorance, I know that I am a murderer. I killed that little boy's father. I took away from him the guardianship of a great Christian parent, left him to go on through life without even the memory of a Christian father, but labeled as a drunkard's son. I murdered my chum's husband, left her to fight her way as best she could. She stood it for about six years, and then her heart broke, and we made another grave in the cemetery, and I became a double murderer. I

robbed the State of a citizen, true and straight and honest; I robbed the old flag of a devoted follower; I robbed the throne of God of a soul for whom my Jesus died, for that man, because of the alcohol I administered to him as medicine, became a defective, a drunkard—*drink killed him!*

What are you going to do about the saloons in Indiana? Are you going to permit a business that destroys the bodies of men and their souls as well? If you could only feel what I do, if you could only feel that you will have to answer at the bar of Almighty God, you would right now put the saloon out of the State of Indiana and out of the United States of America! Let me say to you that this is a serious proposition. There are enough people in this room right now to put the saloon out of the State of Indiana. (Applause). Listen to me! Do not dare to applaud with your hands unless you assent with your mind and are able and willing to work to give life to your conviction. I have reminded you women that you are helpmeets to these strong men, but you men have not done all you could. I do not know what God is going to ask you to do, but let me ask this audience now to seriously consider what you, in complicity with the American saloon, are doing. And then let me beg of you, in the name of the American home, in the name of the flag, and in the name of Jesus of Nazareth to do your duty and do it now, for every twenty-four hours that the saloon exists men are being ground to pulp, homes are broken up, and the country is menaced. Do your part. This is not Flying Squadron business; it is not your business; it is our business, and all together, and hand-in-hand, with the great I Am, we will march to victory. The American saloon is not entrenched behind the Bible, but behind greed and monopoly, and it is safeguarded by your silence and mine. It is time we are doing something. We are out on the firing line, and we praise God for the privilege. You are at home,

safe, comfortable and happy. Is there anything you can do? I know of one thing. If the Flying Squadron had a fund big enough for a Nation-wide campaign for prohibition we would fill all the halls as well as the churches in the United States, we would placard the great bill boards, we would have films for the movies. There are many things we could do. Here you are at home. It is hard fighting, even though you are backing us with your prayers. Now is coming your time to show what you will do. If all the women in the United States who believe in Nation-wide prohibition would, for one single day, give twenty-five pennies, no nickels or dollars, and put it into the fund, we would have a fund big enough to sweep this country dry. (Applause). I know that would be true if every other man in this United States would give one day's income—what is one day compared to eternity and the death of a soul you might save? If for this work every other man in America would give his income for one day, we would have a fund that would sweep the Nation dry. But you have to answer for yourselves. We will give you a chance to help. We are not asking for help, but the old flag calls for help, the mothers of the land ask for help, the babies ask for help. Jesus of Nazareth is asking you to help Him now!

Let everybody take an envelope and pass them as fast as you can. Here is a place on the envelope for your name. This is, to my way of thinking, the holiest hour of this meeting, for this is the time when you answer, not to me, but to God Almighty—registering up there what you are willing to do. Put into this contribution as large a sum as you can roll up in the next thirty days. Take thirty days. Write your name here, and then the largest sum of money you can contribute to the campaign for Nation-wide prohibition, the sum to be paid at the end of thirty days. There are some in this room who could give

one hundred dollars. Suppose that for one hundred dollars you saved that boy from perdition? Suppose you close one saloon? Suppose you saved your home from wreckage? Would it be worth it? Some will give one hundred dollars, some fifty dollars, and reckon it worth while. Others will give twenty-five dollars, ten dollars, and five dollars. Some cannot pay as much as that, but eager to help the cause, will promise one dollar. If you did not bring your pocketbook, write a check for the largest sum you can give. Then as the men come for your envelopes drop them into the pans, and with them drop as much loose change as you brought with you. Now will the audience bow their heads.

Reverently, Oh God, our Father, we unitedly pray that Thy kingdom may come, that Thy holy, blessed will be done in our dear United States of America as it is done up there in Heaven. Oh God, our Father, make us strong, make us better, make us to do our duty. God help us right now. Thou art our Father, and from Thee must come all the power, and we pray that Thou wilt give us courage under Thy leadership to go forward to victory over the grogshop. Make us to understand that united with Thee we can overcome. Bless this campaign fund, Oh God, that we are raising for Thee. Wilt Thou multiply the money as the loaves and fishes by the sea. Bless every worker, and look in mercy on the defective, on the men who are already on the downward way. God help us now, and Thy name shall have the glory and the honor, now and at the last! Amen!

If you promised yesterday and want to pay today, write the words "previous pledge" across the envelope. If you want to give more today, write the words "additional pledge" across the envelope. And now will the ushers come quickly forward and take the contribution, but wait upon the audience deliberately. Remember, if you pay as much as a dollar, either in promise or cash, you will receive a

certificate which will make you a member of the Flying Squadron. It will not be of much use to you, but it will be to your children when the fight is over and the Nation is dry. Keep in mind that you are helping in the defense of your country—the salvation of other men.

I thank you for your partnership in this great cause, and for your attention to me. And now let me say that you are to hear a real speaker. Dr. Ira Landrith has been fighting for prohibition since he was six years old, and he knows every phase of it—local option, State-wide, and now Nation-wide prohibition. He is a veteran; he can tell you exactly how you can make Indiana dry, and I hope he is going to do it. You will be cheating yourselves if you do not stay to hear him. (Applause.)

WOMAN'S BUSINESS—MAN-RAISING.

President Thomas C. Howe, of Butler College, introduced Dr. Geisel in these words: "I am very happy to present Dr. Geisel. She is what her name in German indicates, 'a scourge' against all manner of evil."

AND I would to God it might be that this name of mine, liberally translated, might be made a genuine scourge to the liquor traffic, for I would for the sake of my sisters drive alcohol from all the world if I could.

I cannot talk about this question from the political side—not at all. I do not know politics. I am going to learn. I cannot talk about it from the financial side, so tonight I want to talk to you entirely from the woman's standpoint, if you please. Let me talk business with you, just plain business. Hear me friends! You are being told all over this great United States of America that when these fanatical prohibitionists win out, business will suffer. But I am facing you as squarely as I know how to say to you that the greatest business in all the big, wide world is suffering almost unto death, not because of prohibition, but because of the liquor traffic. What business? I think I can tell you better by asking you to come with me to a stock-raisers' convention. I attended one in Buffalo. There were three friends of mine at that convention—Wilbur Wright was there, craning his neck to see one of his "birds" up there in the air; quite near stood Luther Burbank, shaping a whistle out of a catalpa twig, and the third man stood looking with the greatest interest into a little enclosure in which was a hog. The hog weighed one thousand pounds, and he had raised it, you know. He stood there admiring the hog, and then he came over to where Wilbur Wright and Burbank and I were standing, and said to me: "Just see what we men folk are doing. Just look at Wilbur

Wright with his wonderful flying machine, and see what Burbank has done with the catalpas,—and say, have you seen my hog?" And then he said, wrinkling his face in his earnestness, "Say, Carolyn, what is the matter with you women folk, any way? You have sort of fallen down on your job, hav'nt you?" I waited until I could pull myself together and then I said: "My friend, it seems to me to be distinctly more worth while to my country and its flag that somebody should know how to raise the man who could raise that hog than to raise the hog." (Applause.)

Let there be no uncertain sound so far as this is concerned, I am a suffragist. But in spite of suffrage, in spite of the freedom granted to the women of this country, (we may say anything we choose, we may do just as we please), but in spite of the freedom of the twentieth century, in spite of suffrage,—I am old fashioned, I guess,—I am harking back through all the ages and hearing Him, the Master of all Life, calling us, the womanhood of the world, calling us to our business, calling us to partnership with Himself, calling us to the business of man-raising. It is woman's business to raise men—and it is an awful job. (Laughter.) It takes at least two women to raise one good man. It takes his mother twenty-one straight years of her life, and that is a long time to put on one piece of business; then she turns that unfinished piece over to another woman, his wife—sometimes it takes more than one wife—(Laughter) but it is worth it. Little mother, you are not raising live-stock. It were honor enough and privilege enough and a task enough worth while if you were raising men for that old flag; but that is not all you are doing. We need in this United States of America, in these great, perilous, awful times, we need better men under that old flag, and it would be worth your while to give twenty-one years of your time to raise a man who is strong enough, true enough, pure and noble enough to defend the old flag tonight. (Ap-

plause.) That is not all your work, splendid as that is, worth while as that would be—that is not all you are doing. Hear me while I open this book and read God Almighty's description of your son. "Made in the image of God,"—God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost. That boy, made in the image of God, is triune in his nature; he is physical, mental and spiritual, and that third part of him is immortal. You are raising sons for the country beyond the blue. Listen while I read again: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when we shall appear we shall be like Him." So, little mother, here you are raising men to people the country that is eternal, raising sons for the Living God. Is it worth while? No greater business in all the world; no task more eminently worth while, than this womanhood business of man-raising.

But something has gone wrong with our business; we are not raising as good men as our mothers did, and we are beginning to ask, if we are not raising as good men nor as many of them as did our mothers,—what is the matter? I attended a race degeneracy convention a year ago, and we said, "Why, what is the matter with our business? Why can we not turn out from the American home men as strong and splendid as were our own fathers?" The answer came, "Because America is not furnishing sound sires for sound sons." Again let me read: "The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation." And the stockraisers have discovered that they cannot raise sound swine without sound sires. Motherhood at last has come to recognize that the child is the product both of his inheritance and his environment, and science has proven that the man who fills himself with alcohol receives upon himself, upon his body, upon his mind; yea, upon his very soul, scars which are irradicable, and he transmits these scars to his unborn babe. The

laws of heredity are absolutely inexorable; you cannot escape them. You are what your father was, and the man who scars himself by visiting America's licensed saloon, scars also his unborn babe. Did you think a man paid for his glass of beer when he put the nickel upon the counter? He does not pay, his baby pays; that is who pays for it.

Let me quote you from my Germany—Germany, who has given to the world more men of science than any other country. Listen to my Germany, who has the trick of getting hold of an idea and staying with it until it knows. Germany sent von Schaefer to Munich that Germany might know just what this beer drinking meant "mit de kinder." Why? Because Munich drinks more beer than any city in the world,—but you need not squirm, you American man who does not like to be outdone, for you are not much outdone. Von Schaefer stayed straight eight years. He found out what this beer drinking meant to the "kinder," he was ready to give it to you and to me; he had proven it again and again. And this is what he found: Out of every one hundred babies born in beer-drinking Munich, seventy-two are unsound. Will you listen to that? Was not life hard enough for you when you came into it with all your faculties, with no scars on your body or mind or soul,—you were born right? What would it be if you had been born with all these scars on your body, mind and soul? Listen! If there were seventy-two unsound pigs out of every hundred, that were a dreadful thing, and the people of this country would be doing something about it. Am I trying to say that you love pigs better than babies? No! From the blessed man whose name I bear I long ago learned the untold tenderness, power and gentleness of a father's love. The trouble is you have left all this to us women, thinking God gave the babies to us, and then you tied our hands with the licensed saloon, and we are unable

to do the work God Almighty gave us to do. It is your business, it is as much your business as ours,—then untie our hands, give us a chance! For seventy-two unsound babies out of every one hundred are quite too many.

But then you say, I don't know, maybe these little things are always unsound. Men do not understand babies.

Then von Schaefer came to this country. I had a talk with him, and he said, "I came to America, and I found what you call one 'dry spot.'" We had then only two "dry spots," Kansas and Maine, and he stopped in old rock-ribbed Maine to find out what difference prohibition made "mit de kinder," in Maine, where "prohibition does not prohibit." You let me tell you that it will prohibit better when we get Nation-wide prohibition, and not when Maine is dry and New York and Massachusetts are soaking wet and run over into would-be prohibition Maine! Of course I do not know anything about politics, but that looks to me like a violation of States' rights—but maybe it is not. If a State votes itself dry, and the Government of the United States in partnership with wet-goods folk takes revenue for breaking the law of that State, I would like to know what you call that but a violation of States' rights?

Well, von Schaefer staid in Maine eighteen months trying the thing out,—the effect of prohibition on the baby. At the end of eighteen months he printed his report in the "Volkenschrift" (1911). Seventy-one and a half sound babies out of every one hundred born in prohibition Maine! Two and a half times as many sound babies in dry territory as in wet. It is a miracle that every mother does not move into dry territory for the sake of her babies. It is the woman's business to raise men, and if science has proved that dry territory will raise better men, sound men, then in mercy's name give to us who are called to this awful task of man-raising, give to us dry territory, for we have discovered that you cannot raise sound men in wet territory

any more than you can raise sound pigs in an unsanitary pig-sty. Environment has to do with the raising of men as well as inheritance.

Do you know that it costs the greatest sacrifice this side Calvary, this sacrifice of motherhood? She goes almost to the door of death, raps at the door of her own grave to bring back a man-child, and then for one rapturous, transcendent moment she holds him close to her heart lest he may slip back into his little grave, for one baby out of every two born in America dies before it reaches childhood. Why? Science says again, and says it with all definiteness, that the man who drags his soul through the shame of a licensed saloon takes out of his unborn baby its vitality, literally cashes it in, and the child is born feeble, cannot live, because its father—and sometimes, Oh, the shame of it, its mother—has cashed in its little life for alcohol.

Oh people, hear me! We are losing our babies because of the recklessness and dissipation on the part of our fathers and mothers. I am not so rash as to say that every baby that dies in America is cursed by the saloon. I am here to say that science has proven that among the causes of race degeneracy, first of all comes alcohol. Are we a decaying race? If we are, it means that we are not producing sound sons. If America is passing, it means that we are not producing sound sons. If we are a degenerate race, it means that we have not produced sound sons. And remember that the first cause of degeneracy is alcoholism. Then let us rise and throw off this human chain that hangs like a millstone around this Nation's neck. Do you know that in the fifty years since my America went into partnership with the liquor traffic we have produced so many feeble-minded children that our feeble-mindedness has increased five hundred per cent? Does it pay a woman to go to the doors of death and bring back a gibbering idiot? He may be strong

in body, but on the inside there is a feeble mind; he should be strong in mind and body, standing shoulder to shoulder with you. You have cashed in his vitality. You spent ninety millions last year to take care of the feeble-minded, and that is not all, for all are not taken care of by public money. For every two children in the feeble-minded institutions there is a third in his mother's arms; many a tender-hearted mother will not give her one child to be cared for in an institution; she cashes in her own life to take care of it. Dr. Zus says that one out of every two feeble-minded folk in the world are feeble-minded because of drink in the first, second or third generation. Think of that! And you ask the woman to go on with this man-raising business, when the Government gives her no more help than that; when it dares to take revenue and go into partnership with the traffic which destroys her business and makes her unable to raise sound men, but compels her to raise gibbering imbeciles instead.

We have increased our insanity five hundred per cent. in the past fifty years in the United States. Fifty years ago there were not as many crazy folk in the United States as there are in the State of Indiana tonight. Think of that! Somebody who had as much time as sense sat down and computed the length of time it would take for us all to go crazy, and he discovered that in exactly two hundred and sixty years we will all be crazy. You are increasing insanity under that old flag. Don't you dare to laugh when I ask you, with the possibility that in two hundred and sixty years every American will be mad, what will become of my America, what will become of the flag? What of it? One out of every two of all the insane folk is caused by drink in the first, second and third generation. The drunkard may not be mad, but he bequeaths it to his child, and in adolescence he goes mad, or perhaps he is only erratic and queer and gets safely past the madhouse,

but gives this heritage to his offspring—all as a result of your licensed saloon. In Michigan they say that three out of every four of the crazy folk are crazy because of drink. It is Herman Ostrander, the famous alienist of the Middle West, who says that what is true of Michigan is true of the whole United States. It cost ninety-five millions last year to take care of the crazy folk. I mean the crazy people that you have locked up.

But that is not all; there is another link in the chain, and that is extreme poverty. I do not know how much that costs you; I do not know how much you are paying to keep up your poorhouses, but I do know that nine out of every ten are there because of alcohol.

But that third link is the one I want to refer to now. Listen to me! Tonight there are two hundred and forty thousand of our boys and girls with ball and chain attached to their ankles! Two hundred and forty thousand of our boys and girls in the penitentiary tonight! I do not mean jails and workhouses, but in the penitentiaries. Do you wonder that a woman's head is bowed with shame and her heart broken? She went down to the very gates of death that she might bring back a man who was true enough and strong enough to defend the flag. But, Oh, my brethren, look you! Our heads are bowed with shame and our hearts broken and bleeding, for sixty-two out of every one hundred men in the penitentiaries tonight were accursed by the saloon before they became criminals.

Let me tell you what I saw. A feeble old woman—not as old as I am, but with bowed head and bent back. She made her feeble way down the corridor in murderer's row in Joliet prison. I saw her there a few weeks ago. She came along murderer's row until she stood in front of a grated cell, then put her thin lips up and kissed a big, strapping fellow on the other side of the bars. She turned away and would have fallen; I helped her, and she began

to cry, "Doesn't God know? Doesn't God know? He was drunk when he did it; he is not to blame. His father was a drunkard,—and he must hang!" And then when she was quiet again, when I had helped her to get quiet the best I could, she began pacing up and down on the green grass and wringing her hands, crying, "Doesn't God know? Doesn't God know? That is my oldest boy, my first-born son; but I have two other boys younger than he. Must they go the same way?"

Oh, my America, will you listen to us, the motherhood of the land, while we say as she did, "You have our firstborn. Listen, I plead with you, do you not know it? You have our firstborn boys in your penitentiaries and asylums because of the licensed saloon, but we have other boys, boys in school, baby boys in the cradle,—must they go the same way? Will you continue to take our boys from our arms, grind them through your saloons into the penitentiary, and from the penitentiary into hell? It is a serious matter, it is important not only for the defense of the flag, but for the work of the Kingdom of God that something be done to save our boys from utter destruction."

You know I wonder about you men. The only rational excuse you have ever given us for going into partnership with rum was that it was for revenue. You have driven us to take a firm stand these days. There is not a right-minded woman in the United States of America who would ever have dreamed of asking for the ballot if you men folk had done your duty by your own home. (Applause.) But you did not do it. We would rather be at home with the cradle by the fireside; we love the dear, sweet joys with which you surround us; we love the fireside and all those things that we receive from the hands of love, but you have made this impossible, and today we are clamoring for the ballot, and some of you are astonished that we ask it. Do you think we are asking for the ballot for the sake of

cleaning up politics? As near as I can make out politics is almost more than you men can clean up. No, we are asking for the ballot that we may defend our own business, and when we get the ballot you may just as well know what we will do with it. We will be true to our housekeeping instincts, we will just roll that ballot into a mop and wipe up the last inch of wet territory round about us. (Applause.)

But I cannot understand you men. The only rational excuse you ever gave us for going into partnership with the liquor traffic was that it was for revenue. And you spent ninety millions to take care of the feeble-minded last year, and ninety-five millions more to take care of the insane, and two hundred and sixty millions more to take care of the criminals—all in one year. That is three links in the chain—I have said nothing about poverty. There are four hundred and forty-five millions that you have spent in one year, and the revenue from whisky in that time was four hundred millions, so you are forty-five millions out of pocket. Looks like bad financering to me—if nothing more. I cannot understand you; I have given it up. I have tried to find out what you did with that money. I have asked mayors and councilmen, "What do you do with the money that comes from the liquor traffic," and about seven times out of eight the first use they make of it is—"pavements!" Do you get that? This United States of America must have "pavements!" We women would rather walk in mud up to our necks than walk over "pavements" builded with the souls of our sons. (Applause.) This United States of America must have "pavements," for it cannot exist without "pavements." Let me speak for my sister women. We will go out into the streets and build pavements with our own hands if you will close the saloons and save to us our boys. (Applause.) But you must have "pavements,"

even though they are built across the lost souls of our children.

We have done the best we could. We hold our Better Baby contests, our race degeneracy conventions, we have medical inspection in public schools, and you helped us to get an anti-child labor law, and here in Indiana, strong, splendid, intelligent Indiana, you have made it impossible for the defective to multiply his kind, and already we are asking for a clean bill of health for every man who approaches the marriage altar,—but you are making more degenerates in the saloons in one day than we can correct in six months. It is treating symptoms: it is not doing any good. You cannot correct degeneracy. My profession has discovered long ago that aside from the little help that comes from the gold cure, there actually is no remedy, no way of wiping out the effect of the licensed saloon, no antidote save one, and that is the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. It takes a miracle to undo the mischief the saloon has wrought in the father, or in the child of a drinking father.

Let me plead with you once more. Give us Nation-wide prohibition. I took a baby from his mother's arms at a meeting the other day, and I held him in my arms while I pleaded for the thing that would save him. Look at the little baby,—he cannot stand by himself, the most helpless creature in the world, he has no language but a cry. Can you not hear the baby crying its protest against the thing that is converting his father into a drunkard?

Can you not hear the mother crying her protest against the thing that is destroying her home? Can you not hear our great Leader calling down from the throne of God, calling you to help Him in the business of saving souls?

I feel as I often do—ready to sit down, but that as the boys say, I have not yet "put it over," for I believe if I could put out of my heart into yours the feeling of shame,

the keen pain that has come to the motherhood of this land, caused by this nefarious traffic in alcohol,—I believe you would do something. There are enough people in this room right now to make Indiana absolutely dry. Can you not hear the motherhood of this land pleading with you? Indiana has given some wonderful sons to the old flag, but you could give more, more; more great men, if only you would protect your boys, if only you would protect this woman business of man-raising, or if you would even get out of the way we could do it better than we do now. (Applause.)

Down in Doctor Landrith's country is a wonderful mountain that protects a little valley, and in that valley is a little house made famous by Charles Egbert Craddock in her story, "The Star in the Valley." In that house lived a mother with her little boy. She was beginning to look forward to the time when her man-child would be her support, when she would be protected by him. But that boy heard, as every boy does, the call of the world—and he answered it. He said, "I must go." He had the love for adventure that comes to all boys, he heard the call of the world, and he answered it. Going down the little gravel path she followed him, begging him to stay, for she felt he was safe in that little home, but he pulled away and was gone. She called after him, "If you must go, know that mother will keep a light burning in the window so that when you come home you cannot miss your way." Oh, the mothers who are keeping lights burning tonight in the windows, that some boy may find his way home! She called again, "If you must go, and mother should die before you come home, then mother will stay at the great gate of Heaven and prop it open so that when you come you can not miss your way."

Out there in the cold, wide world this boy became bound by the shackles of sin; the years go by, more shame and

sin,—a man lost to the world. Down there his mother waited and prayed as she waited, that her boy might come, —and the light burns. Then God called her to come and sit at the great gate of Heaven. There are mothers up there tonight who have boys down here who are lost—because of the licensed saloon. Neighboring hands did what they could, and kept that light burning, waiting for that boy to come. Are you keeping a light burning for some other mother's son?

One day there came a tap at my hotel door, and one of the guides said there was a man down on the mountainside who would not talk, and they were afraid he was dead. I went with him and we found he was not dead, so we lifted him up and laid him on the bed in that little house called "The Star in the Valley." After a little he came to, seemed to realize where he was, managed to get out of bed and to the window where the light was kept burning, crying, "Oh God, let me in!" Then his arms relaxed, and the body we picked up from the floor was very quiet and growing cold. We put him back upon the bed, said a prayer over him, and you and I, who believe in the blessed Son of God, believe that the mother's prayer was answered and that that sin-cursed soul wandered through the gates and is at home tonight. But I wish my America could see tonight what was lost—all the years of that wasted life! the man! the home! I wish my America could see away down the pathway of Time nineteen hundred years, and see the Baby born in a stable, lying against the great heart of Mother Mary, the holy example of blessed motherhood; see Him growing up there in Galilee, follow Him to Calvary, and think of Him at the door of Heaven, propping it open that the boys of my America might not lose their way. And think once more, see the shadow of the American saloon falling athwart that light from Calvary, and in the darkness of that shadow the American boys are lost eternally.

Men, Oh, men of my America, you have voted to license the traffic in rum and you are defeating our business, bringing the mother's gray hair in sorrow to the grave, and destroying the American home!

And you are doing more than that, you are defeating the flag, for which we need men to fight tonight. We need men, I say, not junk! You are cheating the American flag, and you are cheating America's God, for Jesus of Nazareth poured out His blessed blood on Calvary that your boys might have life eternal, and you grind them through the saloon into eternal death. What will you say when the roll is called up yonder?

I thank you for your attention. (Applause.)

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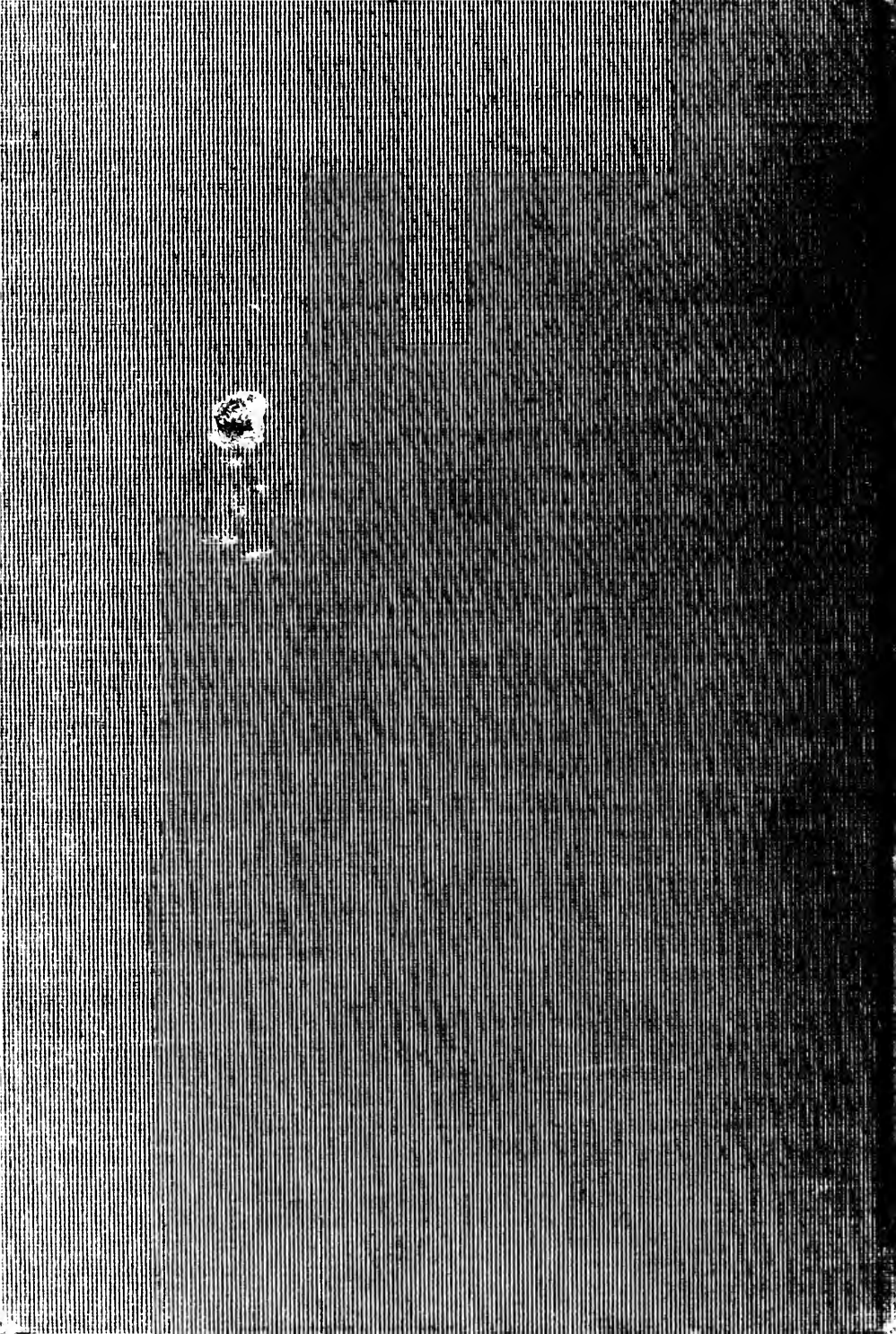
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